Gloria in Excelsis

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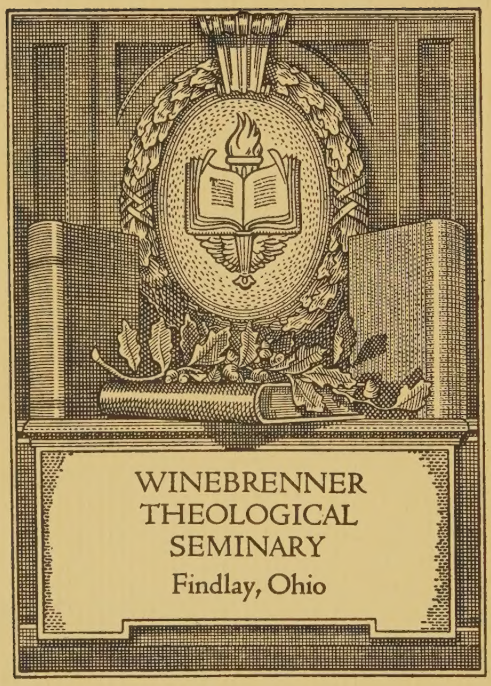

Gloria in Excelsis

ABRIDGED EDITION

A COLLECTION OF

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS, STANDARD HYMNS & TUNES, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

Worship in the Church and Home

EDITED BY

Twentieth Century Hymnal Committee
WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN, Editor-in-Chief

"Give unto the Lord the Glory due unto his name; bring an offering, and come into his courts."—Psalm 95:8.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."—Psalm 92:1.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto God."—Col. 3:16.

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A Preface that should be read

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS is the outgrowth of a demand on the part of many leading educators, pastors, choir leaders, and other Christian workers, for a high-grade, dignified Hymnal for the use of our churches. To meet this demand the Twentieth Century Committee was chosen. Several years of constant research and diligent study have been devoted to the task. Many volumes written upon Church Music and Hymnology by the standard authorities of this country and England have been consulted. Likewise a still larger number of the standard hymnals of this country and Europe have been studied, and their best features retained, to which other valuable ones have been added. The uppermost thought has been to provide a hymnal so varied, full and rich, both in hymns and tunes, that it would be suited to the needs of all churches. To this end only the best hymns and tunes, upon which the Church Universal has placed its stamp of approval, have been chosen. Many of these have come down to us as a rich inheritance of the centuries, from every nation, tribe and tongue, wherein the Most High (Luke 1: 32-35) hath received praise and glory through Christian song.

TITLE.—The first Christian hymn was sung by the angels to the shepherds who were watching over their flocks the night Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The dominant strain of that song was "Glory to God in the Highest"—(Luke 2: 14). The early Christians were accustomed to singing morning and evening hymns, and taking this majestic strain as a foundation, builded a morning hymn known to us to-day as the "Gloria in Excelsis." This hymn was sung by the early Christians as they went to their death in the days of martyrdom. It is sung to-day by Greek, Latin and Protestant believers the world over. Although as old as the Magnificat (Luke 1: 46-55), the Benedictus (Luke 1: 68-79), the Nunc Dimittis (Luke 2: 29-32), and other early Christian hymns, it is not recorded in the New Testament Scriptures.

HYMNS.—These have been selected carefully so as to cover every phase of Christian experience and Church work and worship, and are so classified in the elaborate and logical Order of Arrangement (page 5) that the hymns on any topic, or for any occasion, may be instantly found. Each hymn is set to one tune, and, in this, very careful thought has been given to securing music not merely adapted to the rhythm, but to the proper musical expression of its sentiment and spiritual quality. The words are placed in the music, so as to make it easier for the eye to follow both at the same time, thus encouraging congregational singing.

Each topic begins with familiar hymns set to familiar tunes, so that hymns for any occasion are always available. However, it is hoped that no congregation will be content to use these only, but will study all the hymns like our forefathers, who studied and committed to memory their hymnal as they did their Bible.

TUNES.—Much study has been given of late years to church music, and in many of the churches a taste has been developed for music of a higher order than the hymnals have heretofore contained. On the other hand a large number of churches, while desiring the best possible collection of hymns, are not sufficiently equipped to make practical use of a hymnal containing, from the musician's standpoint, exclusively, tunes of the highest order. To meet all requirements we have retained many of the favorite and very familiar tunes, which are not considered as being up to the highest standard musically, and have, at the same time, included the best modern and classical tunes, for such churches as are prepared to make use of them. We wish to say, however, that the entire body of song of this hymnal can be made available and of practical use, by the average congregation, by a little effort. This can be easily done if the choir is carefully taught these grand majestic tunes with the same care as is often given to anthems of many times less merit.

Especially is this true if the melody ONLY be sung by the choir and congregation, letting the organ carry the accompaniment as was intended by the writers of many of these majestic chorals, many of which were written before four-part singing came into use. Only a comparatively few years ago an organist was supposed to be a very poor one, unless he could harmonize the melody differently each time as the stanzas were sung by the congregation and choir in unison. All sources have been laid under tribute for the tunes, and in this collection will be found the stately Ancient Chorals of Europe; the free melodies and rich harmonies of the English School of Church music, represented by Barnby, Smart, Hopkins, Dykes, Monk and others; the Continental School, represented by Gounod and Hiller; the American School, represented by Cornell and Cutler; the familiar tunes of Mason, Woodbury, Bradbury and others, and the animated Sacred Songs of Bliss, Lowry, Doane, Kirkpatrick and others. The "Amen" at the close may be sung by the choir alone, or by choir and congregation, or omitted.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.—A few of the modern Gospel Songs which have proven to be of intrinsic value and practical use, have been added. Here we enter a new field, for it has only been a few years since this form of church music originated, and the church has hardly had sufficient time to point out to the present day compiler of a hymnal the Gospel Songs that it deems as worthy of being perpetuated. The Gospel Song originated in this country about fifty years ago, when our American tune writers, seeing the change that was being effected in secular music by Stephen A. Foster and his contemporaries with their folk-songs, concluded to introduce this form of music into our church tunes, and began writing songs with choruses. In so doing they produced a transition in the history of our devotional music, which is overlooked by many, and, while recognized by a few, is regretted by others who have inherited their tastes from other sources. The committee believes that some of these Gospel Songs are worthy of a place in our hymnal although they are not as definitely pointed out, in some cases at least, as are most of our hymns. Here we see a remarkable illustration of the law of the "supremacy of excellence," in the fact that out of the million psalms and hymns that have been written, only a few thousand have come down to us. Likewise, when the church has had time to separate the wheat from the chaff, many of our Gospel Songs will be accorded a place of equal importance with that of our hymns.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.—The words printed in italics are to be read by the leader, the others by the congregation.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PSALMS.—It will be observed that in most cases the verse is divided between the leader and the congregation. This division, instead of the usual alternation of verses, is in keeping with the structure and spirit of Hebrew poetry, through all of which runs the principle of parallelism. A very large majority of verses of the Psalms and other poetical parts of the Old Testament fall naturally into two lines or sections, the second repeating or enforcing the thought of the first. The structure of the Psalms suggests that in their original use in the Temple service they were sung responsively by two choirs. For example, to the line:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,"

would come the response echoing the thought in other words,

"The world and they that dwell therein."

By following these natural divisions in our public use of the Psalms we will have not merely *alternate* reading, which has the merit of keeping the congregation interested, but true *responsive* reading, in which the change of speakers and the answering of congregation to minister serves to exhibit the beauty and enforce the truth of these inspired poems.

The usual numbering of the verses is preserved so that any congregation which wishes to follow the custom of reading alternate verses will find no difficulty in so doing. But the other practice is strongly recommended.

83- 2068

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The following persons have acted as an Advisory Committee, and to their critical taste and judgment, as well as their painstaking labor in selecting hymns and tunes, is due in no small measure the success of this work:—

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Special acknowledgment is here recorded of the work of C. C. Rowlison in preparing the opening sentences, invocations, communion and baptismal services, benedictions, etc. and of the service rendered by D. R. Dungan in preparing the selections from the Psalms and A. B. Philputt in preparing the responsive Scripture readings. Special mention of the appreciation of service rendered by W. E. Garrison is also gladly recorded.

Grateful recognition of obligations to others would not be complete without acknowledgment of the great service rendered by many pastors, choir leaders, and others who have influenced the character of the work, as well as lightened the labor of it. Not a single suggestion has been intentionally overlooked.

Special thanks are tendered to individuals and firms who have granted the use of hymns and tunes. Much care and investigation has been bestowed in verifying the authorship and copyright ownership of hymns and tunes. In case any errors have been made, or any one's rights have been trampled upon, we trust leniency will be shown, and honesty of purpose granted us.

ACCEPTABLE BOOK OF PRAISE.—In preparing this hymnal the editors have not striven to follow personal preference merely, but the dictates of the consensus of judgment of others, and it is upon this fact that they base their hope that Gloria in Excelsis will not wholly fail to fulfil its important mission. Without presuming to have done a perfect work, but with the confidence that we have done our best, Gloria in Excelsis is hereby submitted to the church with the devout prayer for God's blessings upon its use in the congregation and the home.

The editor-in-chief, who arranged all copy and prepared the entire work for publication, accepts the responsibility for all shortcomings that will be discerned. It is hoped, however, that the test of criticism will be founded upon the actual use of this hymnal in the church and home for which it was prepared. Signed by Executive Committee:

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TWENTIETH CENTURY HYMNAL COMMITTEE.

[This Order of Arrangement should be studied by the leader, until it becomes very familiar.]

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Sentences for Opening Service

To be quoted by the minister.

I.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

II.

O thou, whosoever thou art that enterest this house, be silent, be thoughtful, be reverent; for this is the house of God.

And leave it not without a prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister, and for all who worship here.

III.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: And ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

IV.

Hear, O Israel, and give ear, O Earth.
The Lord, our God, is one.
And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength.
And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

V.

We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

VI.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High: to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

VII.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

VIII.

Lord, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto Thee.
Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

To be read responsively by minister and congregation. Choir may follow with Responsive Sentence.

IX.

1 *O come, let us worship and bow down;*
Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
2 *For he is our God;*
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

X.

1 *The Lord is in his holy temple:*
Let all the earth keep silence before him.
All.
2 Let the words of my mouth,
And the meditations of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.

XI.

1 *Wherewith shall I come before the Lord,*
And bow myself before thee, most high God?
2 *He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;*
And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

XII.

1 *The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth:*
For such doth the Father seek to be his worshipers.
2 *God is Spirit:*
And they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

XIII.

1 *Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upou us,*
That we should be called children of God.
2 *And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.*
And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
3 *Behold, let us love one another:*
For love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God.

XIV.

1 *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High,*
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place*
In all generations.
3 *O satisfy us in the morning with Thy loving-kindness;*
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

I.

With gladness we come again into thy house, O our Father! We remember the many precious seasons of communion with thee, and of fellowship one with another which thou hast granted us here. Meet with us again to-day, and abundantly bless us, we pray, in Jesus' name. *Amen.*

II.

O God, thrilling with life on this happy resurrection morning, we come to thee. Our life is from thee. In thee we live and move and have our being. We give our lives back to thee, for we have been bought with a price. Accept us, our Father, to-day, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

III.

O Lord, with joy we come again into this quiet sanctuary, where thou dost meet thy people. Graciously shed abroad thy love in our hearts this day. Lift us out of our sins and sordidness. Fix our feet on the Rock of Ages. Feed us with the bread of eternal life, and give us strength for life's ceaseless duties. *Amen.*

IV.

Father, in coming again into the assembly of thy saints, we invoke thy presence. We pray thee to speak peace to the troubled; to give courage to the broken-hearted; to give strength to the heavy-laden; to bring conviction and repentance to the sinful; and to shed forth thy love in all our hearts: through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

V.

With the return of this blessed day, we gladly enter thy house, our heavenly Father. We are weak, and we come praying for strength. We are sinful, and we pray for forgiveness. We hunger and thirst after righteousness, and we long to have the promise fulfilled in us. Though we are often selfish and indifferent, yet to-day we plead for the spirit of Christ. Satisfy us with thy grace and truth, and send us hence, filled with divine strength, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

VI.

Quietly turning from the world, we are come to seek thy face, O Lord! We ask not freedom from the world's burdens, but for thy reviving grace, that we may be enabled to bear our own part. We ask not for release from trial, but for divine strength to enable us to endure. We ask for light upon our pathway, and for the truth which will dispel our doubts. In Jesus' name. *Amen.*

VII.

Holy art thou, O Lord, our God! and blessed is thy great name. Sinful are we, O merciful Father, and hungry for thy righteousness. Satisfy us to-day as we gather in thy house. Fill us with thy spirit, that we may have the wisdom and the strength to do thy perfect will. In the Redeemer's name. *Amen.*

VIII.

O thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, with joy and praise do we enter thy courts on this beautiful day. We come, fleeing from the dead past of our own cold and sinful natures, that we may bathe in the warmth and sunlight of thy love, and thus be enabled to rise into the fulness of the new life in thee. Here, to-day, meet with and bless thy people, granting them the richness of thy salvation; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

IX.

Loving Father, thy goodness permits us to come before thee again with praise and adoration. We beseech thee to hear the prayers of thy people and bless us abundantly in our worship. Bless the reading of the holy scriptures, that we may receive from it the message of God. Bless thy ministering servant, that he may bring the word of God to thy people. Bless us in our songs, that we may be lifted into perfect harmony with thee. Bless us as we sit together in this heavenly place around the table of our Lord, and make us one in him. Fill us with all the fulness of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

X.

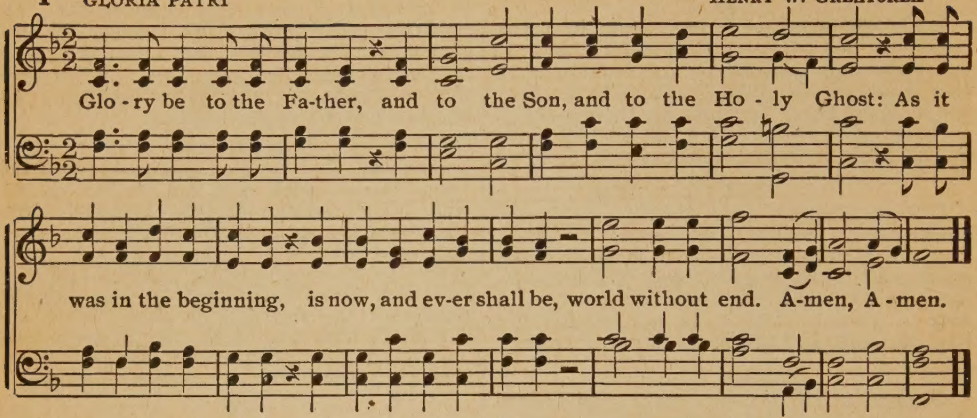
Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.—Chrysostom.*

XI.

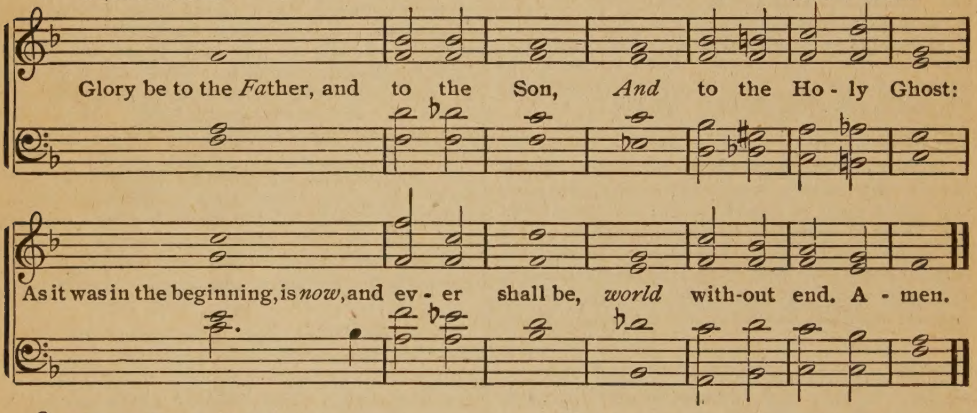
Our Father, again, as ever before, breathe upon us the blessings which we need—even that spirit of enlightenment, and of faith, and of love by which we shall know that we are thy children, and rise into communion with thee. Help us to lay aside all those influences that depress us, and which give strength to our senses. Give us those inspirations by which we may discern the invisible and the spiritual. And may the services of the sanctuary, and all the offerings of our hearts, our thoughts, and our fellowship, to-day, be acceptable to thee. And look lovingly upon us, that we may have joy and rejoicing in thee. We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.—Henry Ward Beecher.*

Responsive Sentences

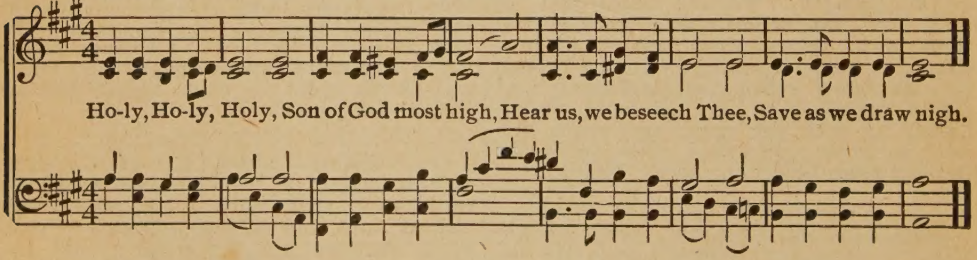
1 GLORIA PATRI — HENRY W. GREATOREX


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men, A - men.

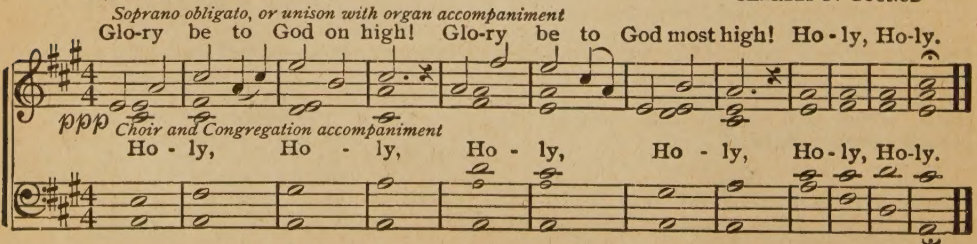
2 GLORIA PATRI — LUDWIG SPOHR


Glory be to the *Fa*ther, and to the Son, *And* to the Ho - ly Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, *world* with-out end. A - men.

3 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY — JOSEPH BARNBY



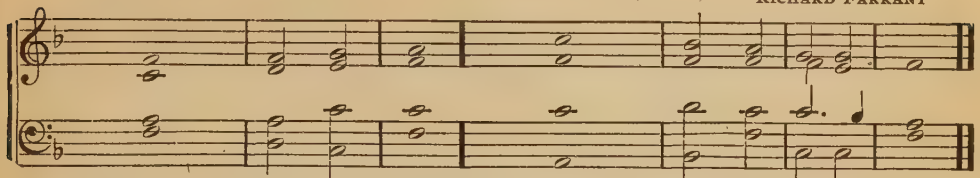
4 GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH — CHARLES F. GOUNOD


Soprano obligato, or unison with organ accompaniment
Glo-ry be to God on high! Glo-ry be to God most high! Ho - ly, Ho-ly.
ppp *Choir and Congregation accompaniment*
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho-ly.

Responsive Sentences

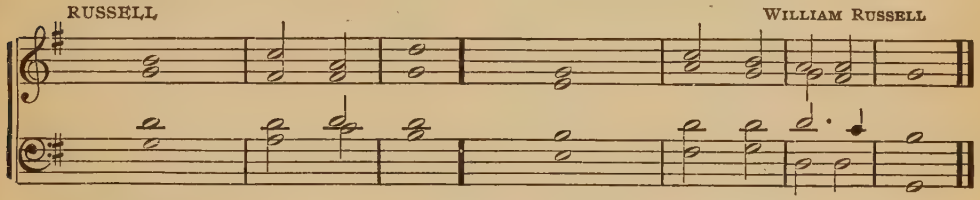
[These Sentences may be interchanged and used with any Chant on this page.]

FARRANT — RICHARD FARRANT



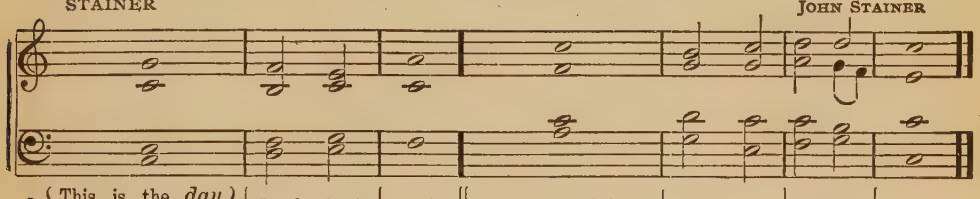
5	The *Lord* is in His	ho - ly	temple:	let all the *earth* keep	si- lence be-	fore —	Him.
6	O worship the *Lord* in the	beauty · of	holiness:	*fear* be-	fore Him,	all the	earth.

RUSSELL — WILLIAM RUSSELL



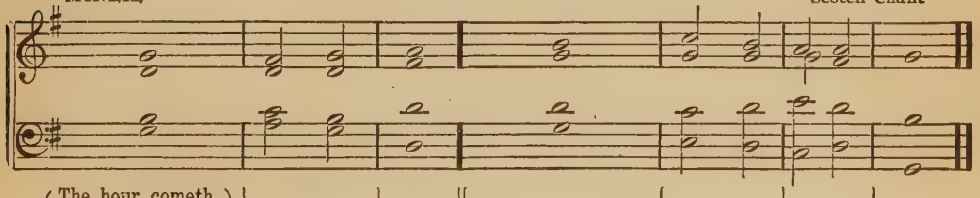
7	Let the words of my mouth, and the medi*ta*tion	of my	heart	be acceptable in Thy sight, O *Lord*, my	Strength and	my Re-	deemer.
8	O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that	they may	lead me	and bring me unto Thy *ho*ly	hill and	to Thy	dwelling.

STAINER — JOHN STAINER



9	This is the *day* which the	Lord hath	made;	we will re*joice*	and be	glad in	it.
10	I was glad when they *said*	un - to	me:	Let us *go* into the	house —	of the	Lord.
	Pray for the *peace*	of Je-	rusalem:	*they* shall	prosper · that	love —	Thee.

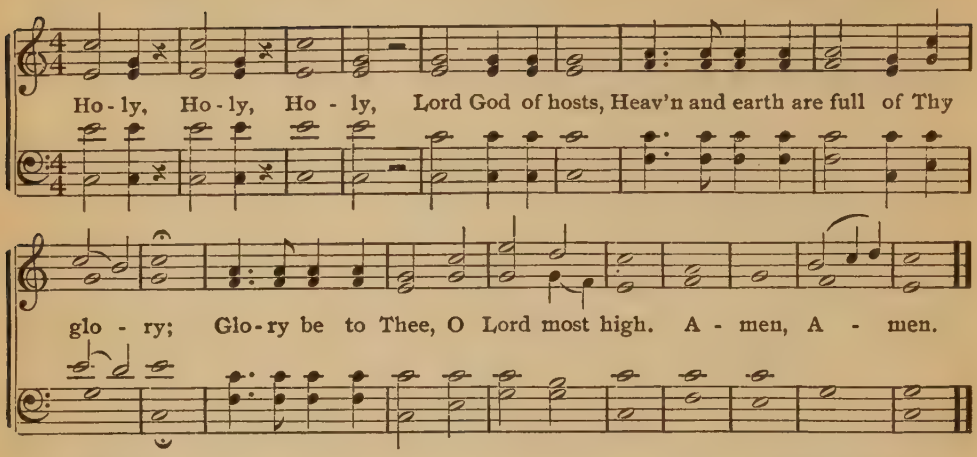
McNEIL — Scotch Chant



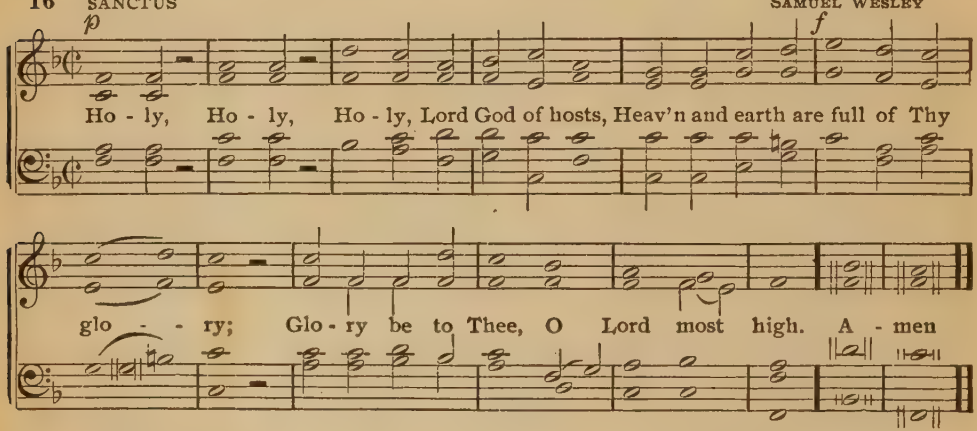
11	The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the *Fa*ther in	Spirit · and in	truth:	for the Father *seek*eth	such to	worship	Him.
12	God is a Spirit; and *they* that	wor - ship	Him	must worship *Him* in	spirit	and in	truth.
13	Blessed is the *na*tion whose	God · is the	Lord:	and the people whom He hath *cho*sen for His	own in-	her - i-	tance.

14 Glory be to the Father, etc. *[May be sung to any of the above chants.]*

15 SANCTUS

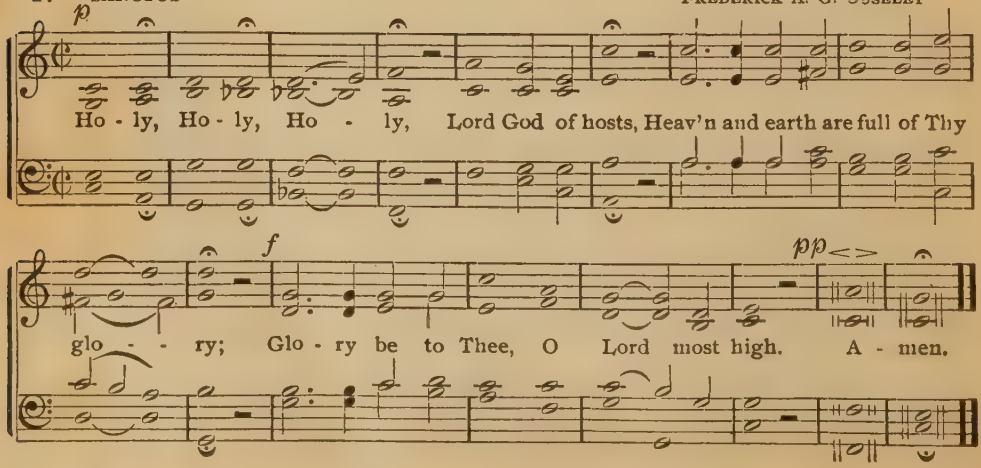
THOMAS R. TAYLOR

16 SANCTUS

SAMUEL WESLEY



17 SANCTUS

FREDERICK A. G. OUSELEY



Single goblets or self-collecting trays.

I.

The Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me.

[Thanks and distribution of loaf.]

In like manner also he took the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

[Thanks and distribution of wine.]

II.

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the apostles with him. And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer. And he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

[Thanks and distribution of loaf.]

And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.

[Thanks and distribution of wine.]

Simultaneous Communion.

III.

[The officers assemble at the front, an elder taking his place at each end of the table. After an appropriate song, the minister reads:]

The Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me.

[The elder to the right then offers thanks for the loaf, after which distribution is made to the congregation, each communicant retaining the bread in the hand until all are served, and the deacons have reassembled in front and are served. The minister then reads:]

And he gave to the disciples, and said, *Take, eat: this is my body.*

[All eat together. After a sufficient pause the minister reads:]

In like manner also he took the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood; this do, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

[The elder to the left offers thanks for the cup, after which the order is observed as for the distribution of the bread. The minister then reads:]

And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave to them: and they all drank of it. *So likewise let us do.*

[After drinking, the cups will be retained in the hands until the minister reads the following verse:]

As often as ye eat this bread and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.

[The service may be closed with the singing of one verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or some other well-known hymn.]

IV.

[This second form is intended to be used exactly as the first form. It is a little longer. Variety will be given to the service by using the forms alternately. Further variety may be introduced by the minister.]

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the apostles with him. And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer. And he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do ye in remembrance of me.

[Distribution.]

And when he had blessed, he brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take ye: this is my body. *Eat ye all of it.*

And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you.

[Distribution.]

And he took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, *Drink ye all of it.*

[After drinking, the minister reads:]

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

[The first stanza of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" forms a fitting close to this service.]

[The following responsive services, by minister and congregation, make an impressive introduction for the use of either of the above forms.]

V.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you,
And learn of me.
For I am meek and lowly in heart:
And ye shall find rest unto your souls.
For my yoke is easy,
And my burden is light.
Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man would come after me,
Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.
For whosoever would save his life shall lose it:
And whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.
For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?
Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?
I am the bread of life.
If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever.

VI.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood,
Ye have not life in yourselves.
He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life;
And I will raise him up at the last day.
For my flesh is meat indeed,
And my blood is drink indeed.
As the living Father sent me, and I live because of the Father;
So he that eateth me, he also shall live because of me.
This is the bread which came down out of heaven:
Not as the fathers ate and died; he that eateth this bread shall live forever.

Thanksgivings.

For the Loaf.

VII.

Loving Father, we give thee thanks for this loaf, the emblem of the broken body of our Lord and Saviour. We partake of it because we love thee, and with gratitude we wish to remember that thou hast redeemed us through the Son of thy love. May this service be to us, not a mere outward form, but may it be the symbol of the complete assimilation in our own lives of the character of Jesus our Savior. *Amen.*

VIII.

O God, with unspeakable gratitude we assemble with thy children around this sacred table. We gather here to renew our fellowship with Jesus Christ, and to come again into communion with all the saints in light. Through these consecrated elements, may we become conscious of the Master's presence here. And so, thanking thee with all our hearts for this simple and abiding token of thy love, we pray thee to bless this loaf to the quickening in our hearts of such devotion as led Jesus to the cross. May we be drawn close to his side, as we now gaze upon him, lifted up from the earth for our salvation. *Amen.*

For the Cup.

IX.

We thank thee also, dear Lord, for this cup, the emblem of the shed blood of our loving Redeemer. In this his life was poured out for our sakes. May we here to-day remember that he died for us. May we realize that we are not our own, but that we have been bought with a price. So may we be enabled worthily to partake of these sacred emblems, in Jesus' name. *Amen.*

X.

We also bless thee for this cup, most gracious Lord, as we yearningly come to learn the lesson of the cross of Calvary. "He saved others: himself he could not save." He could not save us, and spare his own life. Dear Father, give us to-day the spirit of the Christ. Help us to present our bodies living sacrifices, which is our reasonable service. Help us with all our hearts to seek to be as he was in this world, that we may be enabled to become as he is in the realms of light. Help us, as he did, to plant the seed of our lives in the fertile soil of humanity, that through thy love working in us, we may bear fruit an hundred fold. So may our worship at this table inspire us to-day, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

Baptismal Service

[The baptismal service should be made one of the most serious and impressive of all the church services. The baptistry should be surrounded by flowers, and the water properly tempered. Every chance for mockery should be removed. The congregation should approach the pool with prayer and sacred songs. If the following service is carefully used it will insure the solemnity and dignity that should accompany every baptism. It can readily be adapted to any number of candidates. The service should never be hurried; always finish the reading of the verse or song before baptizing the candidate. Let an elder or other good reader read the service.

The reader takes his place at the reading desk, keeping the congregation singing appropriate hymns until the minister and candidates are prepared.]

Reader.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.—*Matt.* 28: 18-20.

Prayer.

[The minister leads the first candidate into the water, while the reader reads:]

And they went down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him.—*Acts* 8: 38.

[The candidate is then baptized, and the reader says:]

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—*John* 3: 3-6.

[As the second candidate is led into the water, the reader shall say:]

On the day of Pentecost, the Apostle Peter said to penitent believers, Repent ye, and be

baptized, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.—*Acts* 2: 38.

[As the candidate is lowered into the water, a familiar hymn is sung, or the choir uses one of the baptismal chants. *See below.*]

[After the third baptism, the reader says:]

Having been buried with him in baptism, wherein ye were also raised with him through faith in the operation of God, who raised him from the dead. . . . If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth. For ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God.—*Col.* 2: 12 and 3: 1-3.

[As the fourth candidate is lowered into the water, another verse is sung, or the choir chants. *See below.*]

[As the fifth candidate enters the pool, the reader says:]

In those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. . . . Then went out unto him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan; and they were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.—*Matt.* 3: 1, 2, 5, 6.

[The fifth candidate is then baptized, and the choir chants, or the reader reads:]

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan to be baptized of him. But John would have hindered him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him; and lo, a voice out of the heavens, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—*Matt.* 3: 13-17.

[The sixth candidate is baptized, after which a verse or two of song is used.]

[As the seventh candidate rises from the water, the reader says:]

What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein? or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore, with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life.—*Rom.* 6: 1-4.

[The eighth candidate is then baptized, and as he rises from the water, a hymn or chant is used until the ninth candidate is in the pool.]

[As the ninth candidate is baptized, the reader says:]

For if we have become united with him by the likeness of his death, we shall be also by the likeness of his resurrection; knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; for he that hath died is justified from sin. But if we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him; knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death no more hath dominion over him. For the death that he died he died unto sin once: but the life that he liveth he liveth unto God. Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus.—*Rom.* 6: 5-11.

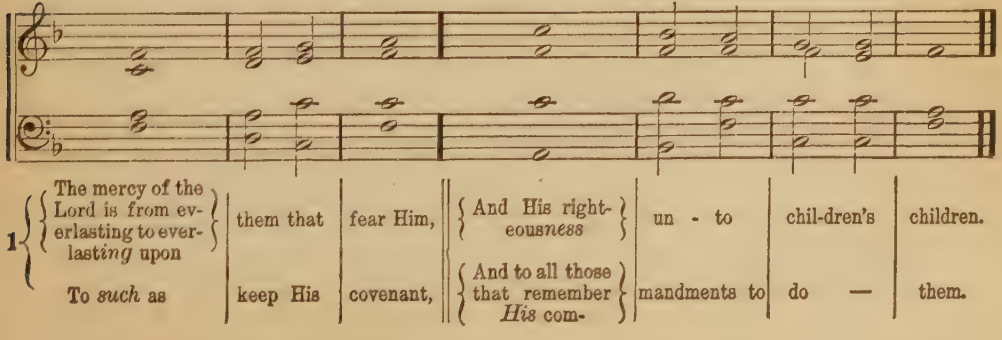
[If there are other candidates, use songs and chants during the intermissions between baptisms.]

[After the last candidate is baptized, the reader says:]

And Jesus, having been made perfect, became unto all them that obey him the author of eternal salvation. (*Heb.* 5: 9.) For ye are all sons of God through faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ.—*Gal.* 3: 26, 27.

[In closing, let all sing, with bowed heads, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," to be followed by the benediction.]

Baptismal Chants

FARRANT — RICHARD FARRANT

To be read by minister, or by minister and congregation responsively.

I.

Honor the Lord with thy substance,
And with the first fruits of all thine increase.
There is that scattereth and yet increaseth;
And there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth unto poverty.

II.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.
Freely ye have received; freely give.

III.

Upon the first day of the week, let each one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

IV.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.
The world and they that dwell therein.

And ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how that he said,
It is more blessed to give than to receive.

But as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all earnestness, see that ye abound in this grace also.

Offertory Prayers

May follow or precede the offering.

V.

O Lord, as recipients of thy ceaseless bounties, we come to-day to lay our offering upon the altar of love. May its use be blessed of thee in the building up of thy kingdom, through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

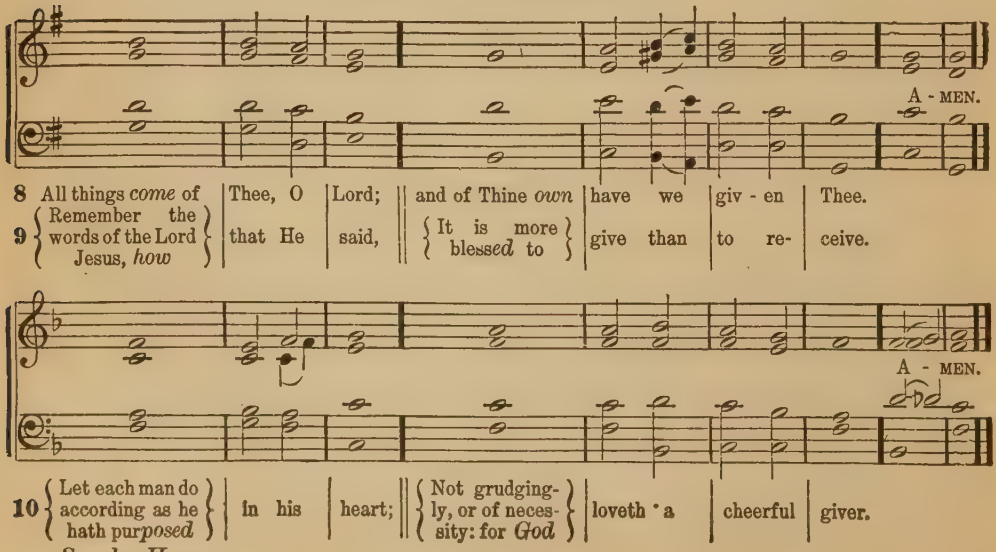
VI.

Lord, help us ever to remember that the silver and the gold are thine, and the cattle on a thousand hills. May we realize that we are but stewards of the manifold grace of God. So in our offering to-day, enable us to give a worthy account of our stewardship, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

VII.

Dear Father, we love thee because thou hast first loved us. And we bring this offering of love to thine altar that in this way we may express our gratitude for all thy gifts to us. We thank thee that through the labor of our hands we may praise thee. Accept us, then, with all that we possess, in Jesus' name. *Amen.*

Offertory Sentences


A - MEN.
8 All things come of | Thee, O | Lord; || and of Thine own | have we | giv - en | Thee.
9 Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how | that He | said, || It is more blessed to | give than | to re- | ceive.
A - MEN.
10 Let each man do according as he hath purposed | in his | heart; || Not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God | loveth a | cheerful | giver.

See also Hymns

Prepared by D. R. DUNGAN

[To be read responsively by minister and congregation, dividing the verse as indicated by the two types or by following the numbering. See preface, page 4.]

The Desire for God.

SELECTION I.

Psalm 122.

1 *I was glad when they said unto me,*
Let us go unto the house of the Lord.
2 *Our feet are standing*
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem;
3 *Jerusalem, that art builded*
As a city that is compact together:
4 *Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord,*
For a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5 *For there are set thrones for judgment,*
The thrones of the house of David.
6 *Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:*
They shall prosper that love thee.
7 *Peace be within thy walls,*
And prosperity within thy palaces.
8 *For my brethren and companions' sakes,*
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9 *For the sake of the house of the Lord our God*
I will seek thy good.

Psalm 84.

1 *How amiable are thy tabernacles,*
O Lord of hosts!
2 *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;*
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
3 *Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,*
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.
4 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:*
They will be still praising thee.
5 *Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;*
In whose heart are the high ways to Zion.
6 *Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;*
Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
7 *They go from strength to strength,*
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
8 *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:*
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
9 *Behold, O God our shield,*
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
10 *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.*
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
11 *For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory:*
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
12 *O Lord of hosts,*
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION II.

Psalm 63.

1 *O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:*
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.
2 *So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary,*
To see thy power and thy glory.
3 *For thy loving-kindness is better than life;*
My lips shall praise thee.
4 *So will I bless thee while I live:*
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
5 *My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;*
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips;
6 *When I remember thee upon my bed,*
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
7 *For thou hast been my help,*
And in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
8 *My soul followeth hard after thee:*
Thy right hand upholdeth me.
9 *But those that seek my soul, to destroy it,*
Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
10 *They shall be given over to the power of the sword:*
They shall be a portion for foxes.
11 *But the king shall rejoice in God: Every one that sweareth by him shall glory;*
For the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Psalm 42.

1 *As the hart panteth after the water brooks,*
So panteth my soul after thee, O God,
2 *My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:*
When shall I come and appear before God?
3 *My tears have been my meat day and night,*
While they continually say unto me,
Where is thy God?
4 *These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,*
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.
5 *Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?*
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the health of his countenance.
6 *O my God, my soul is cast down within me:*
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
7 *Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:*
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
8 *Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time,*
And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.
9 *I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?*
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
10 *As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;*
While they continually say unto me,
Where is thy God?
11 *Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?*
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

Selection III.

Psalm 147.

1 *Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;*
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
2 *The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;*
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
3 *He healeth the broken in heart,*
And bindeth up their wounds.
4 *He telleth the number of the stars:*
He giveth them all their names.
5 *Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;*
His understanding is infinite.
6 *The Lord upholdeth the meek:*
He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.
7 *Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;*
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:
8 *Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,*
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
9 *He giveth to the beast his food,*
And to the young ravens which cry.
10 *He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:*
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
11 *The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,*
In those that hope in his mercy.
12 *Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;*
Praise thy God, O Zion.
13 *For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;*
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
14 *He maketh peace in thy borders;*
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
15 *He sendeth out his commandment upon earth;*
His word runneth very swiftly.
16 *He giveth snow like wool;*
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
17 *He casteth forth his ice like morsels:*
Who can stand before his cold?
18 *He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:*
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
19 *He sheweth his word unto Jacob,*
His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.
20 *He hath not dealt so with any nation:*
And as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Selection IV.

Psalm 103.

1 *Bless the Lord, O my soul;*
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 *Bless the Lord, O my soul,*
And forget not all his benefits:
3 *Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;*
Who healeth all thy diseases;
4 *Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;*
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies:
5 *Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;*
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
6 *The Lord executeth righteous acts,*
And judgments for all that are oppressed.
7 *He made known his ways unto Moses,*
His doings unto the children of Israel.
8 *The Lord is full of compassion, and gracious,*
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
9 *He will not always chide;*
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
10 *He hath not dealt with us after our sins,*
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
11 *For as the heaven is high above the earth,*
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12 *As far as the east is from the west,*
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13 *Like as a father pitieth his children,*
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
14 *For he knoweth our frame;*
He remembereth that we are dust.
15 *As for man, his days are as grass;*
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 *For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;*
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 *But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,*
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 *To such as keep his covenant,*
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
19 *The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens;*
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 *Bless the Lord, ye angels of his:*
Ye mighty in strength that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 *Bless the Lord, all ye hosts;*
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 *Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion:*
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION V.

Psalm 95: 1–7.

1 *O come, let us sing unto the Lord:*
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
2 *Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,*
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
3 *For the Lord is a great God,*
And a great King above all gods.
4 *In his hand are the deep places of the earth;*
The heights of the mountains are his also.
5 *The sea is his, and he made it;*
And his hands formed the dry land.
6 *O come, let us worship and bow down;*
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:
7 *For he is our God,*
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Psalm 96.

1 *O sing unto the Lord a new song:*
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
2 *Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;*
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
3 *Declare his glory among the nations,*
His marvelous works among all the peoples.
4 *For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised:*
He is to be feared above all gods.
5 *For all the gods of the peoples are idols:*
But the Lord made the heavens.
6 *Honor and majesty are before him:*
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
7 *Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples,*
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
8 *Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:*
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
9 *O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness:*
Tremble before him, all the earth.
10 *Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth: the world also is stablished that it cannot be moved:*
He shall judge the people with equity.

11 *Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;*
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
12 *Let the field exult, and all that is therein;*
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy;
13 *Before the Lord, for he cometh; for he cometh to judge the earth:*
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION VI.

Psalm 65.

1 *Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:*
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
2 *O thou that hearest prayer,*
Unto thee shall all flesh come.
3 *Iniquities prevail against me:*
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
4 *Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:*
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, the holy place of thy temple.
5 *By terrible things thou wilt answer us in righteousness, O God of our salvation;*
Thou that art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:
6 *Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains;*
Being girded about with might:
7 *Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, the roaring of their waves,*
And the tumult of the peoples.
8 *They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:*
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
9 *Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it:*
The river of God is full of water: thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
10 *Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof.*
Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.
11 *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;*
And thy paths drop fatness.
12 *They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:*
And the hills are girded with joy.
13 *The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn;*
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Psalm 66: 1–8.

1 *Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth;*
Sing forth the glory of his name: make his praise glorious.
2 *Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!*
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.
3 *All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee;*
They shall sing to thy name.
4 *Come, and see the works of God;*
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.
5 *He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the river on foot:*
There did we rejoice in him.
6 *He ruleth by his might for ever; his eyes observe the nations:*
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.
7 *O bless our God, ye peoples,*
And make the voice of his praise to be heard.

SELECTION VII.

Psalm 67.

1 *God be merciful unto us, and bless us,*
And cause his face to shine upon us;
2 *That thy way may be known upon earth,*
Thy saving health among all nations.
3 *Let the peoples praise thee, O God;*
Let all the peoples praise thee.
4 *O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:*
For thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.
5 *Let the peoples praise thee, O God:*
Let all the peoples praise thee.
6 *The earth hath yielded her increase:*
God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7 *God shall bless us;*
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Psalm 98.

1 *O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things:*
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

2 *The Lord hath made known his salvation:*
His righteousness hath he openly shewed
in the sight of the nations.
3 *He hath remembered his mercy and his*
faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the
salvation of our God.
4 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the*
earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing
praises.
5 *Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;*
With the harp and the voice of melody.
6 *With trumpets and sound of cornet*
Make a joyful noise before the King, the
Lord.
7 *Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;*
The world, and they that dwell therein;
8 *Let the floods clap their hands;*
Let the hills sing for joy together;
9 *Before the Lord, for he cometh to judge the*
earth:
He shall judge the world with righteous-
ness, and the peoples with equity.

SELECTION VIII.

Psalm 100.

1 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye*
lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness; come
before his presence with singing.
2 *Know ye that the Lord he is God:*
It is he that hath made us, and we are
his; we are his people, and the sheep
of his pasture.
3 *Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,*
and into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his
name.
4 *For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth*
for ever;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

Psalm 148.

1 *Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord*
from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
2 *Praise ye him, all his angels:*
Praise ye him, all his host.
3 *Praise ye him, sun and moon:*
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
4 *Praise him, ye heaven of heavens,*
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
5 *Let them praise the name of the Lord:*
For he commanded, and they were created.
6 *He hath also stablished them for ever and*
ever:
He hath made a decree which shall not
pass away.
7 *Praise the Lord from the earth,*
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
8 *Fire and hail, snow and vapor;*
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:
9 *Mountains and all hills;*
Fruitful trees and all cedars:
10 *Beasts and all cattle;*
Creeping things and flying fowl:
11 *Kings of the earth and all peoples;*
Princes and all judges of the earth:
12 *Both young men and maidens;*
Old men and children:
13 *Let them praise the name of the Lord;*
For his name alone is exalted:
14 *And he hath lifted up the horn of his peo-*
ple, the praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people
near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION IX.

Psalm 145.

1 *I will extol thee, my God, O King;*
And I will bless thy name for ever and
ever.
2 *Every day will I bless thee;*
And I will praise thy name for ever and
ever.
3 *Great is the Lord and highly to be praised,*
And his greatness is unsearchable.
4 *One generation shall laud thy works to*
another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
5 *Of the glorious majesty of thine honor,*
And of thy wondrous works, will I med-
itate.
6 *And men shall speak of the might of thy*
terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.
7 *They shall utter the memory of thy great*
goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
8 *The Lord is gracious, and full of compas-*
sion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
9 *The Lord is good to all;*
And his tender mercies are over all his
works.
10 *All thy works shall give thanks unto thee,*
O Lord:
And thy saints shall bless thee.

11 *They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,*
And talk of thy power;
12 *To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,*
And the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.
13 *Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,*
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
14 *The Lord upholdeth all that fall,*
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
15 *The eyes of all wait upon thee;*
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
16 *Thou openest thine hand,*
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
17 *The Lord is righteous in all his ways,*
And gracious in all his works.
18 *The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him,*
To all that call upon him in truth.
19 *He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;*
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
20 *The Lord preserveth all them that love him;*
But all the wicked will he destroy.
21 *My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;*
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

The Glory and Power of God.

SELECTION X.

Psalm 8.

1 *O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!*
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.
2 *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,*
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
3 *When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,*
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
4 *What is man, that thou art mindful of him?*
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
5 *For thou hast made him but little lower than God,*
And crownest him with glory and honor.
6 *Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;*
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
7 *All sheep and oxen,*
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
8 *The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,*
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
9 *O Lord, our Lord,*
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm 24.

1 *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;*
The world, and they that dwell therein.
2 *For he hath founded it upon the seas,*
And established it upon the floods.
3 *Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?*
And who shall stand in his holy place?
4 *He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;*
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and hath not sworn deceitfully.
5 *He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,*
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 *This is the generation of them that seek after him,*
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.
7 *Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors:*
And the King of glory shall come in.
8 *Who is the King of glory?*
The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
9 *Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:*
And the King of glory shall come in.
10 *Who is this King of glory?*
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION XI.

Psalm 19.

1 *The heavens declare the glory of God;*
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
2 *Day unto day uttereth speech,*
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3 *There is no speech nor language;*
Their voice cannot be heard.

4 *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.*
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
5 *Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,*
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
6 *His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:*
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 *The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:*
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
8 *The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:*
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
9 *The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:*
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.
10 *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:*
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
11 *Moreover by them is thy servant warned:*
In keeping of them there is great reward.
12 *Who can discern his errors?*
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
13 *Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;*
Let them not have dominion over me:
then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.
14 *Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,*
O Lord, my rock and my redeemer.

Selection XII.

Psalm 48.

1 *Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised,*
In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.
2 *Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,*
The city of the great King.
3 *God hath made himself known in her palaces for a refuge.*
For, lo, the kings assembled themselves,
they passed by together.
4 *They saw it, then were they amazed;*
They were dismayed, they hasted away.
5 *Trembling took hold of them there;*
Pain, as of a woman in travail.
6 *With the east wind*
Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish.
7 *As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God:*
God will establish it for ever.
8 *We have thought on thy loving-kindness, O God,*
In the midst of thy temple.
9 *As is thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth:*
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
10 *Let mount Zion be glad,*
Let the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of thy judgments.
11 *Walk about Zion, and go round about her:*
Tell the towers thereof.
12 *Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;*
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
13 *For this God is our God for ever and ever:*
He will be our guide even unto death.

Psalm 93.

1 *The Lord reigneth; he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed, he has girded himself with strength:*
The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
2 *Thy throne is established of old:*
Thou art from everlasting.
3 *The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice;*
The floods lift up their waves.
4 *Above the voices of many waters, the mighty breakers of the sea,*
The Lord on high is mighty.
5 *Thy testimonies are very sure:*
Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for evermore.

Selection XIII.

Psalm 47.

1 *O clap your hands, all ye peoples;*
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
2 *For the Lord Most High is terrible;*
He is a great King over all the earth.

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3 *He shall subdue the peoples under us,*
And the nations under our feet.
4 *He shall choose our inheritance for us,*
The glory of Jacob whom he loved.
5 *God is gone up with a shout,*
The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
6 *Sing praises to God, sing praises:*
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
7 *For God is the King of all the earth:*
Sing ye praises with understanding.
8 *God reigneth over the nations:*
God sitteth upon his holy throne.
9 *The princes of the peoples are gathered together to be the people of the God of Abraham:*
For the shields of the earth belong unto God; he is greatly exalted.

Psalm 97.

1 *The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;*
Let the multitude of isles be glad.
2 *Clouds and darkness are round about him:*
Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.
3 *A fire goeth before him,*
And burneth up his adversaries round about.
4 *His lightnings lightened the world:*
The earth saw, and trembled.
5 *The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord,*
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.
6 *The heavens declare his righteousness,*
And all the peoples have seen his glory.
7 *Ashamed be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols:*
Worship him, all ye gods.
8 *Zion heard and was glad, and the daughters of Judah rejoiced;*
Because of thy judgments, O Lord.
9 *For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth:*
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
10 *O ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;*
He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
11 *Light is sown for the righteous,*
And gladness for the upright in heart.
12 *Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous;*
And give thanks to his holy name.

Selection XIV.

Psalm 104: 1–24; 31–34.

1 *Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;*
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
2 *Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;*
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
3 *Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;*
Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
4 *Who maketh winds his messengers;*
His ministers a flaming fire:
5 *Who laid the foundations of the earth,*
That it should not be moved forever.
6 *Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture;*
The waters stood above the mountains.
7 *At thy rebuke they fled;*
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away;
8 *They went up by the mountains, they went down by the valleys,*
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.
9 *Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;*
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
10 *He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;*
They run among the mountains:
11 *They give drink to every beast of the field;*
The wild asses quench their thirst.
12 *By them he fowl of the heaven have their habitation,*
They sing among the branches.
13 *He watereth the mountains from his chambers:*
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
14 *He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man;*
That he may bring forth food out of the earth:
15 *And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,*
And oil to make his face to shine, and bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
16 *The trees of the Lord are satisfied;*
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

17 *Where the birds make their nests:*
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
18 *The high mountains are for the wild goats;*
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.
19 *He appointed the moon for seasons:*
The sun knoweth his going down.
20 *Thou makest darkness, and it is night;*
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
21 *The young lions roar after their prey,*
And seek their meat from God.
22 *The sun ariseth, they get them away,*
And lay them down in their dens.
23 *Man goeth forth unto his work*
And to his labor until the evening.
24 *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all:*
The earth is full of thy riches.

* * *

31 *Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever;*
Let the Lord rejoice in his works:
32 *Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;*
He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.
33 *I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live:*
I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.
34 *Let my meditation be sweet unto him:*
I will rejoice in the Lord.

Man's Need and God's Mercy.

SELECTION XV.

Psalm 90.

1 *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place*
In all generations.
2 *Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,*
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3 *Thou turnest man to destruction;*
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
4 *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,*
And as a watch in the night.
5 *Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:*
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
6 *In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;*
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
7 *For we are consumed in thine anger,*
And in thy wrath are we troubled.
8 *Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,*
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9 *For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:*
We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.
10 *The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years;*
Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.
11 *Who knoweth the power of thine anger,*
And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?
12 *So teach us to number our days,*
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.
13 *Return, O Lord; how long?*
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
14 *O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy;*
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
15 *Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,*
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
16 *Let thy work appear unto thy servants,*
And thy glory upon their children.
17 *And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:*
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION XVI.

Psalm 39.

1 *I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue:*
I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.
2 *I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good;*
And my sorrow was stirred.
3 *My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire kindled:*
Then spake I with my tongue:
4 *Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is:*
Let me know how frail I am.
5 *Behold, thou hast made my days as handbreadths; and mine age is as nothing before thee:*

Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.

6 *Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain:*
He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 *And now, Lord, what wait I for?*
My hope is in thee.

8 *Deliver me from all my transgressions:*
Make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 *I was dumb, I opened not my mouth;*
Because thou didst it.

10 *Remove thy stroke away from me:*
I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 *When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,*
Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.

12 *Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears:*
For I am a stranger with thee, a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13 *O spare me, that I may recover strength,*
Before I go hence, and be no more.

Psalm 14.

1 *The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.*
They are corrupt, they have done abominable works; there is none that doeth good.

2 *The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men,*
To see if there were any that did understand, that did seek after God.

3 *They are all gone aside; they are together become filthy;*
There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

4 *Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge?*
Who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

5 *There were they in great fear:*
For God is in the generation of the righteous.

6 *Ye put to shame the counsel of the poor,*
Because the Lord is his refuge.

7 *Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!*
When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

Selection XVII.

Psalm 139.

1 *O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.*
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

2 *Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,*
And art acquainted with all my ways.

3 *For there is not a word in my tongue,*
But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

4 *Thou hast beset me behind and before,*
And laid thine hand upon me.

5 *Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;*
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

6 *Whither shall I go from thy spirit?*
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

7 *If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:*
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

8 *If I take the wings of the morning,*
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

9 *Even there shall thy hand lead me,*
And thy right hand shall hold me.

10 *If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me,*
And the light about me shall be night;

11 *Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:*
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

12 *For thou hast possessed my reins:*
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

13 *I will give thanks unto thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:*
Wonderful are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

14 *My frame was not hidden from thee, when I was made in secret,*
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

15 *Thine eyes did see mine unformed substance, and in thy book were all my members written,*
Which day by day were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

16 *How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!*
How great is the sum of them!

17 *If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:*
When I awake, I am still with thee.

18 *Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God:*
Depart from me therefore, ye blood-thirsty men.

19 *For they speak against thee wickedly,*
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.

20 *Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee?*
And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

21 *I hate them with perfect hatred:*
I count them mine enemies.

22 *Search me, O God, and know my heart:*
Try me, and know my thoughts:

23 *And see if there be any wicked way in me,*
And lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION XVIII.

Psalm 111.

1 *Praise ye the Lord. I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,*
In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.

2 *The works of the Lord are great,*
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

3 *His work is honor and majesty:*
And his righteousness endureth for ever.

4 *He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:*
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

5 *He hath given meat unto them that fear him:*
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

6 *He hath shewed his people the power of his works,*
In giving them the heritage of the nations.

7 *The works of his hands are truth and judgment;*
All his precepts are sure.

8 *They are established for ever and ever,*
They are done in truth and uprightness.

9 *He hath sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever:*
Holy and reverend is his name.

10 *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;*
A good understanding have all they that do thereafter: his praise endureth for ever.

Psalm 121.

1 *I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:*
From whence shall my help come?

2 *My help cometh from the Lord,*
Which made heaven and earth.

3 *He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:*
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 *Behold, he that keepeth Israel*
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 *The Lord is thy keeper:*
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 *The sun shall not smite thee by day,*
Nor the moon by night.

7 *The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;*
He shall keep thy soul.

8 *The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,*
From this time forth and for evermore.

SELECTION XIX.

Psalm 107: 1–32.

1 *O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:*
For his mercy endureth for ever.

2 *Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,*
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;

3 *And gathered them out of the lands,*
From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

4 *They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way:*
They found no city of habitation.

5 *Hungry and thirsty,*
Their soul fainted in them.

6 *Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,*
And he delivered them out of their distresses.

7 *He led them also by a straight way,*
That they might go to a city of habitation.

8 *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

9 *For he satisfieth the longing soul,*
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.

10 *Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death,*
Being bound in affliction and iron;

11 *Because they rebelled against the words of God,*
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:
12 *Therefore he brought down their heart with labor;*
They fell down, and there was none to help.
13 *Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,*
And he saved them out of their distresses.
14 *He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death,*
And brake their bands in sunder.
15 *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
16 *For he hath broken the gates of brass,*
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.
17 *Fools because of their transgression,*
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
18 *Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;*
And they draw near unto the gates of death.
19 *Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,*
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
20 *He sendeth his word, and healeth them,*
And delivereth them from their destructions.
21 *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
22 *And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,*
And declare his works with singing.
23 *They that go down to the sea in ships,*
That do business in great waters;
24 *These see the works of the Lord,*
And his wonders in the deep.
25 *For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,*
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
26 *They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:*
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.
27 *They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,*
And are at their wits' end.
28 *Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,*
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
29 *He maketh the storm a calm,*
So that the waves thereof are still.
30 *Then are they glad because they be quiet;*
So he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.
31 *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
32 *Let them exalt him also in the assembly of the people,*
And praise him in the seat of the elders.

Selection XX.

Psalm 118.

1 *O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:*
For his mercy endureth for ever.
2 *Let Israel now say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
3 *Let the house of Aaron now say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
4 *Let them now that fear the Lord say,*
That his mercy endureth for ever.
5 *Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:*
The Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.
6 *The Lord is on my side; I will not fear:*
What can man do unto me?
7 *The Lord is on my side among them that help me:*
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.
8 *It is better to trust in the Lord*
Than to put confidence in man.
9 *It is better to trust in the Lord*
Than to put confidence in princes.
10 *All nations compassed me about:*
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.
11 *They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:*
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.
12 *They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns:*
In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.
13 *Thou didst thrust sore at me that I might fall:*

But the Lord helped me.
14 *The Lord is my strength and song;*
And he is become my salvation.
15 *The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:*
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
16 *The right hand of the Lord is exalted:*
The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.
17 *I shall not die, but live,*
And declare the works of the Lord.
18 *The Lord hath chastened me sore:*
But he hath not given me over unto death.
19 *Open to me the gates of righteousness:*
I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.
20 *This is the gate of the Lord;*
The righteous shall enter into it.
21 *I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,*
And art become my salvation.
22 *The stone which the builders rejected*
Is become the head of the corner.
23 *This is the Lord's doing;*
It is marvelous in our eyes.
24 *This is the day which the Lord hath made;*
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
25 *Save now, we beseech thee, O Lord:*
O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.
26 *Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord:*
We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.
27 *The Lord is God, and he hath given us light:*
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.
28 *Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:*
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
29 *O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:*
For his mercy endureth forever.

Selection XXI.

Psalm 33.

1 *Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous:*
Praise is comely for the upright.
2 *Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:*
Sing praises unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.
3 *Sing unto him a new song;*
Play skilfully with a loud noise.
4 *For the word of the Lord is right;*
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
5 *He loveth righteousness and judgment:*
The earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.
6 *By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;*
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
7 *He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:*
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.
8 *Let all the earth fear the Lord:*
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
9 *For he spake, and it was done;*
He commanded, and it stood fast.
10 *The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:*
He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.
11 *The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,*
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.
12 *Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;*
The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
13 *The Lord looketh from heaven:*
He beholdeth all the sons of men;
14 *From the place of his habitation he looketh forth*
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth;
15 *He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,*
That considereth all their works.
16 *There is no king saved by the multitude of an host:*
A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.
17 *An horse is a vain thing for safety:*
Neither shall he deliver any by his great power.
18 *Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,*
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
19 *To deliver their soul from death,*
And to keep them alive in famine.
20 *Our soul hath waited for the Lord:*
He is our help and our shield.
21 *For our heart shall rejoice in him,*
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
22 *Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,*
According as we have hoped in thee.

SELECTION XXII.

Psalm 116.

1 *I love the Lord, because he hath heard*
My voice and my supplications.
2 *Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,*
Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.
3 *The cords of death compassed me,*
And the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.
4 *Then called I upon the name of the Lord;*
O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
5 *Gracious is the Lord, and righteous;*
Yea, our God is merciful.
6 *The Lord preserveth the simple:*
I was brought low, and he saved me.
7 *Return unto thy rest, O my soul;*
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
8 *For thou hast delivered my soul from death,*
Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.
9 *I will walk before the Lord*
In the land of the living.
10 *I believe, for I will speak:*
I was greatly afflicted.
11 *I said in my haste,*
All men are liars.
12 *What shall I render unto the Lord*
For all his benefits toward me?
13 *I will take the cup of salvation,*
And call upon the name of the Lord.
14 *I will pay my vows unto the Lord,*
Yea, in the presence of all his people.
15 *Precious in the sight of the Lord*
Is the death of his saints.
16 *O Lord, truly I am thy servant:*
I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.
17 *I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,*
And will call upon the name of the Lord.
18 *I will pay my vows unto the Lord,*
Yea, in the presence of all his people;
19 *In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.*
Praise ye the Lord.

Trust in God.

SELECTION XXIII.

Psalm 23.

1 *The Lord is my shepherd;*
I shall not want.
2 *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:*
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 *He restoreth my soul:*
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
4 *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me:*
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
5 *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:*
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6 *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:*
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm 46.

1 *God is our refuge and strength,*
A very present help in trouble.
2 *Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,*
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
3 *Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,*
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
4 *There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,*
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5 *God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:*
God shall help her, and that right early.
6 *The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:*
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7 *The Lord of hosts is with us;*
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 *Come, behold the works of the Lord,*
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
9 *He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;*
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariots in the fire.
10 *Be still, and know that I am God:*
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
11 *The Lord of hosts is with us:*
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Selection XXIV.

Psalm 34.

1 *I will bless the Lord at all times:*
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
2 *My soul shall make her boast in the Lord;*
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 *O magnify the Lord with me,*
And let us exalt his name together.
4 *I sought the Lord, and he answered me,*
And delivered me from all my fears.
5 *They looked unto him, and were lightened:*
And their faces shall never be confounded.
6 *This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,*
And saved him out of all his troubles.
7 *The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him,*
And delivereth them.
8 *O taste and see that the Lord is good:*
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 *O fear the Lord, ye his saints:*
For there is no want to them that fear him.
10 *The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:*
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
11 *Come, ye children, hearken unto me:*
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
12 *What man is he that desireth life,*
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 *Keep thy tongue from evil,*
And thy lips from speaking guile.
14 *Depart from evil, and do good;*
Seek peace, and pursue it.
15 *The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous,*
And his ears are open unto their cry.
16 *The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,*
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
17 *The righteous cried, and the Lord heard,*
And delivered them out of all their troubles.
18 *The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,*
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19 *Many are the afflictions of the righteous:*
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
20 *He keepeth all his bones:*
Not one of them is broken.
21 *Evil shall slay the wicked:*
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
22 *The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants:*
And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

Selection XXV.

Psalm 61.

1 *Hear my cry, O God;*
Attend unto my prayer.
2 *From the end of the earth will I call unto thee when my heart is overwhelmed:*
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
3 *For thou hast been a refuge for me:*
A strong tower from the enemy.
4 *I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:*
I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.
5 *For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:*
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
6 *Thou wilt prolong the king's life:*
His years shall be as many generations.
7 *He shall abide before God for ever:*
O prepare loving-kindness and truth, that they may preserve him.
8 *So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,*
That I may daily perform my vows.

Psalm 62.

1 *My soul waiteth in silence only upon God:*
From him cometh my salvation.
2 *He only is my rock and my salvation:*
He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.
3 *How long will ye set upon a man, that ye may slay him, all of you,*
Like a leaning wall, like a tottering fence?
4 *They only consult to thrust him down from his excellency;*
They delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.
5 *My soul, wait thou in silence only upon God;*
For my expectation is from him.
6 *He only is my rock and my salvation*
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.
7 *With God is my salvation and my glory:*
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
8 *Trust in him at all times, ye people;*
Pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

9 *Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:*
In the balance they will go up; they are together lighter than vanity.
10 *Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:*
If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.
11 *God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this;*
That power belongeth unto God:
12 *Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:*
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION XXVI.

Psalm 125.

1 *They that trust in the Lord*
Are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.
2 *As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,*
So the Lord is round about his people, from this time forth and for evermore.
3 *For the sceptre of wickedness shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;*
That the righteous put not forth their hands unto iniquity.
4 *Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good,*
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
5 *But as for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,*
The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity. Peace be upon Israel.

Psalm 27.

1 *The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?*
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
2 *When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,*
Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.
3 *Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:*
Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.
4 *One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after;*
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.
5 *For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:*
In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall lift me up upon a rock.
6 *And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;*
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
7 *Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:*
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
8 *When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,*
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
9 *Hide not thy face from me;*
Put not thy servant away in anger:
10 *Thou hast been my help;*
Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
11 *When my father and my mother forsake me,*
Then the Lord will take me up.
12 *Teach me thy way, O Lord;*
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
13 *Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:*
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.
14 *I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord*
In the land of the living.
15 *Wait on the Lord; be strong, and let thine heart take courage;*
Yea, wait thou on the Lord.

SELECTION XXVII.

Psalm 91.

1 *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High*
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 *I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress;*
My God, in whom I trust.
3 *For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,*
And from the noisome pestilence.
4 *He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:*
His truth is a shield and a buckler.
5 *Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,*
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

6 *For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,*
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
7 *A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;*
But it shall not come nigh thee.
8 *Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,*
And see the reward of the wicked.
9 *For thou, O Lord, art my refuge!*
Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation:
10 *There shall no evil befall thee,*
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.
11 *For he shall give his angels charge over thee,*
To keep thee in all thy ways.
12 *They shall bear thee up in their hands,*
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
13 *Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:*
The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet.
14 *Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:*
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
15 *He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;*
I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.
16 *With long life will I satisfy him,*
And shew him my salvation.

Prayer for Pardon and Deliverance.

SELECTION XXVIII.

Psalm 130.

1 *Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.*
Lord, hear my voice.
2 *Let thine ears be attentive*
To the voice of my supplications.
3 *If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,*
O Lord, who shall stand?
4 *But there is forgiveness with thee,*
That thou mayest be feared.
5 *I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,*
And in his word do I hope.
6 *My soul looketh for the Lord,*
More than watchmen look for the morning; yea, more than watchmen for the morning.
7 *O Israel, hope in the Lord;*
For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.
8 *And he shall redeem Israel*
From all his iniquities.

Psalm 28.

1 *Unto thee, O Lord, will I call;*
My rock, be not thou deaf unto me:
2 *Lest, if thou be silent unto me,*
I become like them that go down into the pit.
3 *Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee,*
When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.
4 *Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity;*
Which speak peace with their neighbors, but mischief is in their hearts.
5 *Give them according to their work, and according to the wickedness of their doings:*
Give them after the operation of their hands; render to them their desert.
6 *Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands,*
He shall break them down and not build them up.
7 *Blessed be the Lord,*
Because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.
8 *The Lord is my strength and my shield;*
My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped:
9 *Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth;*
And with my song will I praise him.
10 *The Lord is their strength,*
And he is a stronghold of salvation to his anointed.
11 *Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance:*
Be their shepherd also, and bear them up for ever.

SELECTION XXIX.

Psalm 51.

1 *Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness:*
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2 *Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,*
And cleanse me from my sin.
3 *For I acknowledge my transgressions:*
And my sin is ever before me.
4 *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,*
And done that which is evil in thy sight:
5 *That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,*
And be clear when thou judgest.
6 *Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;*
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

7 *Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts:*
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
8 *Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:*
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
9 *Make me to hear joy and gladness;*
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
10 *Hide thy face from my sins,*
And blot out all mine iniquities.
11 *Create in me a clean heart, O God;*
And renew a right spirit within me.
12 *Cast me not away from thy presence;*
And take not thy holy spirit from me.
13 *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:*
And uphold me with a free spirit.
14 *Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;*
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
15 *Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;*
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
16 *O Lord, open thou my lips;*
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
17 *For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:*
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
18 *The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:*
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
19 *Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:*
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
20 *Then shalt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness, in burnt offering and whole burnt offering:*
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Selection XXX.

Psalm 6.

1 *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger,*
Neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.
2 *Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am withered away:*
O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.
3 *My soul also is sore vexed:*
And thou, O Lord, how long?
4 *Return, O Lord, deliver my soul:*
Save me for thy loving-kindness' sake.
5 *For in death there is no remembrance of thee:*
In Sheol who shall give thee thanks?
6 *I am weary with my groaning;*
Every night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears.
7 *Mine eye wasteth away because of grief;*
It waxeth old because of all mine adversaries.
8 *Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity,*
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9 *The Lord hath heard my supplication;*
The Lord will receive my prayer.
10 *All mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed:*
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly.

Psalm 7: 1–2: 9–17.

1 *O Lord my God, in thee do I put my trust:*
Save me from all them that pursue me, and deliver me:
2 *Lest he tear my soul like a lion,*
Rending it in pieces while there is none to deliver.

* * *

9 *Oh let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, but establish thou the righteous:*
For the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins.
10 *My shield is with God,*
Which saveth the upright in heart.
11 *God is a righteous judge,*
Yea, a God that hath indignation every day.
12 *If a man turn not, he will whet his sword;*
He hath bent his bow, and made it ready.
13 *He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death;*
He maketh his arrows fiery shafts.
14 *Behold, he travaileth with iniquity;*
Yea, he hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood.
15 *He hath made a pit, and digged it,*
And is fallen into the ditch which he made.
16 *His mischief shall return upon his own head,*
And his violence shall come down upon his own pate.
17 *I will give thanks unto the Lord according to his righteousness:*
And will sing praise to the name of the Lord Most High.

SELECTION XXXI.

Psalm 25.

1 *Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*
O my God, in thee have I trusted,
2 *Let me not be ashamed;*
Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
3 *Yea, none that wait on thee shall be ashamed:*
They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.
4 *Shew me thy ways, O Lord;*
Teach me thy paths.
5 *Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;*
For thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.
6 *Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses:*
For they have been ever of old.
7 *Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:*
According to thy loving-kindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.
8 *Good and upright is the Lord:*
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.
9 *The meek will he guide in judgment:*
And the meek will he teach his way.
10 *And the paths of the Lord are loving-kindness and truth*
Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.
11 *For thy name's sake, O Lord,*
Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.
12 *What man is he that feareth the Lord?*
Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.
13 *His soul shall dwell at ease;*
And his seed shall inherit the land.
14 *The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him;*
And he will shew them his covenant.
15 *Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord;*
For he shall pluck my feet out of the net.
16 *Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;*
For I am desolate and afflicted.
17 *The troubles of my heart are enlarged:*
O bring thou me out of my distresses.
18 *Consider mine affliction and my travail;*
And forgive all my sins.
19 *Consider mine enemies, for they are many;*
And they hate me with cruel hatred.
20 *O keep my soul, and deliver me:*
Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.
21 *Let integrity and uprightness preserve me.*
For I wait on thee.
22 *Redeem Israel, O God,*
Out of all his troubles.

SELECTION XXXII.

Psalm 86.

1 *Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and answer me;*
For I am poor and needy.
2 *Preserve my soul; for I am godly:*
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
3 *Be merciful unto me, O Lord;*
For unto thee do I cry all the day long.
4 *Rejoice the soul of thy servant;*
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
5 *For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,*
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.
6 *Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;*
And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.
7 *In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee;*
For thou wilt answer me.
8 *There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;*
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.
9 *All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;*
And they shall glorify thy name.
10 *For thou are great, and doest wondrous things:*
Thou art God alone.
11 *Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth:*
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
12 *I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart;*
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.
13 *For great is thy mercy toward me;*
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit.
14 *O God, the proud are risen up against me,*
And the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul, and have not set thee before them.
15 *But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious,*
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16 *O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;*
Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.
17 *Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed;*
Because thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me.

SELECTION XXXIII.

Psalm 13.

1 *How long, O Lord? Wilt thou forget me for ever?*
How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?
2 *How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart all the day?*
How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?
3 *Consider and answer me, O Lord my God:*
Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;
4 *Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him;*
Lest mine adversaries rejoice when I am moved.
5 *But I have trusted in thy mercy;*
My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation:
6 *I will sing unto the Lord,*
Because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

Psalm 41.

1 *Blessed is he that considereth the poor:*
The Lord will deliver him in the day of evil.
2 *The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth;*
And deliver not thou him unto the will of his enemies.
3 *The Lord will support him upon the couch of languishing:*
Thou makest all his bed in his sickness.
4 *I said, O Lord, have mercy upon me:*
Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.
5 *Mine enemies speak evil against me, saying,*
When shall he die, and his name perish?
6 *And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity; his heart gathereth iniquity to itself:*
When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.
7 *All that hate me whisper together against me:*
Against me do they devise my hurt.
8 *An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him:*
And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.
9 *Yea, mine own familar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread,*
Hath lifted up his heel against me.
10 *But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon me, and raise me up,*
That I may requite them.
11 *By this I know that thou delightest in me,*
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
12 *And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,*
And settest me before thy face for ever.
13 *Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel,*
From everlasting and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION XXXIV.

Psalm 40.

1 *I waited patiently for the Lord;*
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
2 *He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay;*
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
3 *And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:*
Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.
4 *Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,*
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.
5 *Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done,*
And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
6 *They cannot be set in order unto thee;*
If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.
7 *Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in; mine ears hast thou opened:*
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.
8 *Then said I, Lo, I am come;*
In the roll of the book it is written of me:
9 *I delight to do thy will, O my God;*
Yea, thy law is within my heart.
10 *I have published righteousness in the great congregation;*
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

11 *I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:*
I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

12 *Withhold not thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:*
Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

13 *For innumerable evils have compassed me about, mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;*
They are more than the hairs of mine head, and my heart hath failed me.

14 *Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me:*
Make haste to help me, O Lord.

15 *Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it:*
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonor that delight in my hurt.

16 *Let them be desolate by reason of their shame*
That say unto me, Aha, Aha.

17 *Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:*
Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

18 *But I am poor and needy;*
Yet the Lord thinketh upon me:

19 *Thou art my help and my deliverer;*
Make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION XXXV.

Psalm 119: 137–144; 169–176.

137 *Righteous art thou, O Lord,*
And upright are thy judgments.

138 *Thou hast commanded thy testimonies in righteousness*
And very faithfulness.

139 *My zeal hath consumed me,*
Because mine adversaries have forgotten thy words.

140 *Thy word is very pure;*
Therefore thy servant loveth it.

141 *I am small and despised:*
Yet do not I forget thy precepts.

142 *Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousnesss,*
And thy law is truth.

143 *Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me:*
Yet thy commandments are my delight.

144 *Thy testimonies are righteous for ever:*
Give me understanding, and I shall live.

* * *

169 *Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord:*
Give me understanding according to thy word.

170 *Let my supplication come before thee:*
Deliver me according to thy word.

171 *Let my lips utter praise;*
For thou teachest me thy statutes.

172 *Let my tongue sing of thy word;*
For all thy commandments are righteousness.

173 *Let thine hand be ready to help me;*
For I have chosen thy precepts.

174 *I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord;*
And thy law is my delight.

175 *Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee;*
And let thy judgments help me.

176 *I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant;*
For I do not forget thy commandments.

Blessedness of Serving God.

SELECTION XXXVI.

Psalm 1.

1 *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,*
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 *But his delight is in the law of the Lord;*
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 *And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season,*
Whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 *The wicked are not so;*
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 *Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,*
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 *For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:*
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

Psalm 16.

1 *Preserve me, O God:*
For in thee do I put my trust.

2 *I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord:*
I have no good beyond thee.

3 *As for the saints that are in the earth,*
They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

4 *Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the Lord for another god:*
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their names upon my lips.
5 *The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:*
Thou maintainest my lot.
6 *The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;*
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.
7 *I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:*
Yea, my heart instructeth me in the night seasons.
8 *I have set the Lord always before me:*
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
9 *Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:*
My flesh also shall dwell in safety.
10 *For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;*
Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.
11 *Thou wilt shew me the path of life:*
In thy presence is fulness of joy; in thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

SELECTION XXXVII.

Psalm 15.

1 *Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?*
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
2 *He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,*
And speaketh truth in his heart.
3 *He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend,*
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
4 *In whose eyes a reprobate is despised; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.*
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
5 *He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.*
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalm 32.

1 *Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,*
Whose sin is covered.
2 *Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,*
And in whose spirit there is no guile.
3 *When I kept silence, my bones waxed old*
Through my roaring all the day long.
4 *For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:*
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.
5 *I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid: I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;*
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.
6 *For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:*
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
7 *Thou art my hiding place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;*
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
8 *I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:*
I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.
9 *Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding:*
Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.
10 *Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:*
But he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.
11 *Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous:*
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

SELECTION XXXVIII.

Psalm 2.

1 *Why do the nations rage,*
And the peoples imagine a vain thing?
2 *The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together,*
Against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying,
3 *Let us break their bands asunder,*
And cast away their cords from us.
4 *He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:*
The Lord shall have them in derision.
5 *Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,*
And vex them in his sore displeasure:
6 *Yet I have set my king*
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 *I will tell of the decree: the Lord said unto me, Thou art my son;*
This day have I begotten thee.
8 *Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance,*
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 *Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;*
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 *Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:*
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 *Serve the Lord with fear,*
And rejoice with trembling.
12 *Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way,*
For his wrath will soon be kindled. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Psalm 5.

1 *Give ear to my words, O Lord,*
Consider my meditation.
2 *Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God:*
For unto thee do I pray.
3 *O Lord, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice;*
In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.
4 *For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:*
Evil shall not sojourn with thee.
5 *The arrogant shall not stand in thy sight:*
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.
6 *Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies:*
The Lord abhorreth the bloodthirsty and deceitful man.
7 *But as for me, in the multitude of thy loving-kindness will I come into thy house:*
In thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.
8 *Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies;*
Make thy way plain before my face.
9 *For there is no faithfulness in their mouth;*
Their inward part is very wickedness:
10 *Their throat is an open sepulchre;*
They flatter with their tongue.
11 *Hold them guilty, O God;*
Let them fall by their own counsels:
12 *Thrust them out in the multitude of their transgressions;*
For they have rebelled against thee.
13 *But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice, let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:*
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
14 *For thou wilt bless the righteous;*
O Lord, thou wilt compass him with favor as with a shield.

Selection XXXIX.

Psalm 37: 1–10; 22–29; 35–37.

1 *Fret not thyself because of evil doers,*
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.
2 *For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,*
And wither as the green herb.
3 *Trust in the Lord, and do good:*
Dwell in the land, and follow after faithfulness.
4 *Delight thyself also in the Lord;*
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
5 *Commit thy way unto the Lord;*
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.
6 *And he shall make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,*
And thy judgment as the noonday.
7 *Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:*
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
8 *Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:*
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
9 *For evil-doers shall be cut off:*
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the land.
10 *For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:*
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.

* * *

22 *For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land;*
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.
23 *A man's goings are established of the Lord:*
And he delighteth in his way.
24 *Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:*
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
25 *I have been young, and now am old;*
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.
26 *All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;*
And his seed is blessed.
27 *Depart from evil, and do good,*
And dwell for evermore.

28 *For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints;*
They are preserved forever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
29 *The righteous shall inherit the land,*
And dwell therein for ever.

* * *

35 *I have seen the wicked in great power,*
And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.
36 *But one passed by, and lo, he was not:*
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
37 *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:*
For the latter end of that man is peace.

SELECTION XL.

Psalm 89: 1–18.

1 *I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever:*
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.
2 *For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever;*
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
3 *I have made a covenant with my chosen,*
I have sworn unto David my servant;
4 *Thy seed will I establish for ever,*
And build up thy throne to all generations.
5 *And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord;*
Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.
6 *For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord?*
Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord,
7 *A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,*
And to be feared above all them that are round about him?
8 *O Lord God of hosts, who is a mighty one, like unto thee, O Jehovah?*
And thy faithfulness is round about thee.
9 *Thou rulest the pride of the sea:*
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.
10 *Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;*
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with the arm of thy strength.
11 *The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:*
The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
12 *The north and the south, thou has created them:*
Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.
13 *Thou hast a mighty arm:*
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.
14 *Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of thy throne:*
Mercy and truth go before thy face.
15 *Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:*
They walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.
16 *In thy name do they rejoice all the day:*
And in thy righteousness are they exalted.
17 *For thou art the glory of their strength:*
And in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.
18 *For our shield belongeth unto the Lord;*
And our king to the Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION XLI.

Psalm 36.

1 *The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart,*
There is no fear of God before his eyes.
2 *For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,*
That his iniquity shall not be found out and be hated.
3 *The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:*
He hath left off to be wise and to do good.
4 *He deviseth iniquity upon his bed;*
He setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.
5 *Thy loving-kindness, O Lord, is in the heavens;*
Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.
6 *Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God; thy judgments are a great deep:*
O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
7 *How precious is thy loving-kindness, O God!*
And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.
8 *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;*
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
9 *For with thee is the fountain of life:*
In thy light shall we see light.
10 *O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee;*
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

11 *Let not the foot of pride come against me,*
And let not the hand of the wicked drive me away.
12 *There are the workers of iniquity fallen:*
They are thrust down, and shall not be able to rise.

SELECTION XLII.

Psalm 119: 1–16; 105–112.

1 *Blessed are they that are perfect in the way,*
Who walk in the law of the Lord.
2 *Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,*
That seek him with the whole heart.
3 *Yea, they do no unrighteousness;*
They walk in his ways.
4 *Thou hast commanded us thy precepts,*
That we should observe them diligently.
5 *Oh that my ways were established*
To observe thy statutes!
6 *Then shall I not be ashamed,*
When I have respect unto all thy commandments.
7 *I will give thanks unto thee with uprightness of heart,*
When I learn thy righteous judgments.
8 *I will observe thy statutes:*
O forsake me not utterly.
9 *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?*
By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
10 *With my whole heart have I sought thee:*
O let me not wander from thy commandments.
11 *Thy word have I laid up in mine heart,*
That I might not sin against thee.
12 *Blessed art thou, O Lord:*
Teach me thy statutes.
13 *With my lips have I declared*
All the judgments of thy mouth.
14 *I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies,*
As much as in all riches.
15 *I will meditate in thy precepts,*
And have respect unto thy ways.
16 *I will delight myself in thy statutes:*
I will not forget thy word.

* * *

105 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,*
And light unto my path.
106 *I have sworn, and have confirmed it,*
That I will observe thy righteous judgments.
107 *I am afflicted very much:*
Quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word.
108 *Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O Lord,*
And teach me thy judgments.
109 *My soul is continually in my hand;*
Yet do I not forget thy law.
110 *The wicked have laid a snare for me;*
Yet went I not astray from thy precepts.
111 *Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever;*
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
112 *I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes,*
For ever, even unto the end.

SELECTION XLIII.

Psalm 50: 7–11; 14–17; 19–23.

7 *Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify unto thee:*
I am God, even thy God.
8 *I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices;*
And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.
9 *I will take no bullock out of thy house,*
Nor he-goats out of thy folds.
10 *For every beast of the forest is mine,*
And the cattle upon a thousand hills.
11 *I know all the fowls of the mountains:*
And the wild beasts of the field are mine.

* * *

14 *Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;*
And pay thy vows unto the Most High:
15 *And call upon me in the day of trouble;*
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.
16 *But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes,*
And that thou hast taken my covenant in thy mouth?
17 *Seeing thou hatest instruction,*
And casteth my words behind thee.

* * *

19 *Thou givest thy mouth to evil,*
And thy tongue frameth deceit.
20 *Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother;*
Thou slanderest thine own mother's son.
21 *These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself:*
But I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.
22 *Now consider this, ye that forget God,*
Lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver:
23 *Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me;*
And to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God.

Responsive Scripture Readings

Prepared by A. B. PHILPUTT

To be read responsively by Minister and Congregation.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

I.

The Promise to Abram.

Genesis 12: 1-9.

Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will shew thee:

And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing:

And I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse: and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

So Abram went, as the Lord had spoken unto him; and Lot went with him: and Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran.

And Abram took Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came.

And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Shechem, unto the oak of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land.

And the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him.

And he removed from thence unto the mountain on the east of Bethel, and pitched his tent, having Bethel on the west, and Ai on the east: and there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord.

And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south.

II.

The Separation between Abram and Lot.

Genesis 13.

And Abram went up out of Egypt, he, and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south.

And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.

And he went on his journeys from the south even to Bethel, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, between Bethel and Ai;

Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first: and there Abram called on the name of the Lord.

And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents.

And the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together.

And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land.

And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we are brethren.

Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou take the right hand, then I will go to the left.

And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, like the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou goest unto Zoar.

So Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and Lot journeyed east: and they separated themselves the one from the other.

Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and moved his tent as far as Sodom.

Now the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners against the Lord exceedingly.

And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward and eastward and westward:

For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever.

And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered.

Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for unto thee will I give it.

And Abram moved his tent, and came and dwelt by the oaks of Mamre, which are in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.

III.

Jacob's Vision.

Genesis 28: 1–4; 10–17.

And Isaac called Jacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and said unto him, Thou shalt not take a wife of the daughters of Canaan.

Arise, go to Paddan-aram, to the house of Bethuel thy mother's father; and take thee a wife from thence of the daughters of Laban thy mother's brother.

And God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a company of peoples;

And give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee, and to thy seed with thee; that thou mayest inherit the land of thy sojournings, which God gave unto Abraham.

And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

IV.

Israel Oppressed in Egypt.

Exodus 1: 1–14; 2: 23–25.

Now these are the names of the sons of Israel, which came into Egypt; every man and his household came with Jacob.

Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah,

Issachar, Zebulun, and Benjamin,

Dan, and Naphtali, Gad, and Asher.

And all the souls that came out of the loins of Jacob were seventy souls: for Joseph was in Egypt already.

And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we:

Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh store cities, Pithom and Raamses.

But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and the more they spread abroad. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel.

And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor:

And they made their lives bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field, all their service, wherein they made them serve with rigor.

And it came to pass in the course of those many days, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage.

And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob.

And God saw the children of Israel, and God took knowledge of them.

V.

The Burning Bush.

Exodus 3: 1–8; 10–15.

Now Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro his father in law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And Moses said, I will turn aside now, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I.

And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows;

And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large; unto a land flowing with milk and honey;

Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt.

And Moses said unto God, Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?

And he said, Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be the token unto thee, that I have sent thee: when thou hast brought forth the people out of Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain.

And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I am come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?

And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.

And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord, the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations.

VI.

Song of Moses.

Exodus 15: 1–13.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: this is my God, and I will praise him; my father's God, and I will exalt him.

The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name.

Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: and his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.

The deeps cover them: they went down into the depths like a stone.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power, thy right hand, O Lord, dasheth in pieces the enemy.

And in the greatness of thine excellency thou overthrowest them that rise up against thee: thou sendest forth thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.

And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were piled up, the floods stood upright as an heap; the deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?

Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them.

Thou in thy mercy hast led the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength to thy holy habitation.

VII.

The Ten Commandments.

Exodus 20: 1–17.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have none other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me;

And shewing mercy unto thousands, of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt do no murder.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

VIII.

Jehovah's Covenant with Israel.

Exodus 23: 20–33.

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.

Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice; provoke him not: for he will not pardon your transgression; for my name is in him.

But if thou shalt indeed hearken unto his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries.

For mine angel shall go before thee, and bring thee in unto the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, and the Canaanite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite: and I will cut them off.

Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, nor serve them, nor do after their works: but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and break in pieces their pillars.

And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread, and thy water; and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.

There shall none cast her young, nor be barren, in thy land: the number of thy days I will fulfil.

I will send my terror before thee, and will discomfit all the people to whom thou shalt come, and I will make all thine enemies turn their backs unto thee.

And I will send the hornet before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee.

I will not drive them out from before thee in one year; lest the land become desolate, and the beast of the field multiply against thee.

By little and little I will drive them out from before thee, until thou be increased, and inherit the land.

And I will set thy border from the Red Sea even unto the sea of the Philistines, and from the wilderness unto the River: for I will deliver the inhabitants of the land into your hand; and thou shalt drive them out before thee.

Thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor with their gods.

They shall not dwell in thy land, lest

they make thee sin against me: for if thou serve their gods, it will surely be a snare unto thee.

IX.

The Anger of Moses.

Exodus 32: 15-28.

And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, with the two tables of the testimony in his hand; tables that were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written.

And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp.

And he said, It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.

And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it with fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought a great sin upon them?

And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on evil.

For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what is become of him.

And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off; so they gave it me: and I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

And when Moses saw that the people were broken loose; for Aaron had let them loose for a derision among their enemies:

Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Put ye every man his sword upon his thigh, and go to and fro from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.

And the sons of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

X.

Joshua renews the Covenant with Israel.

Joshua 24: 1-8; 13-22.

And Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers; and they presented themselves before God.

And Joshua said unto all the people, Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Your fathers dwelt of old time beyond the River, even Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nahor: and they served other gods.

And I took your father Abraham from beyond the River, and led him throughout all the land of Canaan, and multiplied his seed, and gave him Isaac.

And I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau: and I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it; and Jacob and his children went down into Egypt.

And I sent Moses and Aaron, and I plagued Egypt, according to that which I did in the midst thereof: and afterward I brought you out.

And I brought your fathers out of Egypt: and ye came unto the sea; and the Egyptians pursued after your fathers with chariots and with horsemen unto the Red Sea.

And when they cried out unto the Lord, he put darkness between you and the Egyptians, and brought the sea upon them, and covered them; and your eyes saw what I did in Egypt: and ye dwelt in the wilderness many days.

And I brought you into the land of the Amorites, which dwelt beyond Jordan; and they fought with you: and I gave them into your hand, that ye might possess their land; and I destroyed them from before you.

And I gave you a land whereon thou hadst not labored, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell therein; of vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not do ye eat.

Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth: and put away the gods which your fathers served beyond the River, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord.

And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were beyond the River, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods;

For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us and our fathers up out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and that did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the peoples through the midst of whom we passed:

And the Lord drave out from before us all the peoples, even the Amorites which dwelt in the land: therefore we also will serve the Lord; for he is our God.

And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord; for he is an holy God; he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins.

If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you evil, and consume you, after that he hath done you good.

And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord.

And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses.

XI.

Naomi and Ruth.

Ruth 1: 8–11; 14–22.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters in law, Go, return each of you to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

And they said unto her, Nay, but we will return with thee unto thy people.

And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me?

And they lifted up their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother in law; but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, Behold, thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her god: return thou after thy sister in law.

And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

And when she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, she left speaking unto her.

So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and the women said, Is this Naomi?

And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter in law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

XII.

Solomon's Wise Judgment.

I Kings 3: 3–15.

And Solomon loved the Lord, walking in the statutes of David his father: only he sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places.

And the king went to Gibeon to sacrifice there; for that was the great high place: a thousand burnt offerings did Solomon offer upon that altar.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great kindness, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that

thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in.

And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Give thy servant therefore an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and evil; for who is able to judge this thy great people?

And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment;

Behold, I have done according to thy word: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there hath been none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee, all thy days.

And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

And Solomon awoke, and, behold, it was a dream: and he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt offerings, and offered peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

XIII.

Jehovah's Still Small Voice.

I Kings 19: 1–14.

And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword.

Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time.

And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there.

But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers.

And he lay down and slept under a juniper tree; and, behold, an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat.

And he looked, and, behold, there was at his head a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.

And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.

And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.

And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah?

And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.

And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?

And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

XIV.

Ezra's Confession and Prayer.

Ezra 9: 1–15.

Now when these things were done, the princes drew near unto me, saying, The people of Israel, and the priests and the Levites, have not separated themselves from the peoples of the lands, doing according to their abominations, even of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Jebusites, the Ammonites, the Moabites, the Egyptians, and the Amorites.

For they have taken of their daughters for themselves and for their sons; so that the holy seed have mingled themselves with the peoples of the lands: yea, the hand of the princes and rulers hath been chief in this trespass.

And when I heard this thing, I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head and of my beard, and sat down astonied.

Then were assembled unto me every one that trembled at the words of the God of Israel, because of the trespass of them of the captivity; and I sat astonied until the evening oblation.

And at the evening oblation I arose up from my humiliation, even with my garment and my mantle rent; and I fell upon my knees, and spread out my hands unto the Lord my God;

And I said, O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God: for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our guiltiness is grown up unto the heavens.

Since the days of our fathers we have been exceeding guilty unto this day; and for our iniquities have we, our kings, and our priests, been delivered into the hands of the kings of the lands, to the sword, to captivity, and to spoiling, and to confusion of face, as it is this day.

And now for a little moment grace hath been shewed from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in his holy place, that our God may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage.

For we are bondmen; yet our God hath not forsaken us in our bondage, but hath extended mercy unto us in the sight of the kings of Persia, to give us a reviving, to set up the house of our God, and to repair the ruins thereof, and to give us a wall in Judah and in Jerusalem.

And now, O our God, what shall we say after this? for we have forsaken thy commandments,

Which thou hast commanded by thy servants the prophets, saying, The land, unto which ye go to possess it, is an unclean land through the uncleanness of the peoples of the lands, through their abominations, which have filled it from one end to another with their filthiness.

Now therefore give not your daughters unto their sons, neither take their daughters unto your sons, nor seek their peace or their prosperity for ever: that ye may be strong, and eat the good of the land, and leave it for an inheritance to your children for ever.

And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great guilt, seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve, and hast given us such a remnant,

Shall we again break thy commandments, and join in affinity with the peoples that do these abominations? wouldest not thou be angry with us till thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no remnant, nor any to escape?

O Lord, the God of Israel, thou art righteous; for we are left a remnant that is escaped, as it is this day: behold, we are before thee in our guiltiness; for none can stand before thee because of this.

XV.

Temperance.

Proverbs 20: 1; 23: 29–35; I Corinthians 9: 25–27; Ephesians 5: 18.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly:

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Thine eyes shall behold strange things, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not hurt; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air:

But I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected.

And be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.

XVI.

The Benefits of Chastisement.

Job 5: 17-27; Hebrews 12: 7-13.

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.

He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

In famine he shall redeem thee from death; and in war from the power of the sword.

Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.

At destruction and dearth thou shalt laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.

For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.

And thou shalt know that thy tent is in peace; and thou shalt visit thy fold, and shalt miss nothing.

Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season.

Lo this, we have searched it, so it is; hear it, and know thou it for thy good.

It is for chastening that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his father chasteneth not?

But if ye are without chastening, whereof all have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.

Furthermore, we had the fathers of our flesh to chasten us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?

For they verily for a few days chastened us as seemed good to them; but he for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.

All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness.

Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees;

And make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed.

XVII.

The Frailty of Man.

Job 14: 1-14.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with thee?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.

Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months is with thee, and thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;

Look away from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and put forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea, and the river decayeth and drieth up;

So man lieth down and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be roused out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in Sheol, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live again?

XVIII.

The Source of Wisdom.

Job 28: 12-28.

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The deep saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

Gold and glass cannot equal it: neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal: yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and Death say, We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

To make a weight for the wind; yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it, and declare it; he established it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

XIX.

The Rewards of Wisdom.

Proverbs 3: 13-26.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth; by understanding he established the heavens.

By his knowledge the depths were broken up, and the skies drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes; keep sound wisdom and discretion;

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

XX.

Exhortation to Youth.

Ecclesiastes 12: 1-14.

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

Or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain.

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the street; when the sound of the grinding is low, and one shall rise up at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high, and terrors shall be in the way; and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and the caper-berry shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern;

And the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And further, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he pondered, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written uprightly, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And furthermore, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard: fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

XXI.

The Reign of Peace.

Isaiah 11: 1-9.

And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit:

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the basilisk's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the root of Jesse, which standeth for an ensign of the peoples, unto him shall the nations seek; and his resting place shall be glorious.

XXII.

Zion's Happy Future.

Isaiah 35.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, with the recompence of God; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water: in the habitation of jackals, where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the way-faring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, they shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

XXIII.

He Shall Feed His Flock.

Isaiah 40: 1–11; 28–31.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; that she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain; O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the Lord God will come as a mighty one, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his recompence before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that give suck.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

XXIV.

Jehovah's Servant.

Isaiah 42: 1–12; 16–17.

Behold my servant, whom I uphold: my chosen, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my Spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment in truth.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law.

Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them out; he that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it; he that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare: before they spring forth I tell you of them.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of Sela sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; in paths that they know not will I lead them: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked places straight. These things will I do, and I will not forsake them.

They shall be turned back, they shall be greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images, that say unto molten images, Ye are our gods.

XXV.

Jehovah's Suffering Servant.

Isaiah 53.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living? for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And they made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: and he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

XXVI.

Mercy Free to All.

Isaiah 55.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

XXVII.

Jehovah's Messenger.

Malachi 3: 1–10.

Behold, I send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple; and the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in, behold, he cometh, saith the Lord of hosts.

But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap:

And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver; and they shall offer unto the Lord offerings in righteousness.

Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in ancient years.

And I will come near to you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers; and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts.

For I the Lord change not; therefore ye, O sons of Jacob, are not consumed.

From the days of your fathers ye have turned aside from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye say, Wherein shall we return?

Will a man rob God? yet ye rob me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Ye are cursed with the curse; for ye rob me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

XXVIII.

The Magnificat.

Luke 1: 46–55.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear him.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from their thrones, and hath exalted them of low degree.

The hungry he hath filled with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen Israel his servant, that he might remember mercy

(As he spake unto our fathers) toward Abraham and his seed for ever.

XXIX.

The Benedictus.

Luke 1: 67–79.

And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Spirit, and prophesied, saying,

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; for he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David

(As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets which have been since the world began),

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To shew mercy towards our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware unto Abraham our father,

To grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies should serve him without fear,

In holiness and righteousness before him all our days.

Yea and thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people in the remission of their sins,

Because of the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,

To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; to guide our feet into the way of peace.

XXX.

God's Final Word Through His Son.

Hebrews 1.

God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners,

Hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom also he made the worlds;

Who being the effulgence of his glory, and the very image of his substance, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had made purification of sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;

Having become by so much better than the angels, as he hath inherited a more excellent name than they.

For unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? and again, I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son?

And when he again bringeth in the firstborn into the world he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him.

And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels winds, and his ministers a flame of fire:

But of the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; and the sceptre of uprightness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

And, thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands:

They shall perish; but thou continuest: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment;

And as a mantle shalt thou roll them up, as a garment, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

But of which of the angels hath he said at any time, Sit thou on my right hand, till I make thine enemies the footstool of thy feet?

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?

XXXI.

The Birth of Jesus.

Luke 2:7-17.

And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock.

And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people:

For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them concerning this child.

XXXII.

The Visit of the Magi.

Matthew 2: 1–12.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying,

Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come forth a governor, which shall be shepherd of my people Israel.

Then Herod privily called the wise men, and learned of them carefully what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out carefully concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him.

And they, having heard the king, went their way; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

XXXIII.

The Word Made Flesh.

John 1: 1–18.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that hath been made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness apprehended it not.

There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John.

The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the light, that all might believe through him.

He was not the light, but came that he might bear witness of the light.

There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on his name:

Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.

John beareth witness of him, and crieth, saying, This was he of whom I said, He that cometh after me is become before me: for he was before me.

For of his fulness we all received, and grace for grace.

For the law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

XXXIV.

Preaching of John the Baptist.

Matthew 3: 1; 7–17.

And in those days cometh John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his baptism, he said unto them, Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

Bring forth therefore fruit worthy of repentance.

And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

And even now is the axe laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire:

Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his threshing-floor; and he will gather his wheat into the garner, but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to the Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

But John would have hindered him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

But Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffereth him.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway from the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him;

And lo, a voice out of the heavens, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

XXXV.

The Temptation of Jesus.

Matthew 4: 1–11.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward hungered.

And the tempter came and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread.

But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Then the devil taketh him into the holy city; and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple,

And saith unto him, If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

Again, the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

And he said unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

XXXVI.

Jesus Preaches at Nazareth.

Luke 4: 14–30.

And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and a fame went out concerning him through all the region round about.

And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up to read.

And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And he opened the book, and found the place where it was written.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor: he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

And he closed the book, and gave it back to the attendant, and sat down: and the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him.

And he began to say unto them, To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears.

And all bare him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth: and they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

And he said unto them, Doubtless ye will say unto me this parable, Physician, heal thyself; whatsoever we have heard done at Capernaum, do also here in thine own country.

And he said, Verily, I say unto you, No prophet is acceptable in his own country.

But of a truth I say unto you, There were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when there came a great famine over all the land;

And unto none of them was Elijah sent, but only to Zarephath, in the land of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.

And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian.

And they were all filled with wrath in the synagogue, as they heard these things;

And they rose up, and cast him forth out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw him down headlong.

But he passing through the midst of them went his way.

XXXVII.

The Beatitudes.

Matthew 5: 1–16.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house.

Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

XXXVIII.

Love to Enemies.

Matthew 5: 38–48.

Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

But I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy:

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you;

That ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.

For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the Gentiles the same?

Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

XXXIX.

God's Care.

Matthew 6: 24–34; 7: 7–11.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?

Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not of much more value than they?

And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

Yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone;

Or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

XL.

Taking Up the Cross.

Matthew 10: 24–39.

A disciple is not above his master, nor a servant above his lord.

It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household!

Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known.

What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light: and what ye hear in the ear, proclaim upon the housetops.

And be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father:

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Every one therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword.

For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law:

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.

And he that doth not take his cross and follow after me, is not worthy of me.

He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

XLI.

The Laborers in the Vineyard.

Matthew 20: 1–16.

For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.

And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing in the marketplace idle;

And to them he said, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way.

Again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hour, and did likewise.

And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing; and he saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?

They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard.

And when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and pay them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

And when the first came, they supposed that they would receive more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they received it, they murmured against the householder, saying,

These last have spent but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden of the day and the scorching heat.

But he answered and said to one of them, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?

Take up that which is thine, and go thy way; it is my will to give unto this last, even as unto thee.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? or is thine eye evil, because I am good?

So the last shall be first, and the first last.

XLII.

Request of Zebedee's Sons.

Mark 10: 35–45.

And there come near unto him James and John, the sons of Zebedee, saying unto him, Master, we would that thou shouldest do for us whatsoever we shall ask of thee.

And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you?

And they said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and one on thy left hand, in thy glory.

But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?

And they said unto him, We are able. And Jesus said unto them, The cup that I drink ye shall drink; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized:

But to sit on my right hand or on my left hand is not mine to give: but it is for them for whom it hath been prepared.

And when the ten heard it, they began to be moved with indignation concerning James and John.

And Jesus called them to him, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them; and their great ones exercise authority over them.

But it is not so among you: but whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister:

And whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all.

For verily the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

XLIII.

Jesus the True Vine.

John 15: 1–11.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit.

Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be fulfilled.

XLIV.

Temptations.

James 1: 2–17.

Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations;

Knowing that the proof of your faith worketh patience.

And let patience have its perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, lacking in nothing.

But if any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

But let him ask in faith, nothing doubting: for he that doubteth is like the surge of the sea driven by the wind and tossed.

For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord;

A doubleminded man, unstable in all his ways.

But let the brother of low degree glory in his high estate:

And the rich, in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away.

For the sun ariseth with the scorching wind, and withereth the grass; and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth: so also shall the rich man fade away in his goings.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, and he himself tempteth no man:

But each man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

Then the lust, when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and the sin, when it is full-grown, bringeth forth death.

Be not deceived, my beloved brethren.

Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning.

XLV.

God's Love for the World.

John 3: 16-21; I John 4: 7-13.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through him.

He that believeth on him is not judged: he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light; for their works were evil.

For every one that doeth ill hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, lest his works should be reproved.

But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, that they have been wrought in God.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

No man hath beheld God at any time: if we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us:

Hereby know we that we abide in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

XLVI.

Gethsemane.

Mark 14: 32-42.

And they come unto a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray.

And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly amazed, and sore troubled. And he saith unto them,

My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: abide ye here, and watch.

And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass away from him.

And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me: howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt.

And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldest thou not watch one hour?

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

And again he went away, and prayed, saying the same words.

And again he came, and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they wist not what to answer him.

And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough; the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Arise, let us be going: behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

XLVII.

The Crucifixion.

Luke 23: 33-47.

And when they came unto the place which is called The skull, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

And Jesus said, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And parting his garments among them, they cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also scoffed at him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if this is the Christ of God, his chosen.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, offering him vinegar, and saying,

If thou art the King of the Jews, save thyself.

And there was also a superscription over him, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? save thyself and us.

But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom.

And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

And it was now about the sixth hour, and a darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour,

The sun's light failing: and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said this, he gave up the ghost.

And when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

XLVIII.

The Resurrection.

John 20: 1–18.

Now on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb.

She runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb.

And they ran both together: and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb;

And stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths lying; yet entered he not in.

Simon Peter therefore also cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying,

And the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself.

Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, which came first to the tomb, and he saw, and believed.

For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping: so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb;

And she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith to her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God.

Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and how that he had said these things unto her.

XLIX.

The Blessed Hope.

I Peter 1: 3–16.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

Who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold temptations,

That the proof of your faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth though it is proved by fire, might be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ:

Whom not having seen ye love; on whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

Concerning which salvation the prophets sought and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you:

Searching what time or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did point unto, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them.

To whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto you, did they minister these things, which now have been announced unto you through them that preached the gospel unto you by the Holy Spirit sent forth from heaven; which things angels desire to look into.

Wherefore girding up the loins of your mind, be sober and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

As children of obedience, not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in the time of your ignorance:

But like as he which called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living.

Because it is written, Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.

L.

Preaching the Gospel.

Matthew 28: 18–20; Romans 1: 14–16; Romans 10: 12–15; Acts 8; 4–8.

And Jesus came to them and spake unto them, saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

I am debtor both to Greeks and to Barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish,

So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek: for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him:

For, Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? even as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things!

They therefore that were scattered abroad went about preaching the word.

And Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and proclaimed unto them the Christ.

And the multitudes gave heed with one accord unto the things that were spoken by Philip, when they heard, and saw the signs which he did.

For from many of those which had unclean spirits, they came out, crying with a loud voice: and many that were palsied, and that were lame, were healed.

And there was much joy in that city.

LI.

Comfort in Affliction.

II Corinthians 4: 13–18; 5: 1; I Thessalonians 4: 13–17.

But having the same spirit of faith, according to that which is written, I believed, and therefore did I speak; we also believe, and therefore also we speak;

Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also with Jesus, and shall present us with you.

For all things are for your sakes, that the grace, being multiplied through the many, may cause the thanksgiving to abound unto the glory of God.

Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

LII.

The New Life.

Romans 6: 1–18.

What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

God forbid. We who died to sin, how shall we any longer live therein?

Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life.

For if we have become united with him by the likeness of his death, we shall be also by the likeness of his resurrection;

Knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin;

For he that hath died is justified from sin.

But if we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him;

Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death no more hath dominion over him.

For the death that he died, he died unto sin once: but the life that he liveth, he liveth unto God.

Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof:

Neither present your members unto sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.

For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under law, but under grace.

What then? shall we sin, because we are not under law, but under grace? God forbid.

Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?

But thanks be to God, that, whereas ye were servants of sin, ye became obedient from the heart to that form of teaching whereunto ye were delivered;

And being made free from sin, ye became servants of righteousness.

LIII.

The One Foundation.

I Corinthians 3: 10–13;
Ephesians 2: 19–22.

According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise master-builder I laid a foundation; and another buildeth thereon. But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon.

For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

But if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, stubble;

Each man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is.

So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,

Being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone;

In whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord;

In whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.

LIV.

The Redeemed Before the Throne.

Revelation 7: 9–17.

After these things I saw, and behold, a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands;

And they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?

And I say unto him, My lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall spread his tabernacle over them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat:

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

LV.

The New Heaven and the New Earth.

Revelation 21: 1–5; 22–24; 22: 1–5.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more.

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God:

And he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it.

And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,

In the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and his servants shall do him service;

And they shall see his face; and his name shall be on their foreheads.

And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

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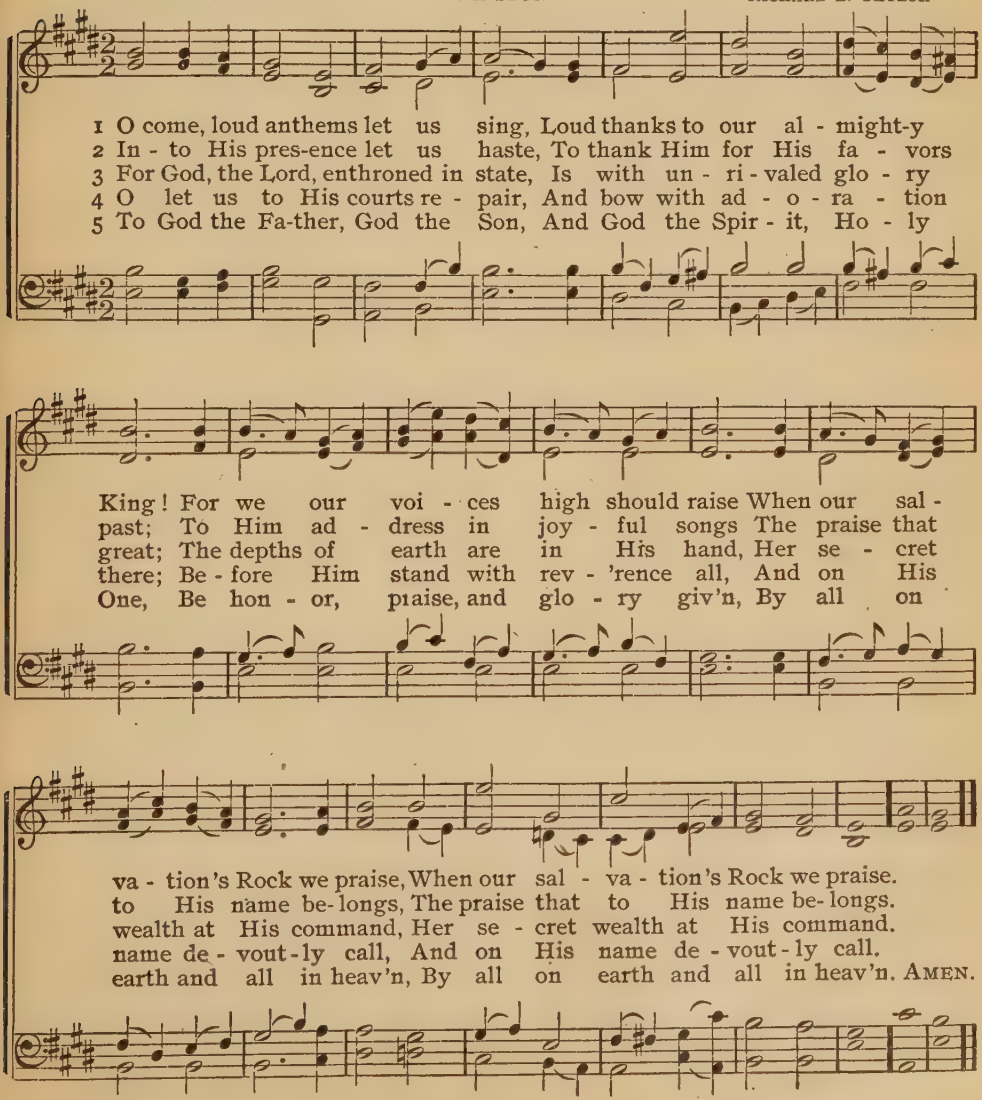
Gloria In Excelsis

Opening of Worship

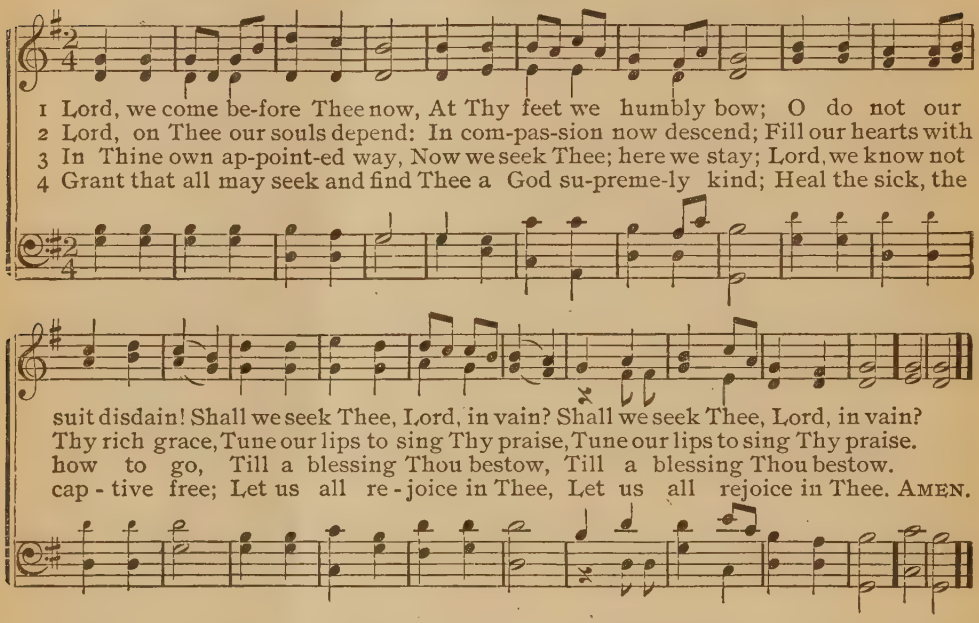
1 O come, loud anthems let us sing

TATE & BRADY'S Psalter — WINSTON — RICHARD B. TAYLOR


1 O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - might-y
2 In - to His pres-ence let us haste, To thank Him for His fa - vors
3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state, Is with un - ri - valed glo - ry
4 O let us to His courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o - ra - tion
5 To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Ho - ly
King! For we our voi - ces high should raise When our sal -
past; To Him ad - dress in joy - ful songs The praise that
great; The depths of earth are in His hand, Her se - cret
there; Be - fore Him stand with rev - 'rence all, And on His
One, Be hon - or, praise, and glo - ry giv'n, By all on
va - tion's Rock we praise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.
to His name be-longs, The praise that to His name be-longs.
wealth at His command, Her se - cret wealth at His command.
name de - vout-ly call, And on His name de - vout-ly call.
earth and all in heav'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n. AMEN.

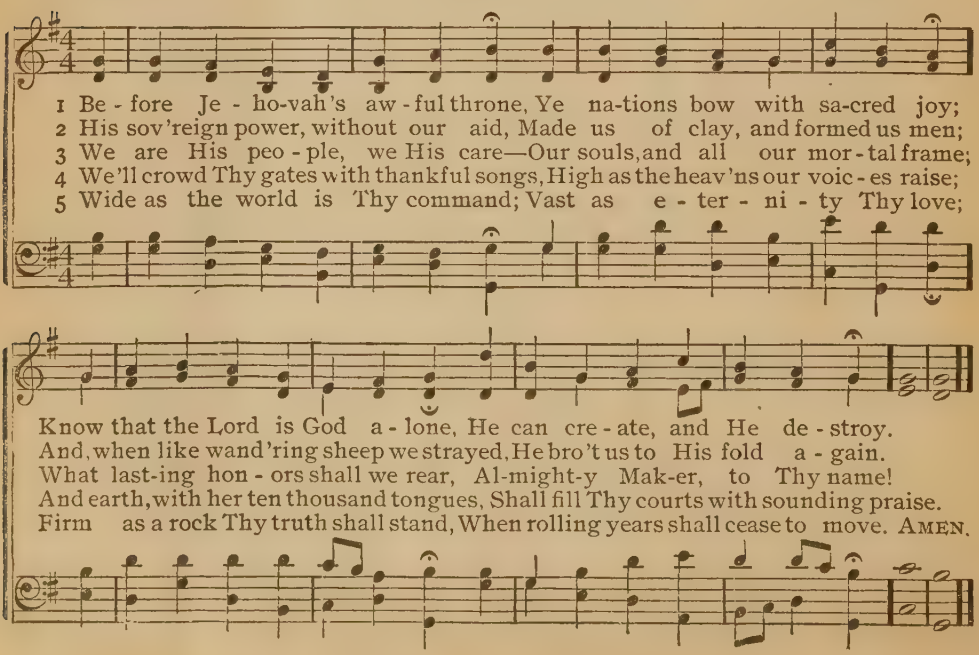
2 Lord, we come before Thee now

WILLIAM HAMMOND HENDON H. A. CÆSAR MALAN


1 Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; O do not our
2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend: In com-pas-sion now descend; Fill our hearts with
3 In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, we know not
4 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind; Heal the sick, the
suit disdain! Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
how to go, Till a blessing Thou bestow, Till a blessing Thou bestow.
cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in Thee, Let us all rejoice in Thee. AMEN.

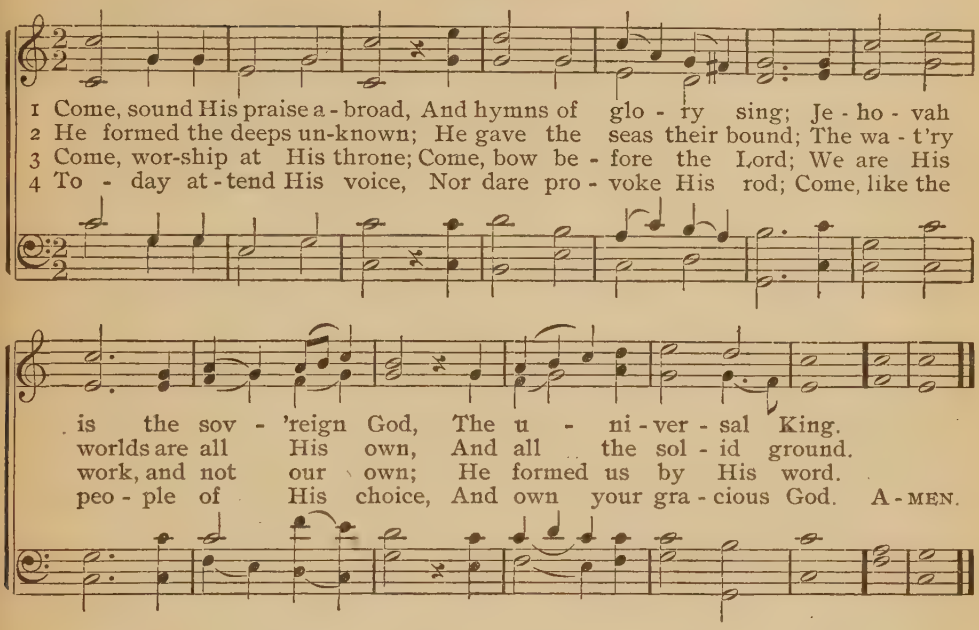
3 Before Jehovah's awful throne

ISAAC WATTS OLD HUNDRED LOUIS BOURGEOIS


1 Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy;
2 His sov'reign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3 We are His peo - ple, we His care—Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame;
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
5 Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And, when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to His fold a - gain.
What last-ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Mak-er, to Thy name!
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move. AMEN.

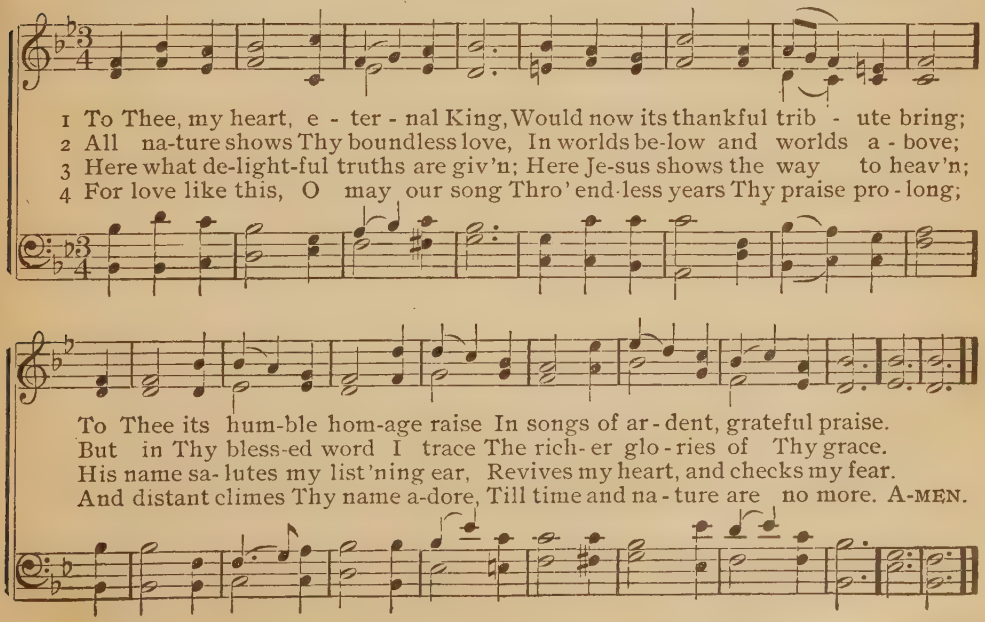
4 Come, sound His praise abroad

ISAAC WATTS — SILVER STREET — ISAAC SMITH


1 Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah
2 He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The wa - t'ry
3 Come, wor-ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are His
4 To - day at-tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come, like the
is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni-ver - sal King.
worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
work, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God. A - MEN.

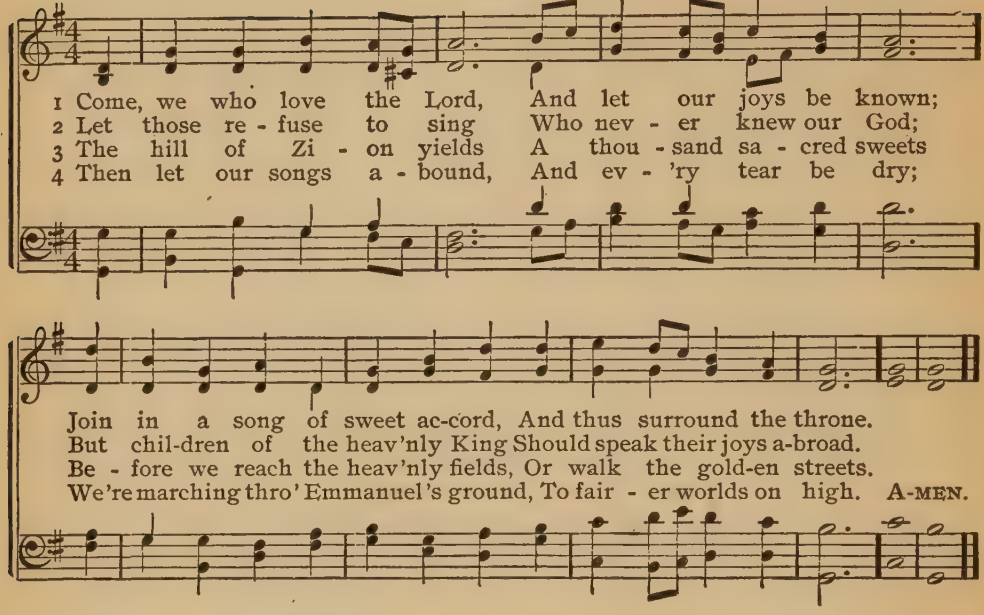
5 To Thee, my heart, eternal King

"Exeter Coll." — GERMANY — LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN


1 To Thee, my heart, e - ter - nal King, Would now its thankful trib - ute bring;
2 All na-ture shows Thy boundless love, In worlds be-low and worlds a - bove;
3 Here what de-light-ful truths are giv'n; Here Je-sus shows the way to heav'n;
4 For love like this, O may our song Thro' end-less years Thy praise pro - long;
To Thee its hum-ble hom-age raise In songs of ar - dent, grateful praise.
But in Thy bless-ed word I trace The rich-er glo - ries of Thy grace.
His name sa-lutes my list'ning ear, Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
And distant climes Thy name a-dore, Till time and na - ture are no more. A-MEN.

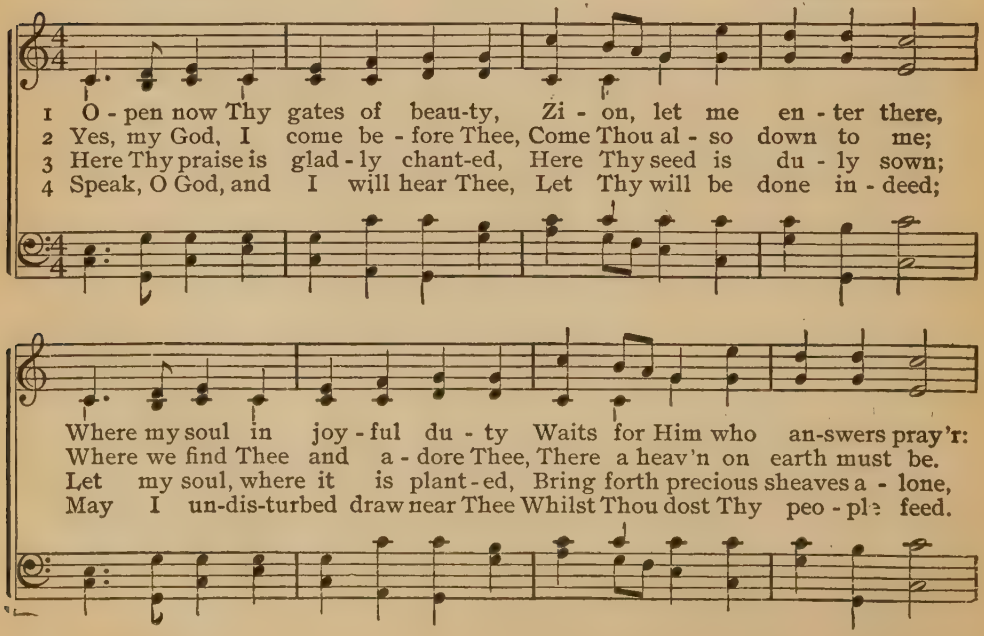
6 Come, we who love the Lord

ISAAC WATTS — ST. THOMAS — AARON WILLIAMS

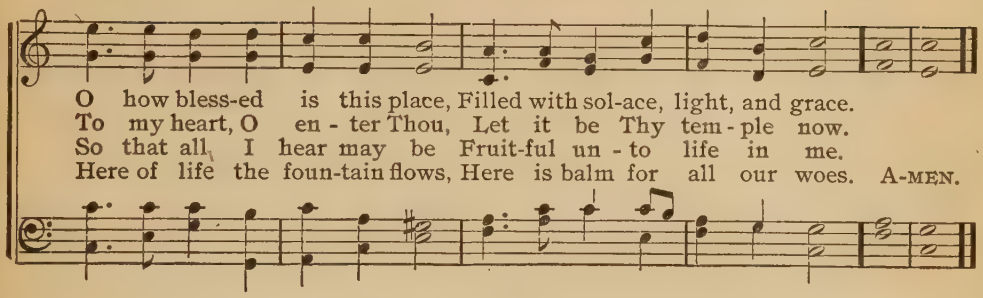

1 Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3 The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets
4 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'nly King Should speak their joys a-broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high. A-MEN.

7 Open now Thy gates of beauty

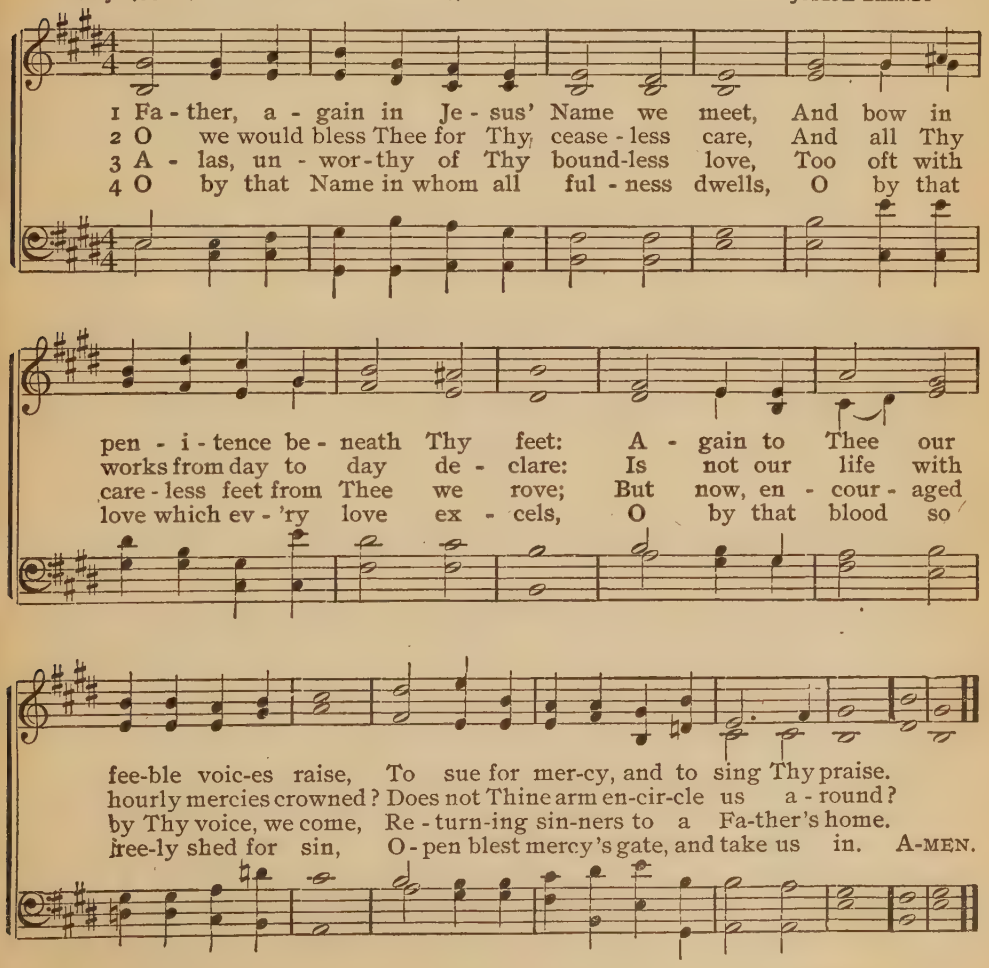
BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK
Tr. CATHARINE WINKWORTH — NEANDER — JOACHIM NEANDER


1 O - pen now Thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
2 Yes, my God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me;
3 Here Thy praise is glad - ly chant-ed, Here Thy seed is du - ly sown;
4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done in - deed;
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an-swers pray'r:
Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heav'n on earth must be.
Let my soul, where it is plant - ed, Bring forth precious sheaves a - lone,
May I un-dis-turbed draw near Thee Whilst Thou dost Thy peo - ple feed.

Open now Thy gates of beauty

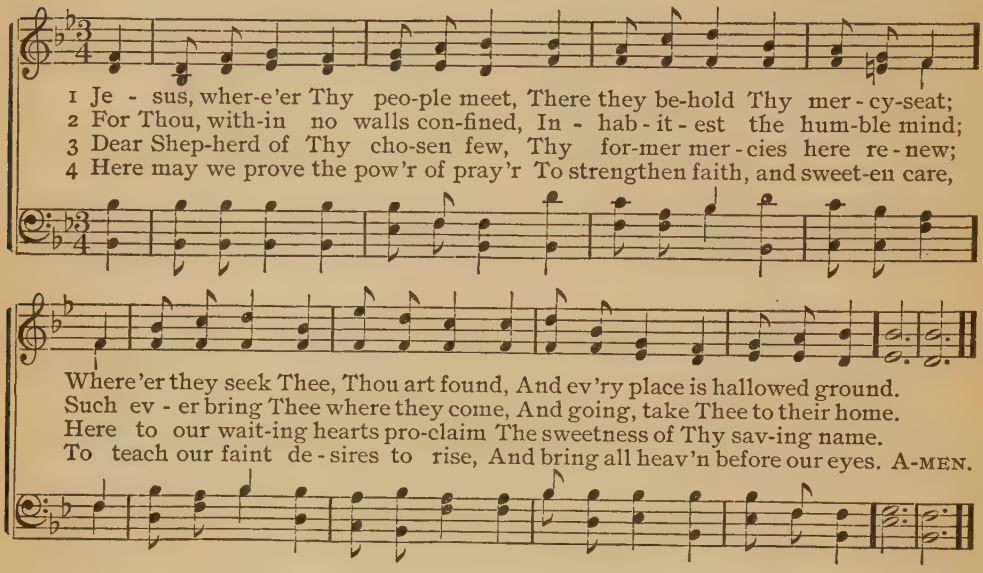

O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with sol-ace, light, and grace.
To my heart, O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now.
So that all I hear may be Fruit-ful un - to life in me.
Here of life the foun-tain flows, Here is balm for all our woes. A-MEN.

8 Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet

Lady LUCY E. G. WHITMORE — LONGWOOD — JOSEPH BARNBY

1 Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet, And bow in
2 O we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care, And all Thy
3 A - las, un - wor - thy of Thy bound-less love, Too oft with
4 O by that Name in whom all ful - ness dwells, O by that
pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our
works from day to day de - clare: Is not our life with
care - less feet from Thee we rove; But now, en - cour - aged
love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, O by that blood so
fee-ble voic-es raise, To sue for mer-cy, and to sing Thy praise.
hourly mercies crowned? Does not Thine arm en-cir-cle us a - round?
by Thy voice, we come, Re - turn-ing sin-ners to a Fa-ther's home.
free-ly shed for sin, O - pen blest mercy's gate, and take us in. A-MEN.

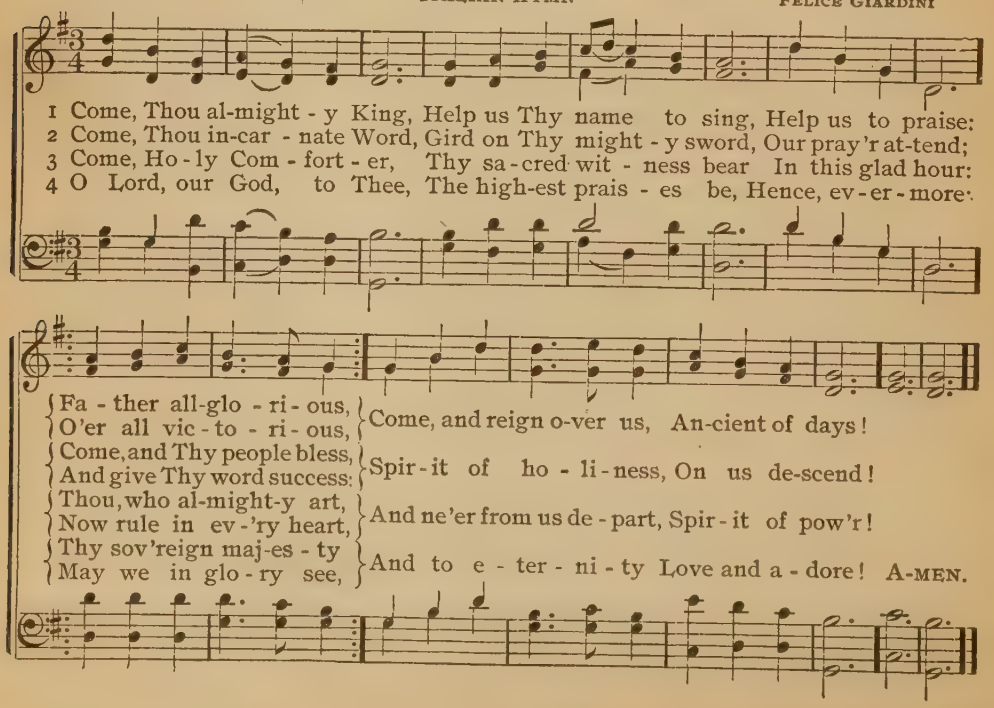
9 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet

WILLIAM COWPER — HEBRON — LOWELL MASON


1 Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
2 For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In - hab - it - est the hum-ble mind;
3 Dear Shep-herd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy for-mer mer - cies here re - new;
4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r To strengthen faith, and sweet-en care,
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev - er bring Thee where they come, And going, take Thee to their home.
Here to our wait-ing hearts pro-claim The sweetness of Thy sav-ing name.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes. A-MEN.

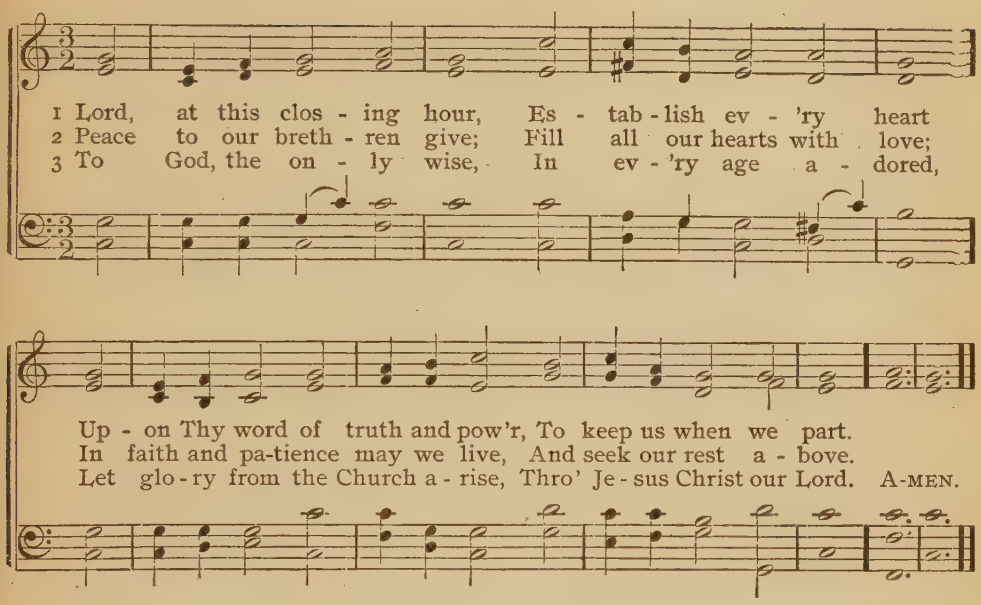
10 Come, Thou almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY — ITALIAN HYMN — FELICE GIARDINI


1 Come, Thou al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:
2 Come, Thou in-car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r at-tend;
3 Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour:
4 O Lord, our God, to Thee, The high-est prais - es be, Hence, ev - er - more:
Fa - ther all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!
Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de-scend!
Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
Thy sov'reign maj-es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore! A-MEN.

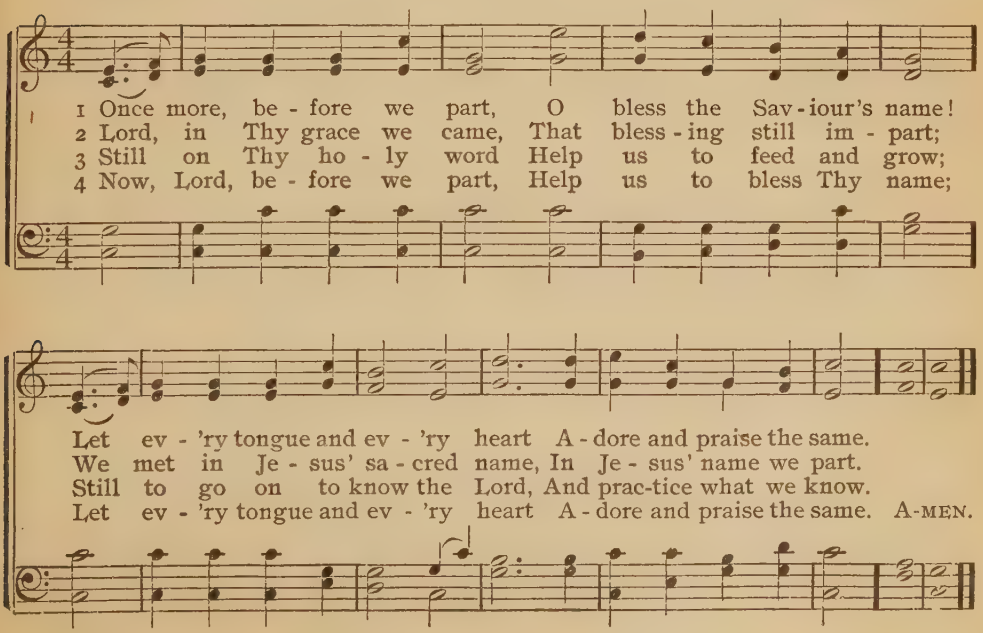
11 Lord, at this closing hour

ELEAZOR T. FITCH — BOYLSTON — LOWELL MASON


1 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart
2 Peace to our breth - ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;
3 To God, the on - ly wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dored,
Up - on Thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.
In faith and pa-tience may we live, And seek our rest a - bove.
Let glo - ry from the Church a - rise, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A-MEN.

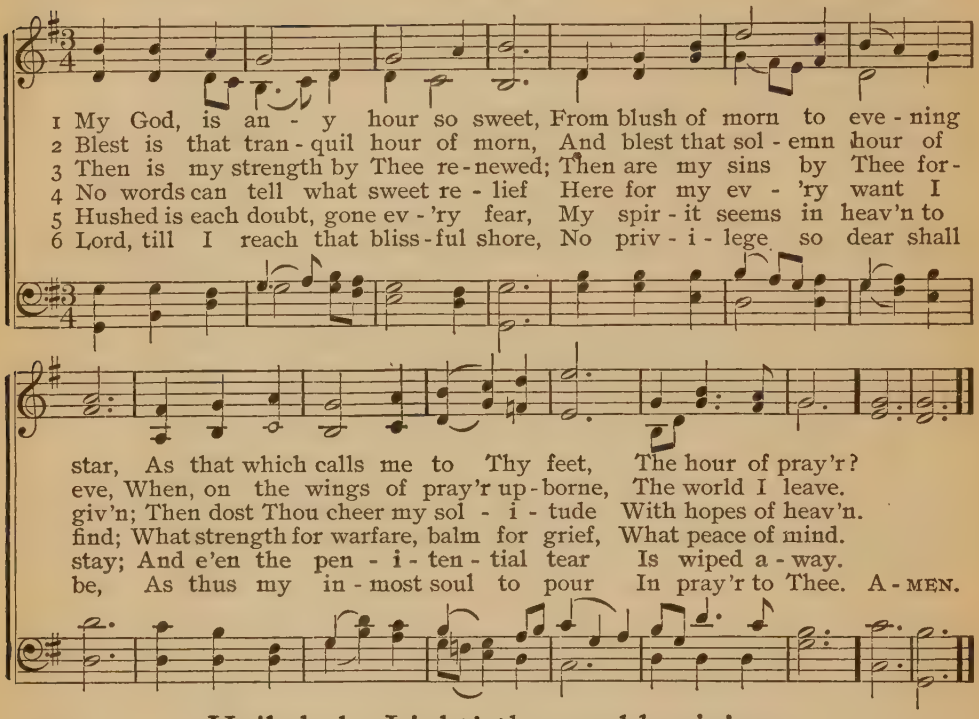
12 Once more, before we part

JOSEPH HART — LABAN — LOWELL MASON


1 Once more, be - fore we part, O bless the Sav - iour's name!
2 Lord, in Thy grace we came, That bless - ing still im - part;
3 Still on Thy ho - ly word Help us to feed and grow;
4 Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name;
Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same.
We met in Je - sus' sa - cred name, In Je - sus' name we part.
Still to go on to know the Lord, And prac-tice what we know.
Let ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the same. A-MEN.

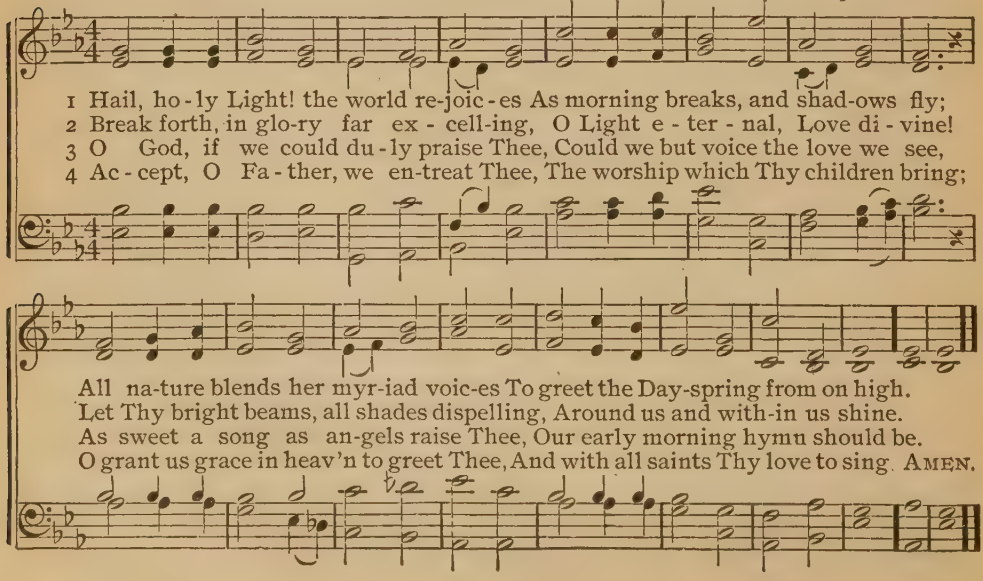
13 My God, is any hour so sweet

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning
2 Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of
3 Then is my strength by Thee re - newed; Then are my sins by Thee for -
4 No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here for my ev - 'ry want I
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear, My spir - it seems in heav'n to
6 Lord, till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall
star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of pray'r?
eve, When, on the wings of pray'r up - borne, The world I leave.
giv'n; Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hopes of heav'n.
find; What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
stay; And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is wiped a - way.
be, As thus my in - most soul to pour In pray'r to Thee. A - MEN.

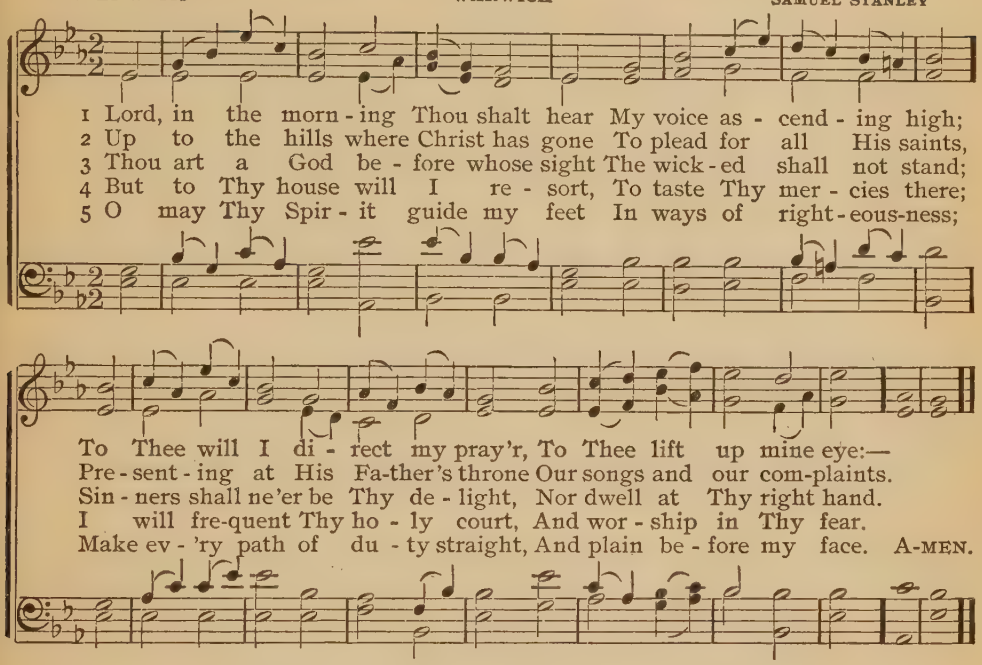
14 Hail, holy Light! the world rejoices

EDWIN P. PARKER — SACRAMENT — EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1 Hail, ho - ly Light! the world re-joic - es As morning breaks, and shad-ows fly;
2 Break forth, in glo-ry far ex - cell-ing, O Light e - ter - nal, Love di - vine!
3 O God, if we could du - ly praise Thee, Could we but voice the love we see,
4 Ac - cept, O Fa - ther, we en-treat Thee, The worship which Thy children bring;
All na-ture blends her myr-iad voic-es To greet the Day-spring from on high.
Let Thy bright beams, all shades dispelling, Around us and with-in us shine.
As sweet a song as an-gels raise Thee, Our early morning hymn should be.
O grant us grace in heav'n to greet Thee, And with all saints Thy love to sing. AMEN.

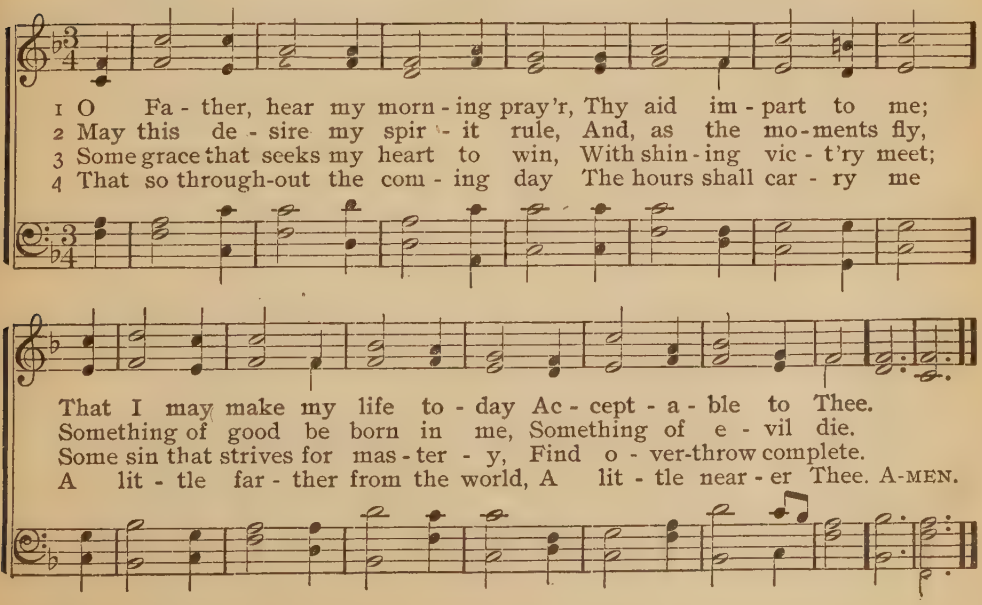
15 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear

ISAAC WATTS — WARWICK — SAMUEL STANLEY


1 Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone To plead for all His saints,
3 Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand;
4 But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
5 O may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right - eous-ness;
To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye:—
Pre - sent - ing at His Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
Sin - ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
I will fre-quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face. A-MEN.

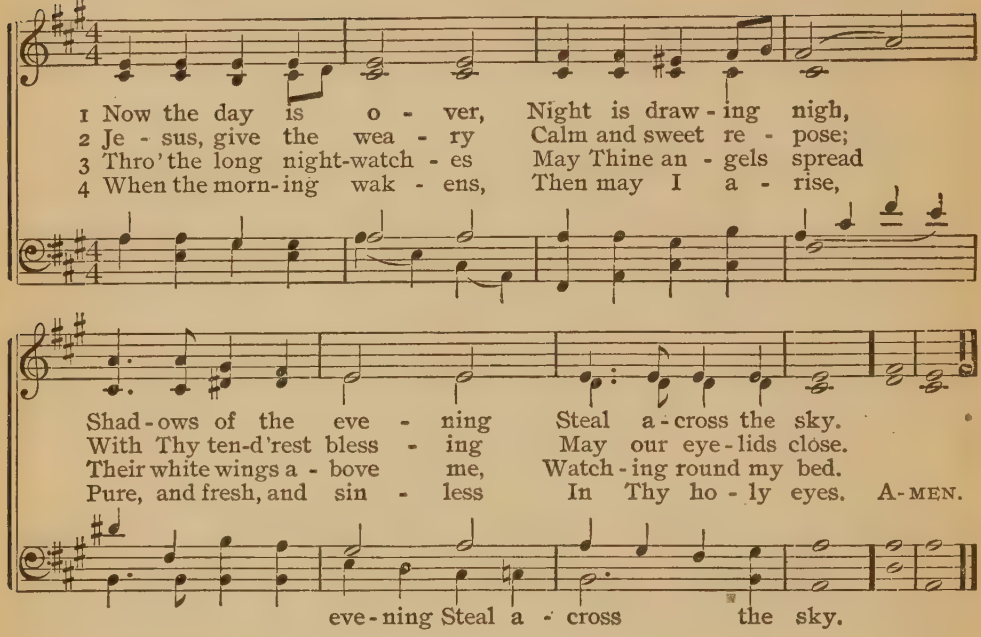
16 O Father, hear my morning prayer

MRS. FRANCES A. PERCY — MEAR — AARON WILLIAMS


1 O Fa - ther, hear my morn - ing pray'r, Thy aid im - part to me;
2 May this de - sire my spir - it rule, And, as the mo - ments fly,
3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win, With shin - ing vic - t'ry meet;
4 That so through-out the com - ing day The hours shall car - ry me
That I may make my life to - day Ac - cept - a - ble to Thee.
Something of good be born in me, Something of e - vil die.
Some sin that strives for mas - ter - y, Find o - ver-throw complete.
A lit - tle far - ther from the world, A lit - tle near - er Thee. A-MEN.

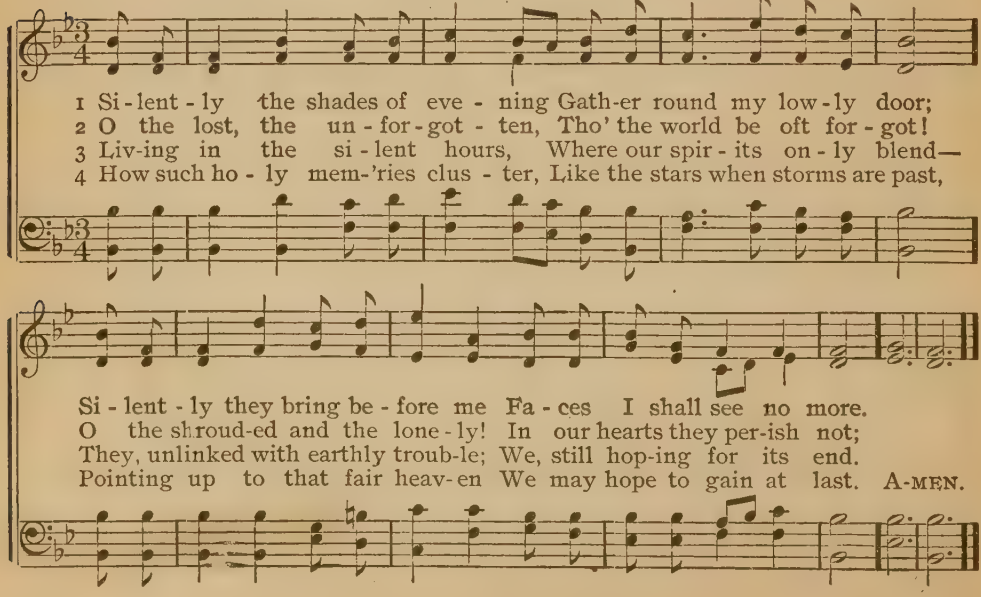
17 Now the day is over

SABINE BARING-GOULD — EMMELAR — JOSEPH BARNBY


1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2 Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3 Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4 When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A-MEN.
eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

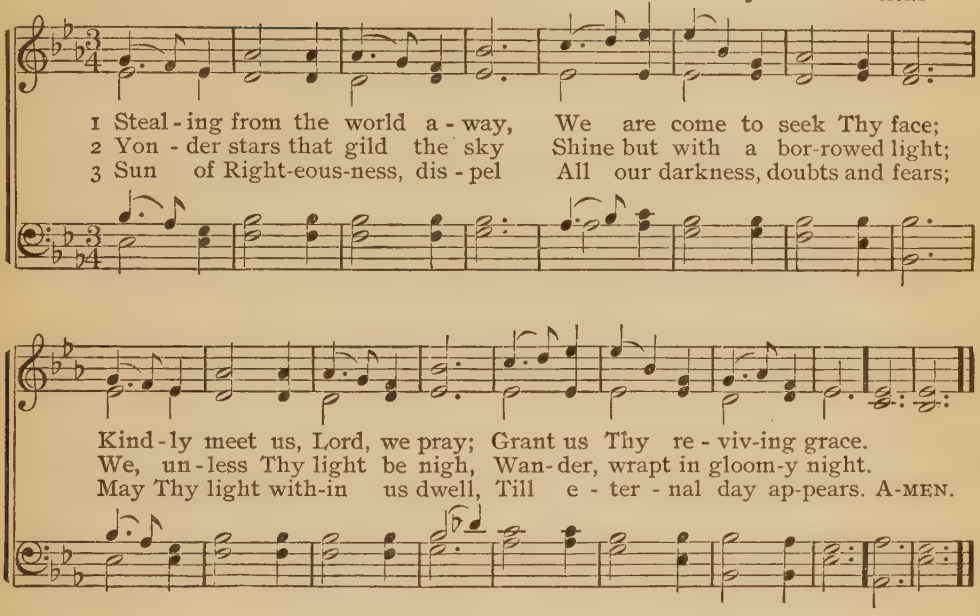
18 Silently the shades of evening

CHRISTOPHER C. COX — STOCKWELL — DARIUS E. JONES


1 Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath-er round my low - ly door;
2 O the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3 Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - its on - ly blend—
4 How such ho - ly mem-'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past,
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
O the shroud-ed and the lone - ly! In our hearts they per-ish not;
They, unlinked with earthly troub-le; We, still hop-ing for its end.
Pointing up to that fair heav-en We may hope to gain at last. A-MEN.

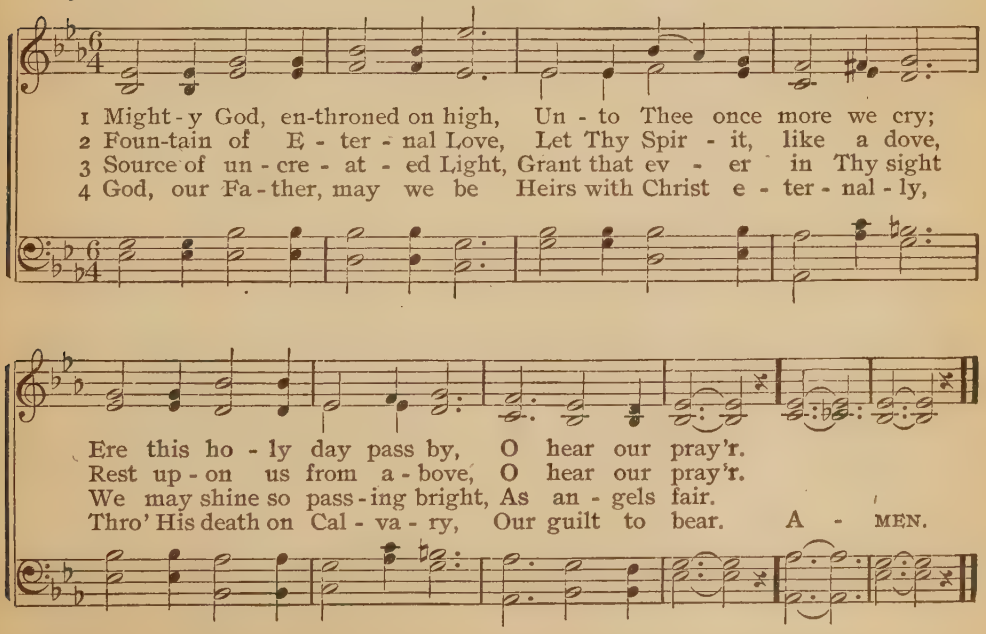
19 Stealing from the world away

RAY PALMER FLOWER JAMES H. FILLMORE


1 Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;
2 Yon - der stars that gild the sky Shine but with a bor-rowed light;
3 Sun of Right-eous-ness, dis - pel All our darkness, doubts and fears;
Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray; Grant us Thy re - viv-ing grace.
We, un - less Thy light be nigh, Wan - der, wrapt in gloom-y night.
May Thy light with-in us dwell, Till e - ter - nal day ap-pears. A-MEN.

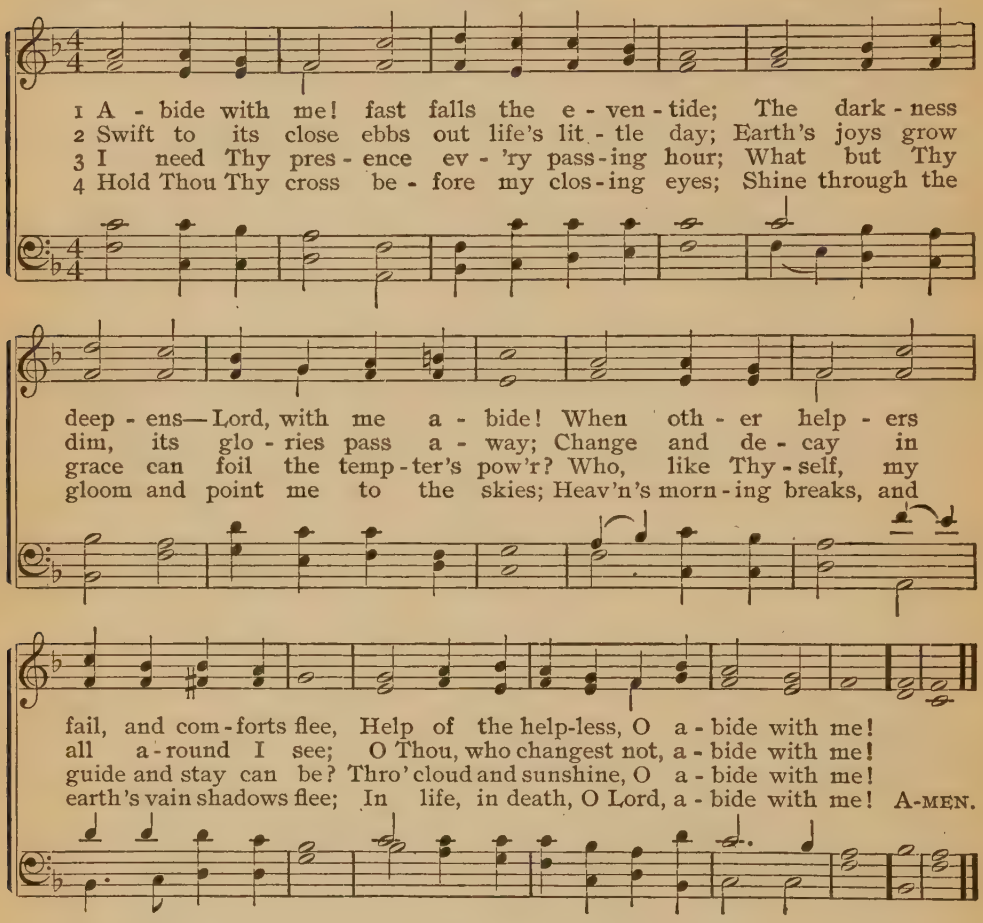
20 Mighty God, enthroned on high

J. SAUNDERS BAGBY A. F. PAYNE


1 Might - y God, en-throned on high, Un - to Thee once more we cry;
2 Foun-tain of E - ter - nal Love, Let Thy Spir - it, like a dove,
3 Source of un - cre - at - ed Light, Grant that ev - er in Thy sight
4 God, our Fa - ther, may we be Heirs with Christ e - ter - nal - ly,
Ere this ho - ly day pass by, O hear our pray'r.
Rest up - on us from a - bove, O hear our pray'r.
We may shine so pass - ing bright, As an - gels fair.
Thro' His death on Cal - va - ry, Our guilt to bear. A - MEN.

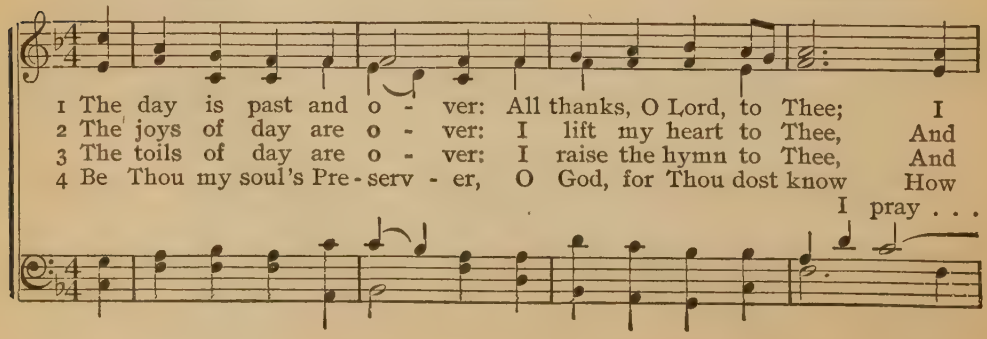
21 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide

HENRY F. LYTE — EVENTIDE — WILLIAM H. MONK

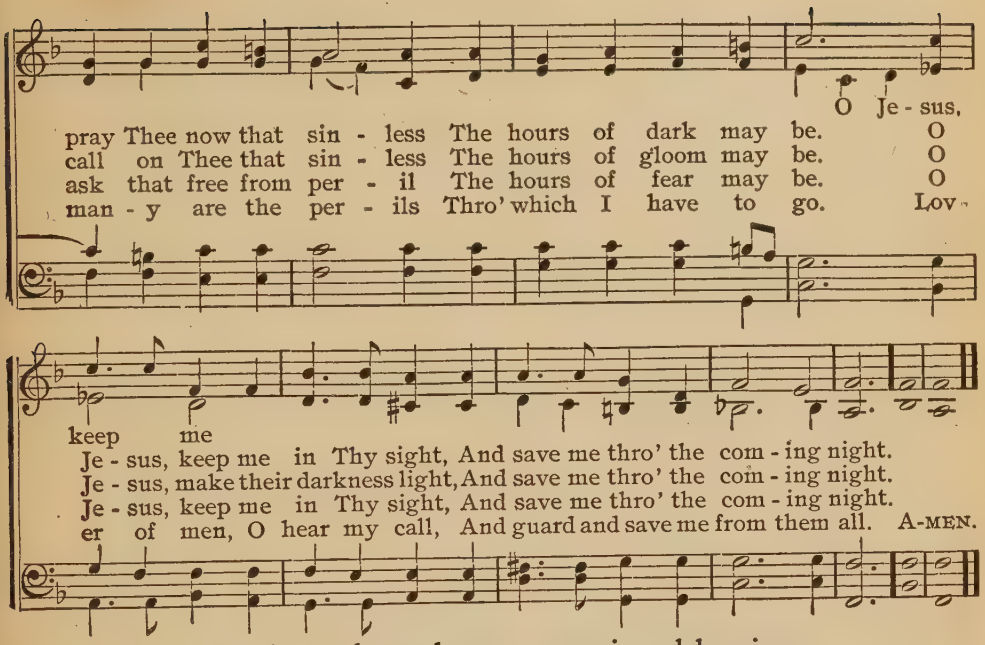

1 A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4 Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A-MEN.

22 The day is past and over

TR. BY J. M. NEALE — ANATOLIUS — JOSEPH BARNBY

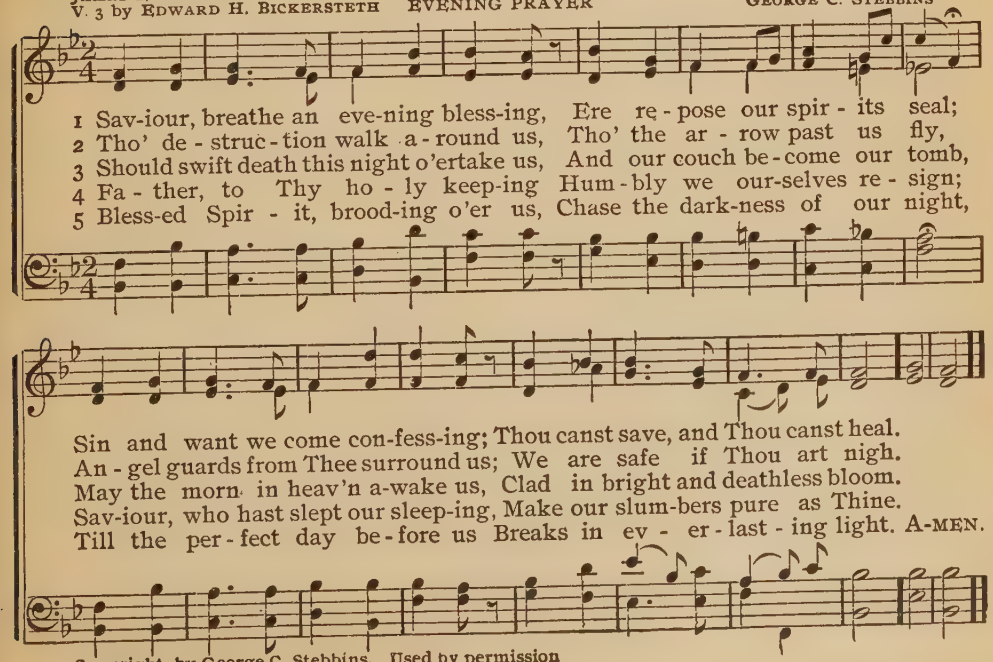

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee; I
2 The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee, And
3 The toils of day are o - ver: I raise the hymn to Thee, And
4 Be Thou my soul's Pre - serv - er, O God, for Thou dost know How
I pray . . .

The day is past and over


O Je - sus,
pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O
call on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may be. O
ask that free from per - il The hours of fear may be. O
man - y are the per - ils Thro' which I have to go. Lov -
keep me
Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night.
Je - sus, make their darkness light, And save me thro' the com - ing night.
Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night.
er of men, O hear my call, And guard and save me from them all. A-MEN.

23 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing

JAMES EDMESTON
V. 3 by EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH EVENING PRAYER GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1 Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2 Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,
3 Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
4 Fa - ther, to Thy ho - ly keep-ing Hum - bly we our-selves re - sign;
5 Bless-ed Spir - it, brood-ing o'er us, Chase the dark-ness of our night,
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.
Sav-iour, who hast slept our sleep-ing, Make our slum-bers pure as Thine.
Till the per - fect day be - fore us Breaks in ev - er - last - ing light. A-MEN.

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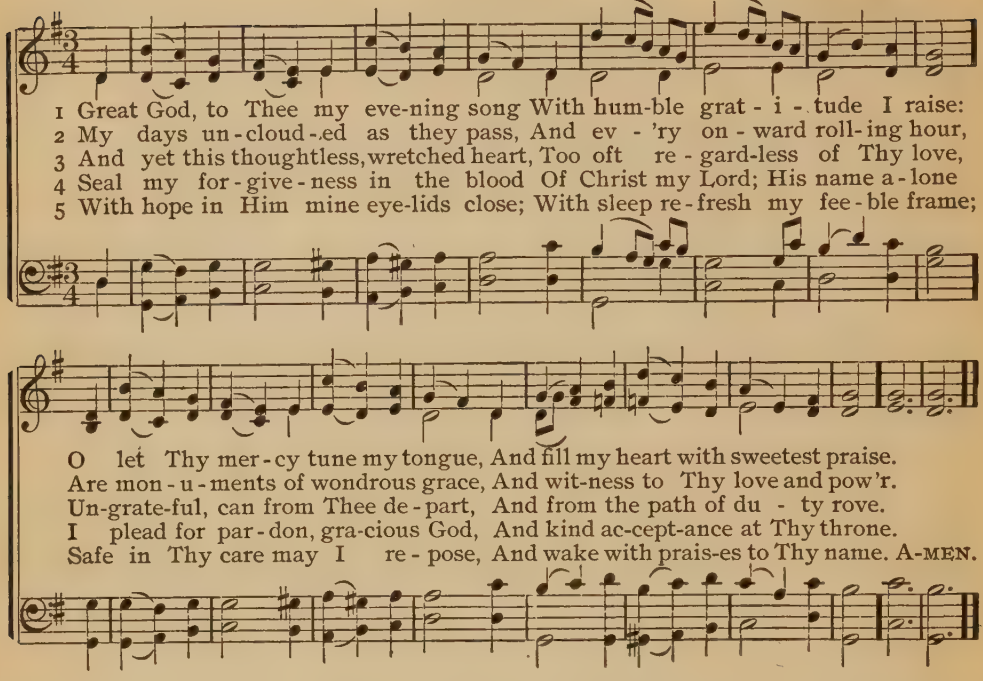
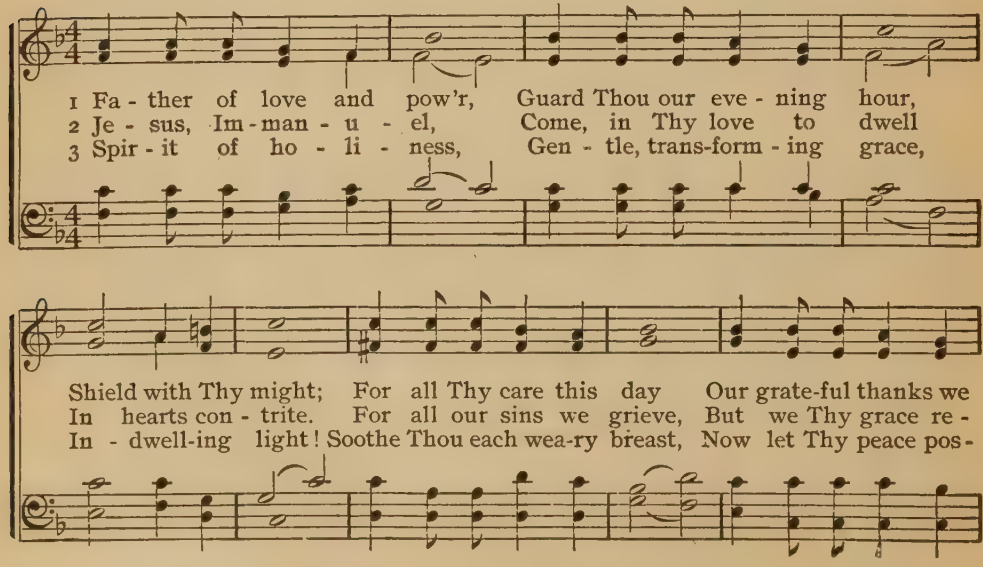
24 Great God, to Thee my evening song

ANNE STEELE SCHUBERT FRANZ SCHUBERT

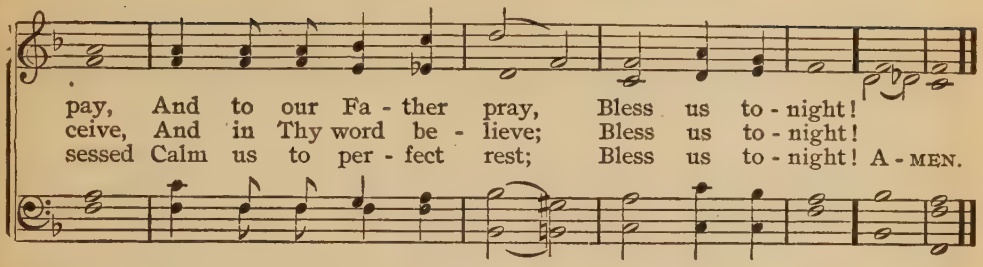

1 Great God, to Thee my eve-ning song With hum-ble grat - i - tude I raise:
2 My days un-cloud-ed as they pass, And ev - 'ry on - ward roll-ing hour,
3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart, Too oft re - gard-less of Thy love,
4 Seal my for-give-ness in the blood Of Christ my Lord; His name a-lone
5 With hope in Him mine eye-lids close; With sleep re-fresh my fee-ble frame;
O let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with sweetest praise.
Are mon-u-ments of wondrous grace, And wit-ness to Thy love and pow'r.
Un-grate-ful, can from Thee de-part, And from the path of du - ty rove.
I plead for par-don, gra-cious God, And kind ac-cept-ance at Thy throne.
Safe in Thy care may I re - pose, And wake with prais-es to Thy name. A-MEN.

25 Father of love and power

GEORGE RAWSON KIRBY BEDON EDWARD BUNNETT

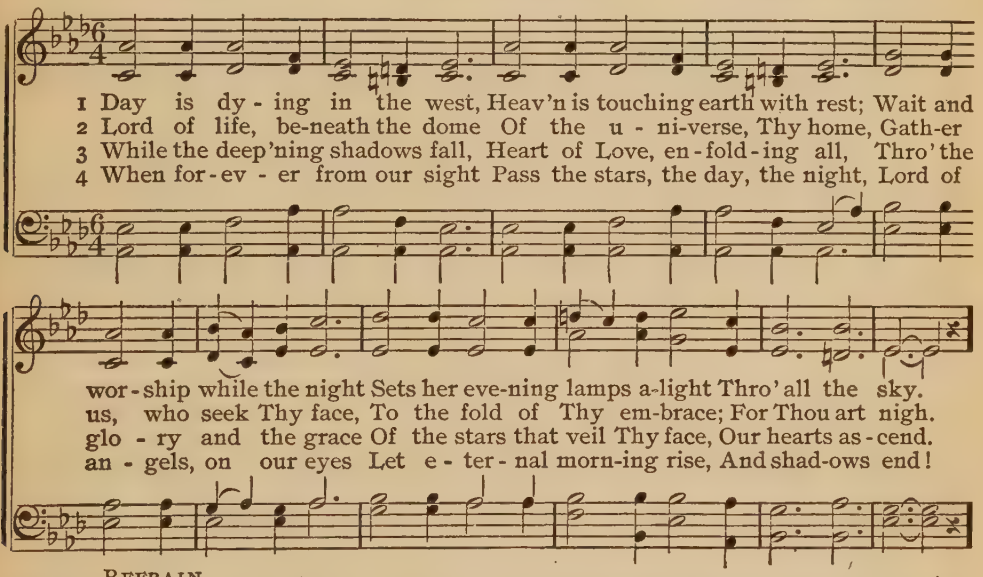

1 Fa - ther of love and pow'r, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour,
2 Je - sus, Im-man - u - el, Come, in Thy love to dwell
3 Spir - it of ho - li - ness, Gen - tle, trans-form - ing grace,
Shield with Thy might; For all Thy care this day Our grate-ful thanks we
In hearts con - trite. For all our sins we grieve, But we Thy grace re -
In - dwell-ing light! Soothe Thou each wea-ry breast, Now let Thy peace pos -

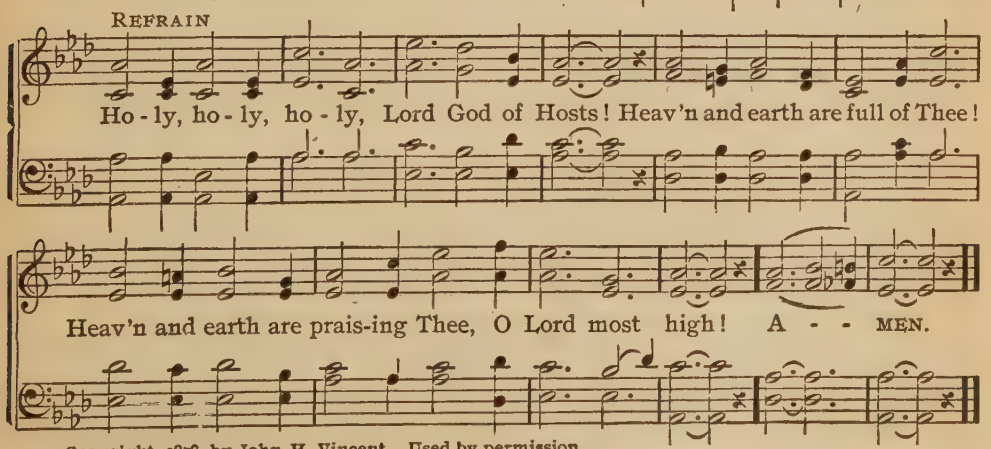
Father of love and power


pay, And to our Fa - ther pray, Bless us to - night!
ceive, And in Thy word be - lieve; Bless us to - night!
sessed Calm us to per - fect rest; Bless us to - night! A - MEN.

26 Day is dying in the west

MARY A. LATHBURY — EVENING PRAISE — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1 Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2 Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3 While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4 When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor - ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy em-brace; For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end!


REFRAIN
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - - MEN.

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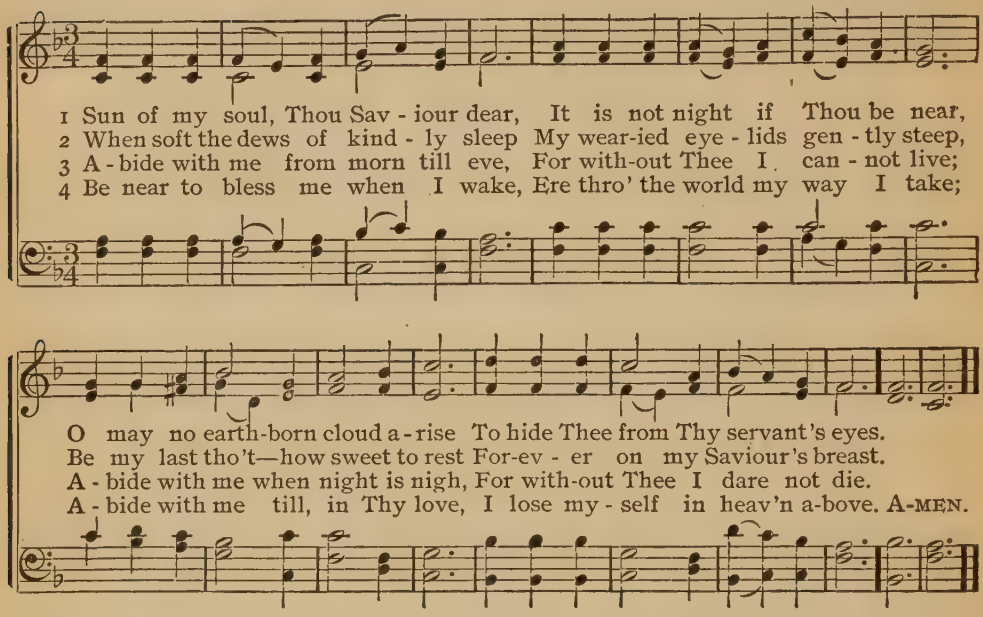
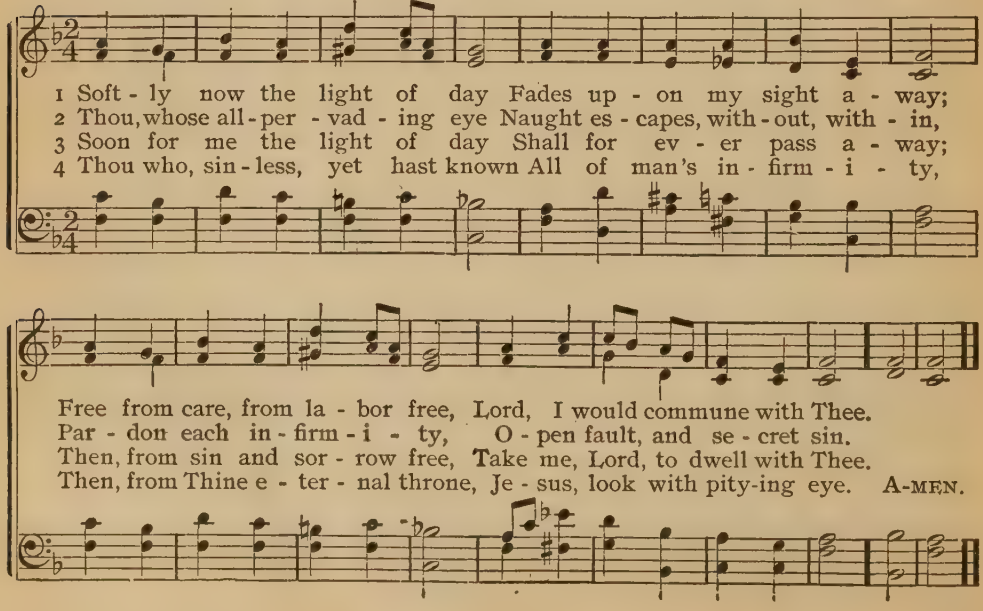
27 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear

JOHN KEBLE — HURSLEY — PETER RITTER Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near,
2 When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wear-ied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3 A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4 Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till, in Thy love, I lose my - self in heav'n a-bove. A-MEN.

28 Softly now the light of day

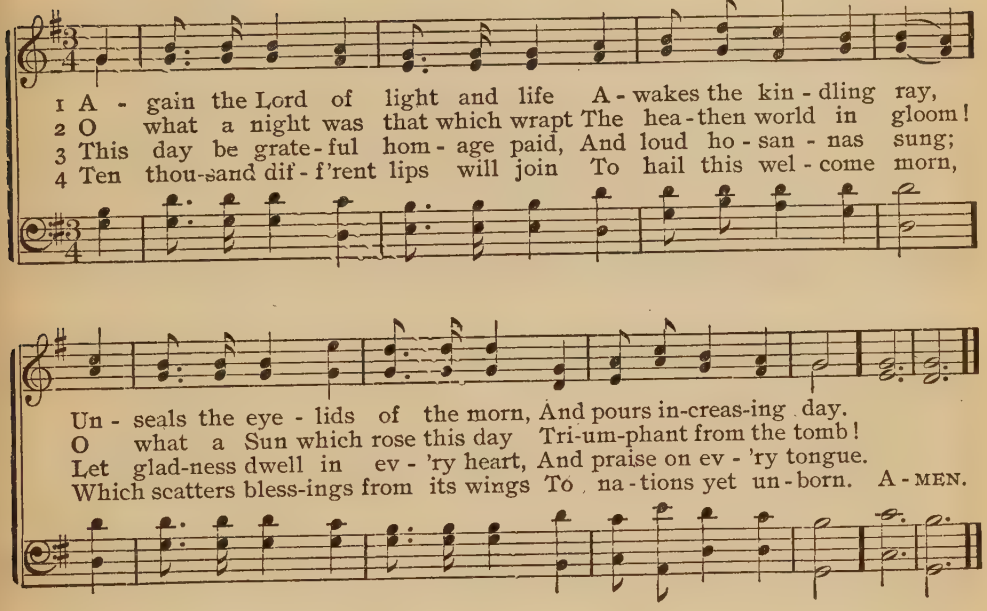
GEORGE W. DOANE — SEYMOUR — CARL M. VON WEBER


1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2 Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3 Soon for me the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;
4 Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity-ing eye. A-MEN.

29

Again the Lord of light and life

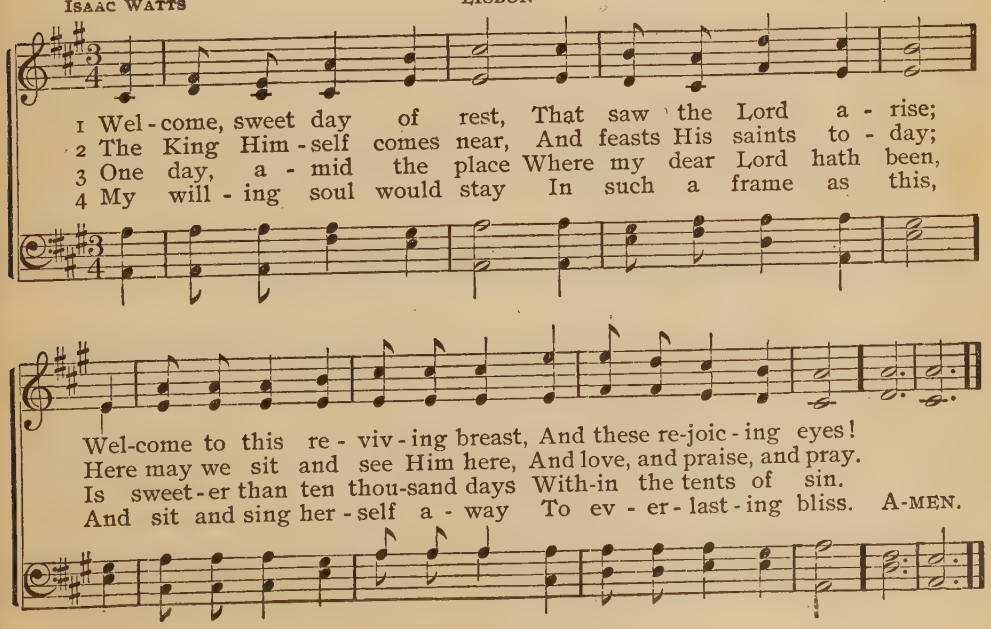
ANNA L. BARBAULD — ARLINGTON — THOMAS A. ARNE


1 A - gain the Lord of light and life A - wakes the kin - dling ray,
2 O what a night was that which wrapt The hea - then world in gloom!
3 This day be grate - ful hom - age paid, And loud ho - san - nas sung;
4 Ten thou-sand dif - f'rent lips will join To hail this wel - come morn,
Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in-creas-ing day.
O what a Sun which rose this day Tri-um-phant from the tomb!
Let glad-ness dwell in ev - 'ry heart, And praise on ev - 'ry tongue.
Which scatters bless-ings from its wings To na - tions yet un - born. A - MEN.

30

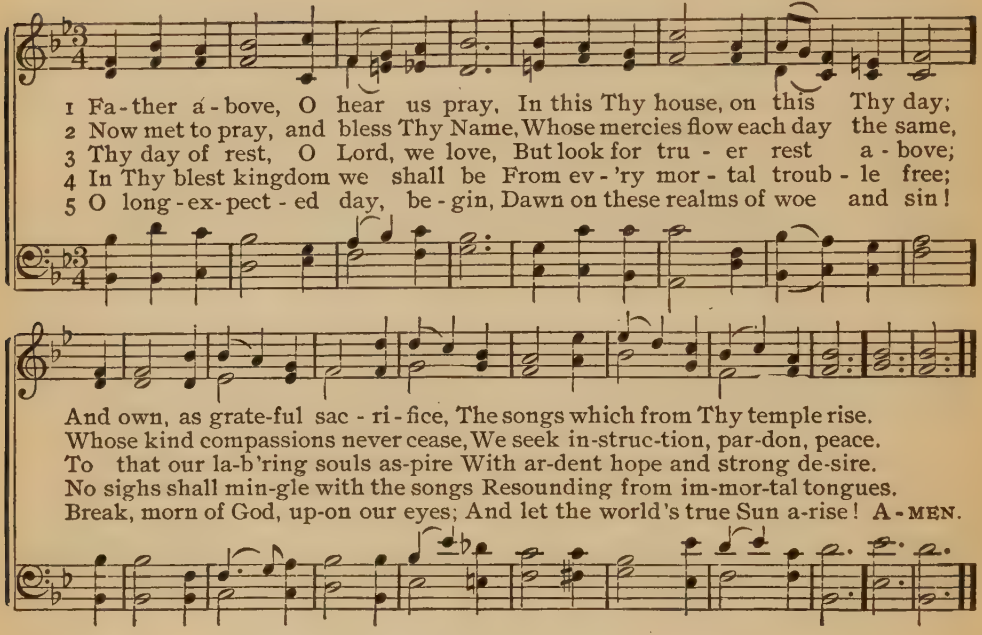
Welcome, sweet day of rest

ISAAC WATTS — LISBON — DANIEL READ


1 Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
2 The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
3 One day, a - mid the place Where my dear Lord hath been,
4 My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,
Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes!
Here may we sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweet - er than ten thou-sand days With-in the tents of sin.
And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss. A-MEN.

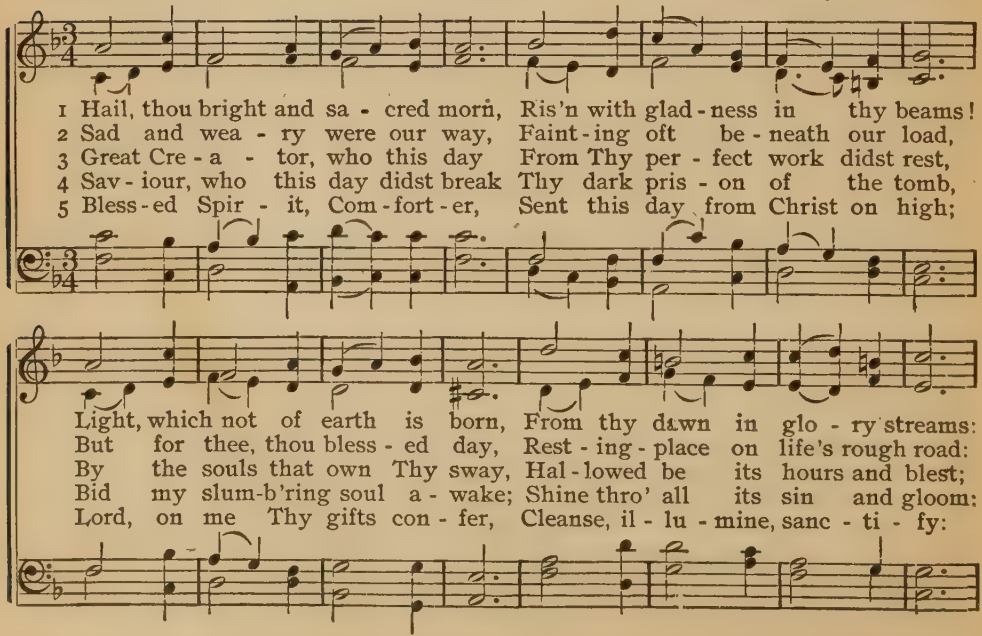
31 Father above, O hear us pray

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — GERMANY — LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

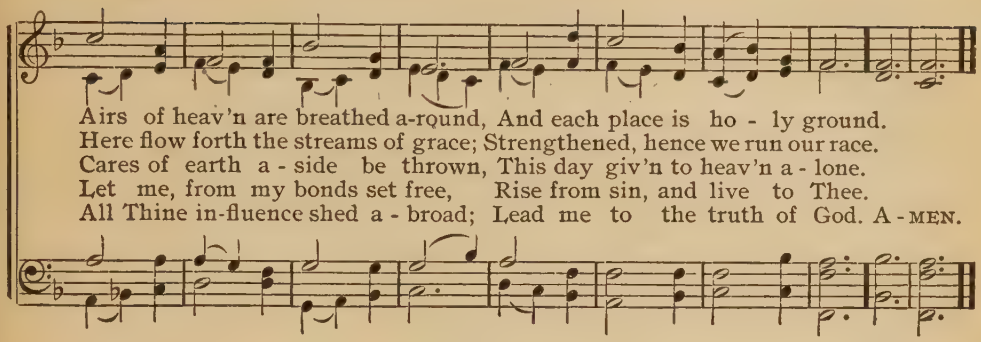

1 Fa-ther a-bove, O hear us pray, In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name, Whose mercies flow each day the same,
3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love, But look for tru-er rest a-bove;
4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be From ev-'ry mor-tal troub-le free;
5 O long-ex-pect-ed day, be-gin, Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
And own, as grate-ful sac-ri-fice, The songs which from Thy temple rise.
Whose kind compassions never cease, We seek in-struc-tion, par-don, peace.
To that our la-b'ring souls as-pire With ar-dent hope and strong de-sire.
No sighs shall min-gle with the songs Resounding from im-mor-tal tongues.
Break, morn of God, up-on our eyes; And let the world's true Sun a-rise! A-MEN.

32 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn

JULIA A. ELLIOTT — TORONTO — EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1 Hail, thou bright and sa-cred morn, Ris'n with glad-ness in thy beams!
2 Sad and wea-ry were our way, Faint-ing oft be-neath our load,
3 Great Cre-a-tor, who this day From Thy per-fect work didst rest,
4 Sav-iour, who this day didst break Thy dark pris-on of the tomb,
5 Bless-ed Spir-it, Com-fort-er, Sent this day from Christ on high;
Light, which not of earth is born, From thy dawn in glo-ry streams:
But for thee, thou bless-ed day, Rest-ing-place on life's rough road:
By the souls that own Thy sway, Hal-lowed be its hours and blest;
Bid my slum-b'ring soul a-wake; Shine thro' all its sin and gloom:
Lord, on me Thy gifts con-fer, Cleanse, il-lu-mine, sanc-ti-fy:

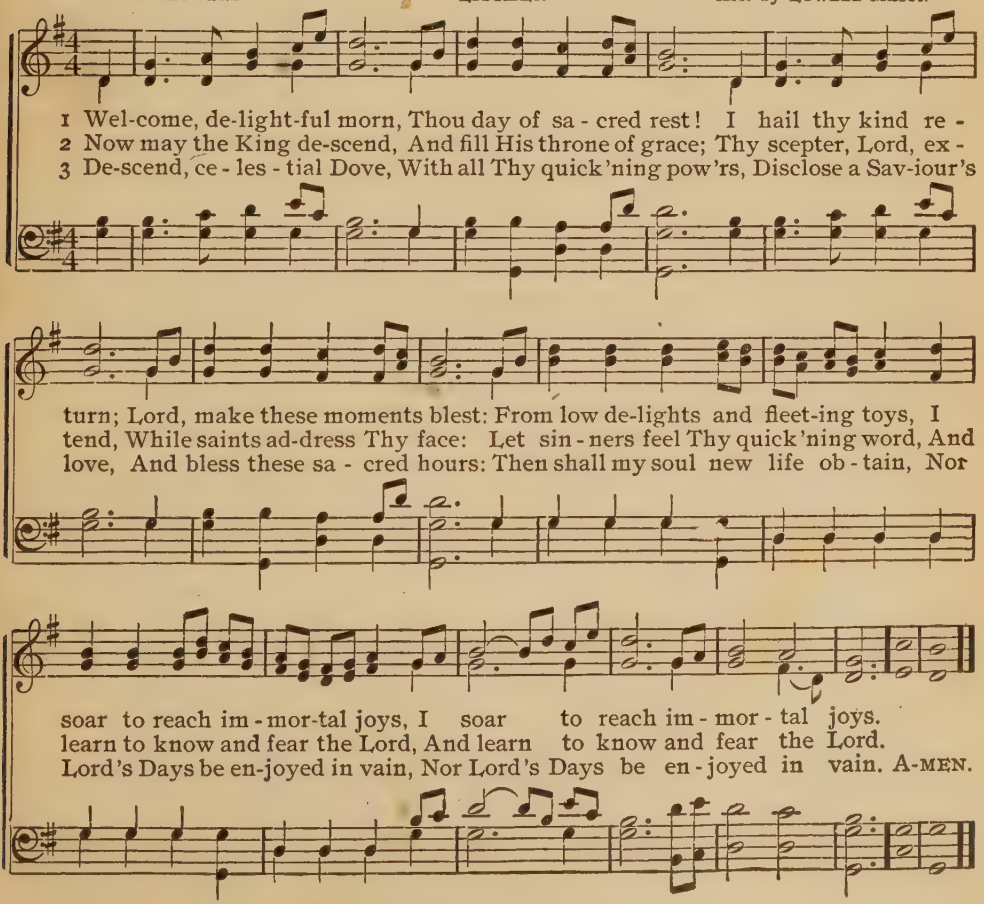
Hail, thou bright and sacred morn


Airs of heav'n are breathed a-round, And each place is ho - ly ground.
Here flow forth the streams of grace; Strengthened, hence we run our race.
Cares of earth a - side be thrown, This day giv'n to heav'n a - lone.
Let me, from my bonds set free, Rise from sin, and live to Thee.
All Thine in-fluence shed a - broad; Lead me to the truth of God. A - MEN.

33

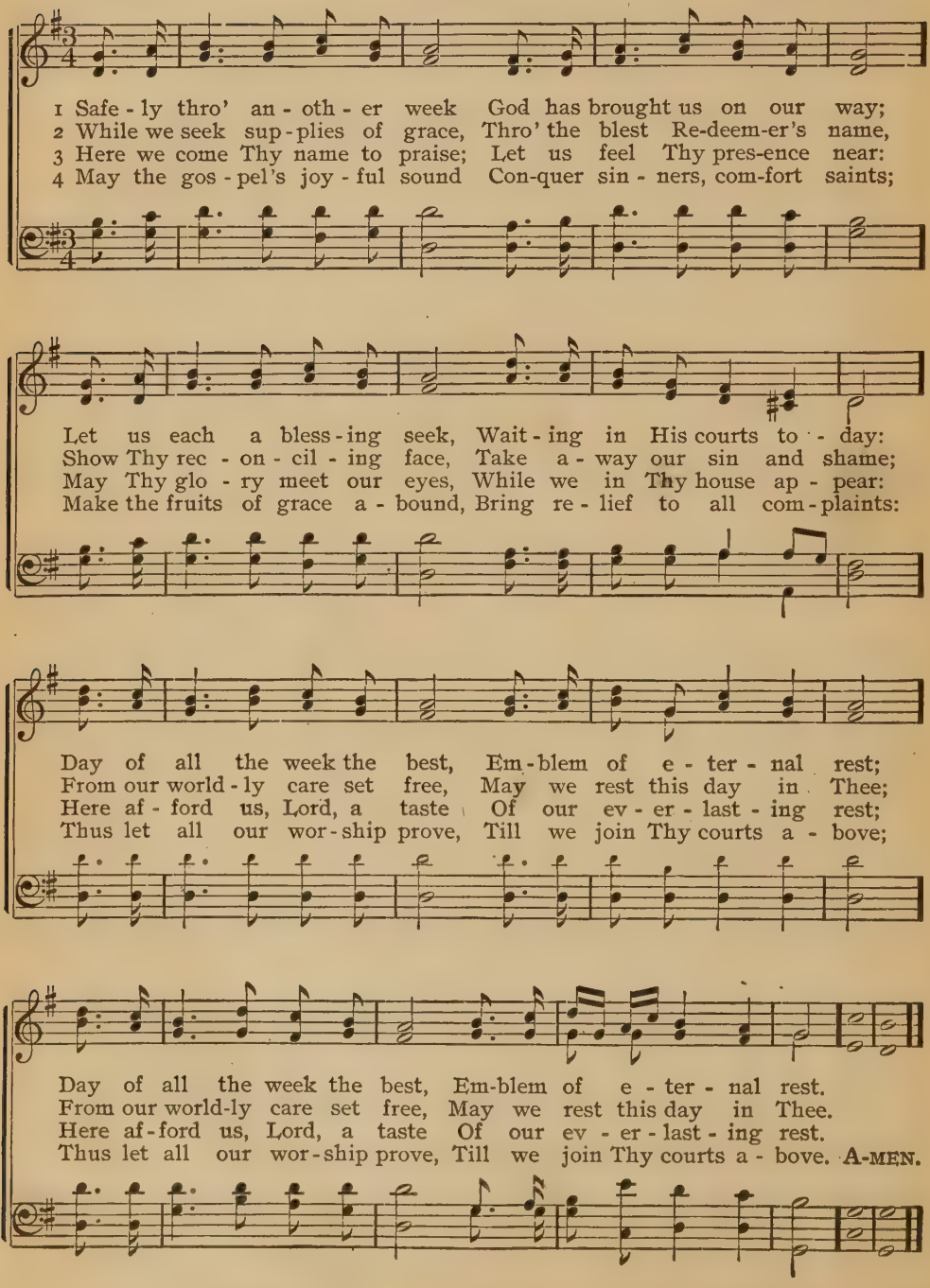
Welcome, delightful morn

THOMAS HAYWARD — LISCHER — FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1 Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! I hail thy kind re -
2 Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace; Thy scepter, Lord, ex -
3 De-scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs, Disclose a Sav-iour's
turn; Lord, make these moments blest: From low de-lights and fleet-ing toys, I
tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And
love, And bless these sa - cred hours: Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor
soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Lord's Days be en-joyed in vain, Nor Lord's Days be en - joyed in vain. A-MEN.

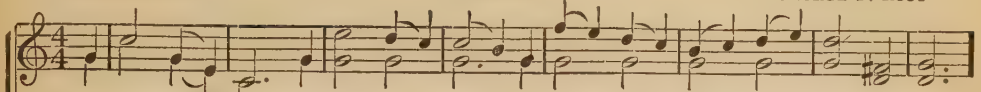
34

Safely through another week

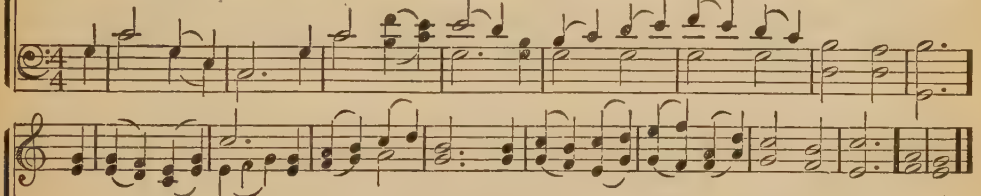
JOHN NEWTON SABBATH LOWELL MASON

1 Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2 While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the blest Re-deem-er's name,
3 Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near:
4 May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us each a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest;
Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove;
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world-ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join Thy courts a - bove. A-MEN.

35 The Lord is King

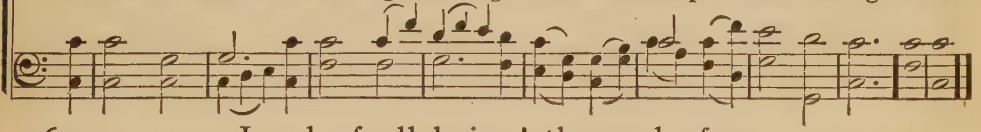
JOSIAH CONDER — OCTAVIUS — GEORGE F. ROOT



1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns re-joice!
2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare Re-sist His will, dis-trust His care,
3 The Lord is King! child of the dust, The Judge of all the earth is just;
4 O when His wis-dom can mis-take, His might de-cay, His love for-sake,
5 One Lord, one em-pire, all se-cures; He reigns, and life and death are yours:

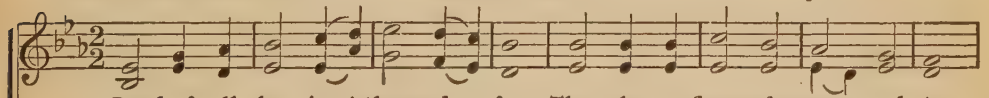


From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om-nip-o-tent is King!
Or mur-mur at His wise de-crees, Or doubt His roy-al prom-is-es?
Ho-ly and true are all His ways: Let ev-'ry creature speak His praise.
Then may His chil-dren cease to sing, The Lord Om-nip-o-tent is King!
Thro' earth and heav'n one song shall ring, The Lord Om-nip-o-tent is King! AMEN.

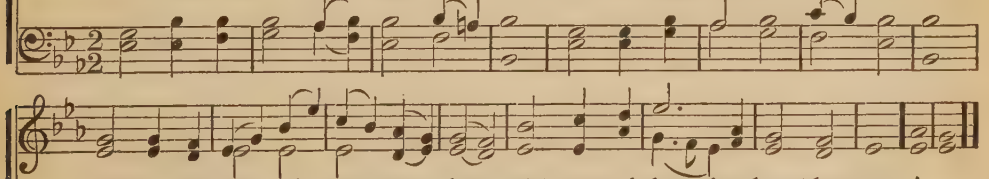


36 Lord of all being! throned afar

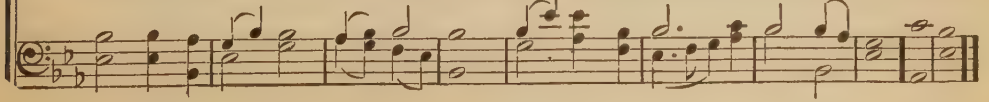
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON



1 Lord of all be-ing! throned a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
2 Sun of our life, Thy quick-'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn, Our noon-tide is Thy gra-cious dawn;
4 Lord of all life, be-low, a-bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,

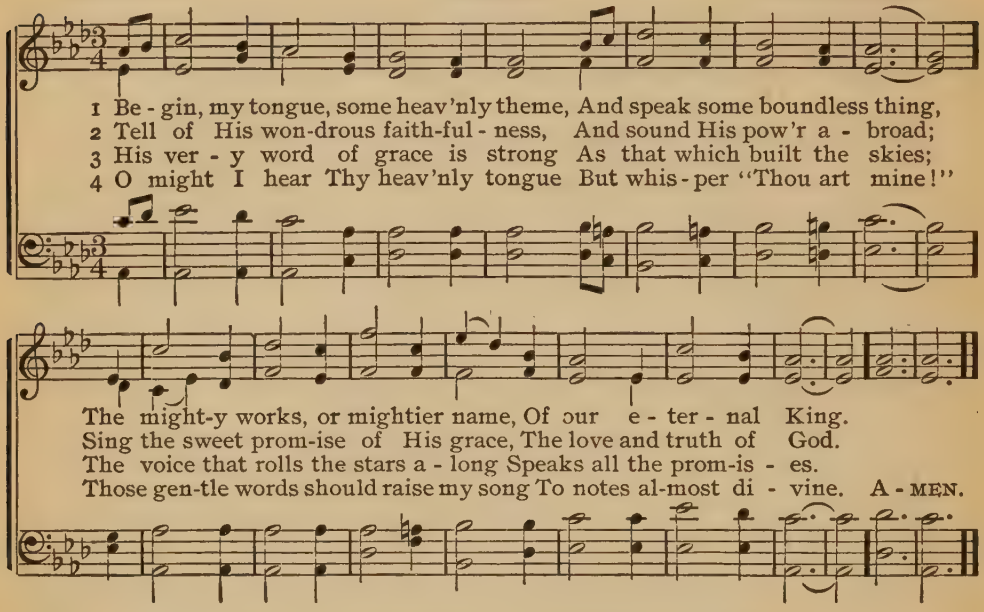


Cen-ter and soul of ev-'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, Thy soft-ened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
Our rain-bow arch Thy mer-cy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!
Be-fore Thy ev-er-blaz-ing throne We ask no lus-ter of our own.
Till all Thy liv-ing al-tars claim One ho-ly light, one heav'nly flame. AMEN.



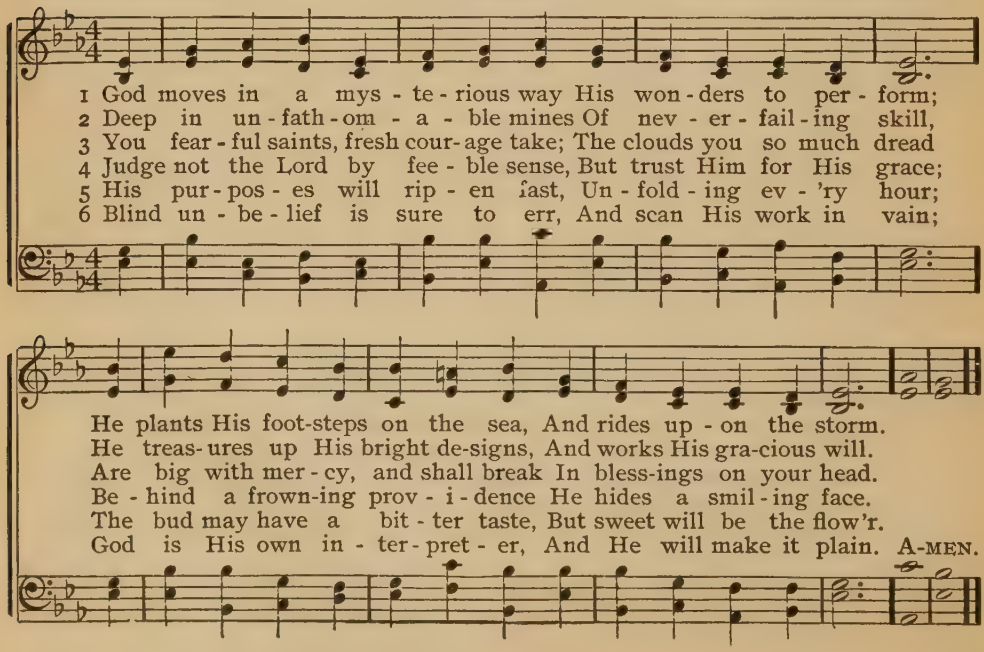
37 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme

ISAAC WATTS — MANOAH — GIOACHINO ROSSINI


1 Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
2 Tell of His won-drous faith-ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
3 His ver - y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
4 O might I hear Thy heav'nly tongue But whis - per "Thou art mine!"
The might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace, The love and truth of God.
The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom-is - es.
Those gen-tle words should raise my song To notes al-most di - vine. A - MEN.

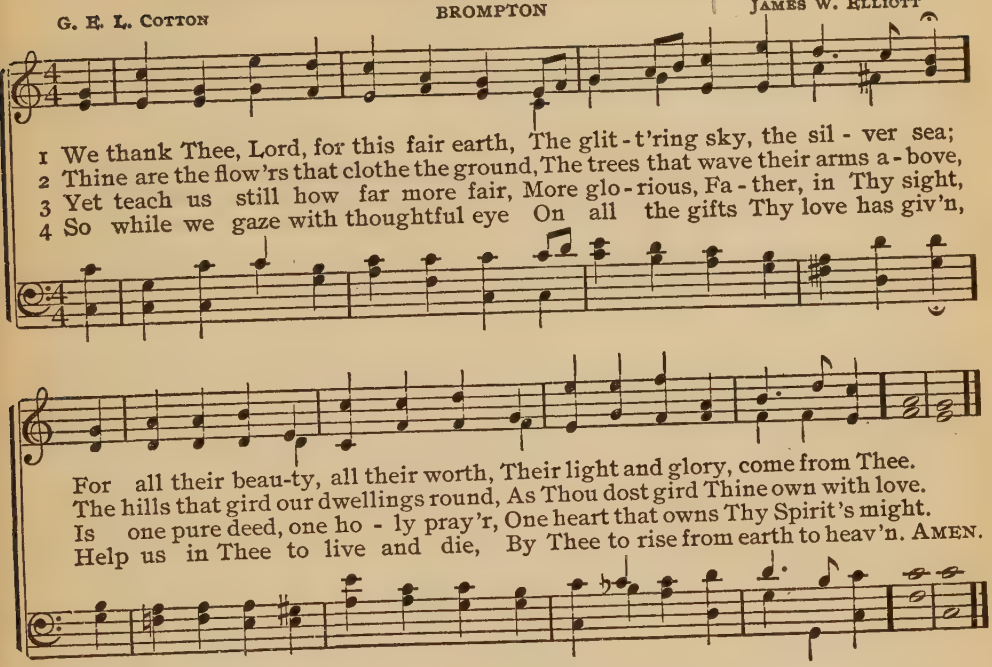
38 God moves in a mysterious way

WILLIAM COWPER — DUNDEE — ANDRO HART'S PSALTER


1 God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2 Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3 You fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds you so much dread
4 Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5 His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;
6 Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;
He plants His foot-steps on the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His gra-cious will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
Be - hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
God is His own in - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain. A - MEN.

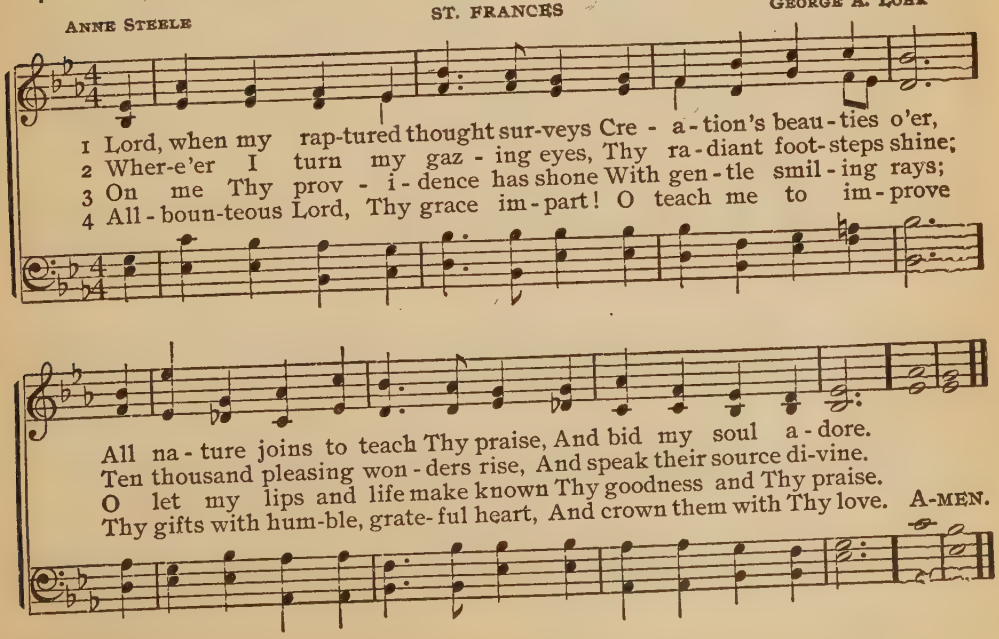
39 We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth

G. E. L. COTTON — BROMPTON — JAMES W. ELLIOTT


1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil-ver sea;
2 Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that wave their arms a-bove,
3 Yet teach us still how far more fair, More glo-rious, Fa-ther, in Thy sight,
4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye On all the gifts Thy love has giv'n,
For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glory, come from Thee.
The hills that gird our dwellings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
Is one pure deed, one ho-ly pray'r, One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.
Help us in Thee to live and die, By Thee to rise from earth to heav'n. AMEN.

40 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys

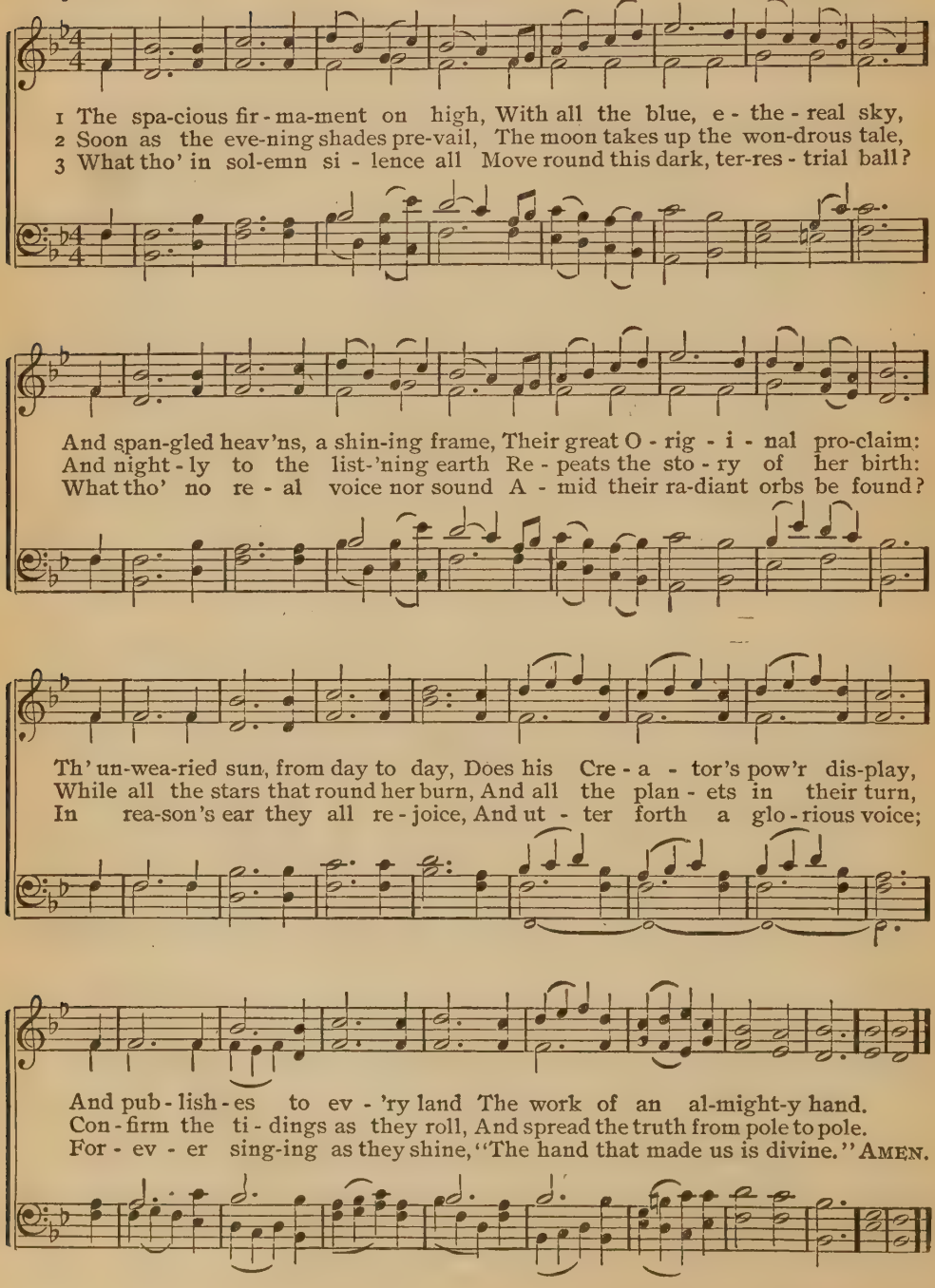
ANNE STEELE — ST. FRANCES — GEORGE A. LOHR


1 Lord, when my rap-tured thought sur-veys Cre-a-tion's beau-ties o'er,
2 Wher-e'er I turn my gaz-ing eyes, Thy ra-diant foot-steps shine;
3 On me Thy prov-i-dence has shone With gen-tle smil-ing rays;
4 All-boun-teous Lord, Thy grace im-part! O teach me to im-prove
All na-ture joins to teach Thy praise, And bid my soul a-dore.
Ten thousand pleasing won-ders rise, And speak their source di-vine.
O let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and Thy praise.
Thy gifts with hum-ble, grate-ful heart, And crown them with Thy love. A-MEN.

41

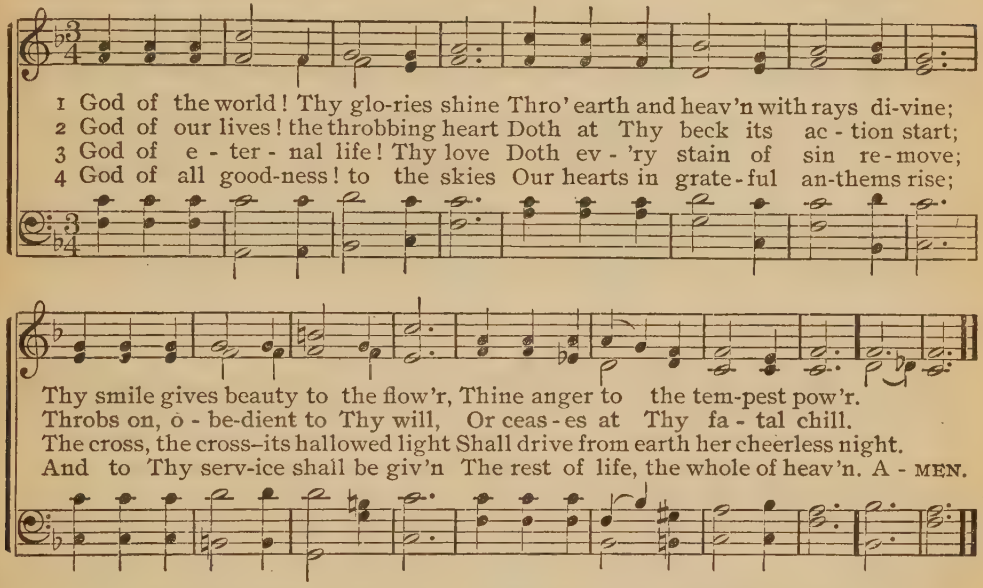
The spacious firmament on high

JOSEPH ADDISON — CREATION — FRANZ J. HAYDN


1 The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue, e-the-real sky,
2 Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the won-drous tale,
3 What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round this dark, ter-res-trial ball?
And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim:
And night-ly to the list-'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth:
What tho' no re-al voice nor sound A-mid their ra-diant orbs be found?
Th' un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice;
And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con-firm the ti-dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For-ev-er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine." AMEN.

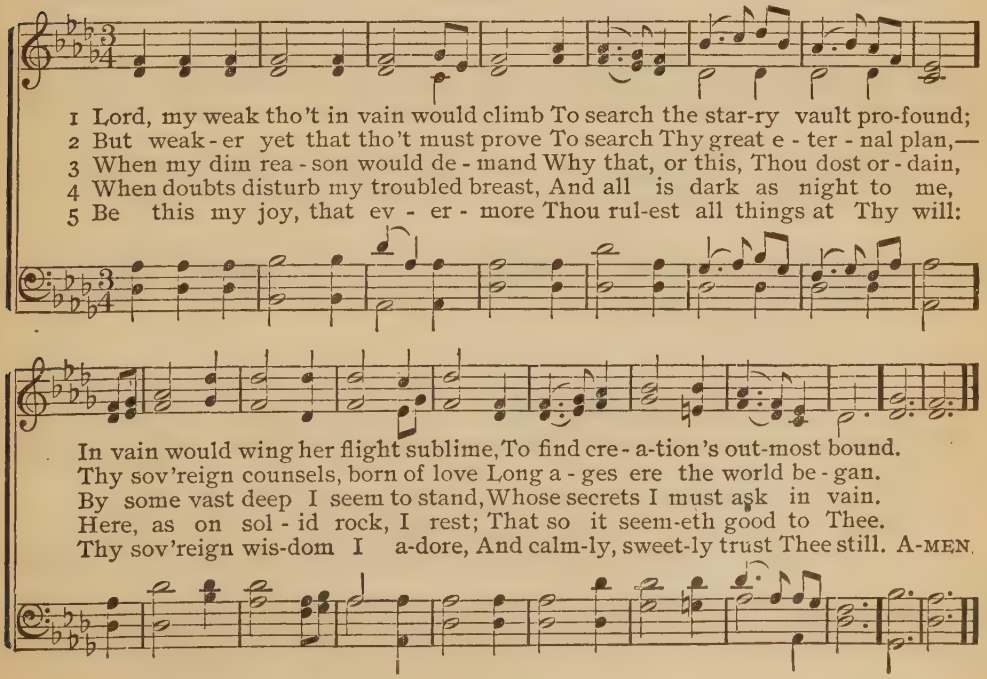
42 God of the world! Thy glories shine

SEWALL S. CUTTING — VENN — HENRY BAKER


1 God of the world! Thy glo-ries shine Thro' earth and heav'n with rays di-vine;
2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart Doth at Thy beck its ac - tion start;
3 God of e - ter - nal life! Thy love Doth ev - 'ry stain of sin re - move;
4 God of all good-ness! to the skies Our hearts in grate - ful an-thems rise;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flow'r, Thine anger to the tem-pest pow'r.
Throbs on, o - be-dient to Thy will, Or ceas - es at Thy fa - tal chill.
The cross, the cross--its hallowed light Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.
And to Thy serv-ice shall be giv'n The rest of life, the whole of heav'n. A - MEN.

43 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb

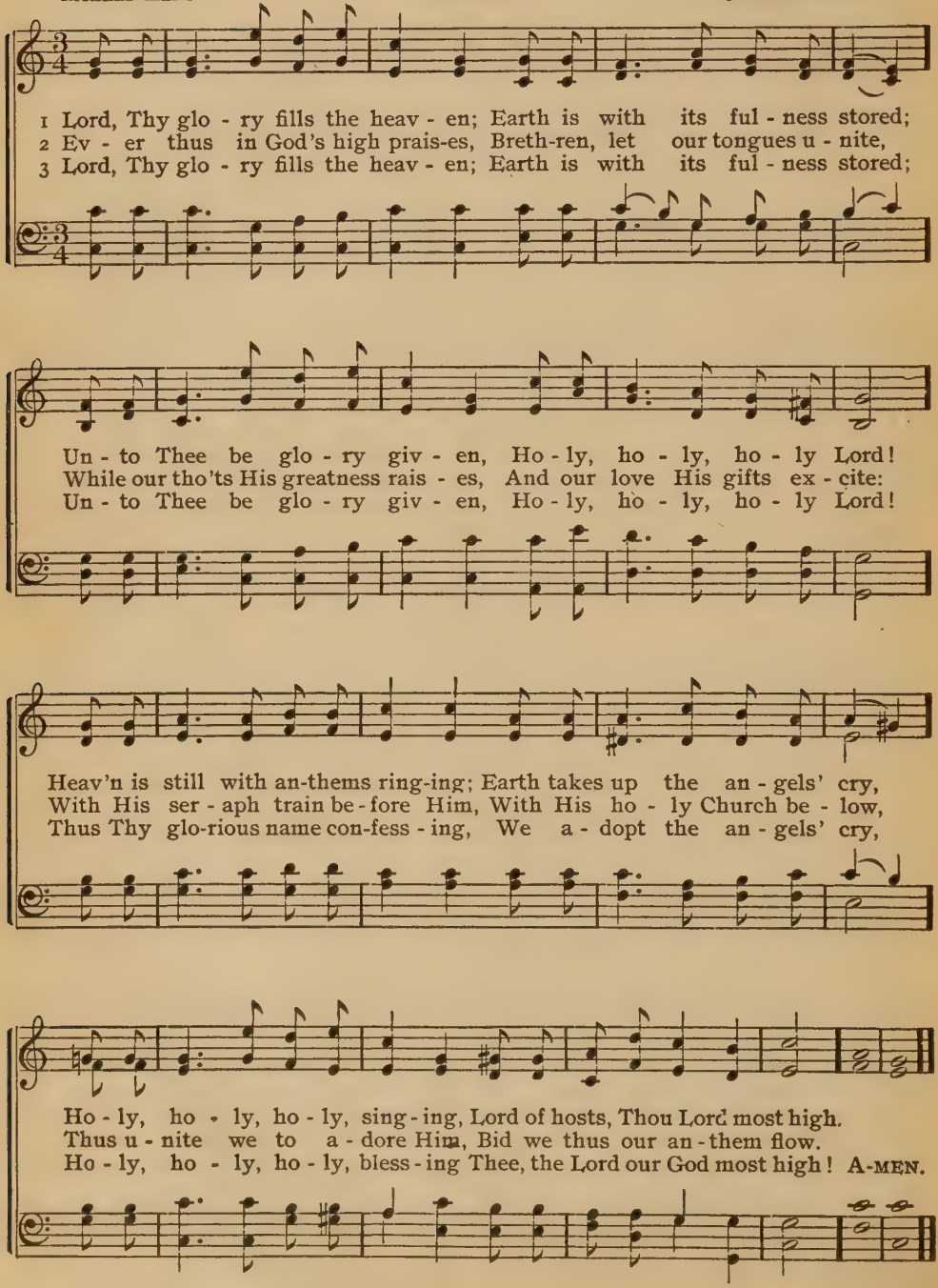
RAY PALMER — REDEMPTION — MARIA L. CHERUBINI


1 Lord, my weak tho't in vain would climb To search the star-ry vault pro-found;
2 But weak - er yet that tho't must prove To search Thy great e - ter - nal plan,—
3 When my dim rea - son would de - mand Why that, or this, Thou dost or - dain,
4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast, And all is dark as night to me,
5 Be this my joy, that ev - er - more Thou rul-est all things at Thy will:
In vain would wing her flight sublime, To find cre - a-tion's out-most bound.
Thy sov'reign counsels, born of love Long a - ges ere the world be - gan.
By some vast deep I seem to stand, Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
Here, as on sol - id rock, I rest; That so it seem-eth good to Thee.
Thy sov'reign wis-dom I a-dore, And calm-ly, sweet-ly trust Thee still. A-MEN.

44

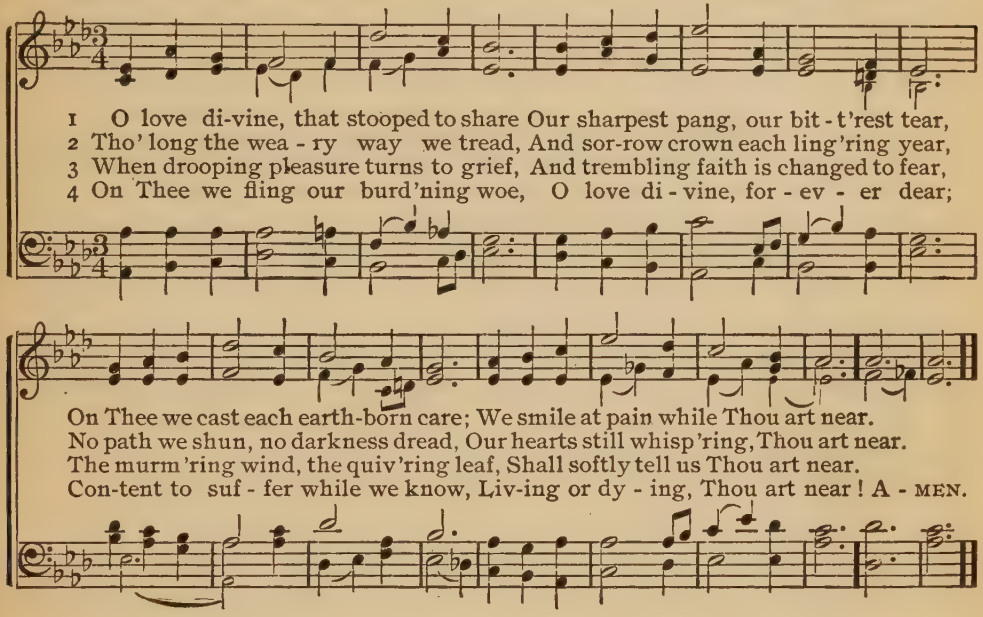
Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven

RICHARD MANT — FABEN — JOHN H. WILLCOX


1 Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
2 Ev - er thus in God's high prais-es, Breth-ren, let our tongues u - nite,
3 Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
While our tho'ts His greatness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite:
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Heav'n is still with an-thems ring-ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,
With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,
Thus Thy glo-rious name con-fess - ing, We a - dopt the an - gels' cry,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high! A-MEN.

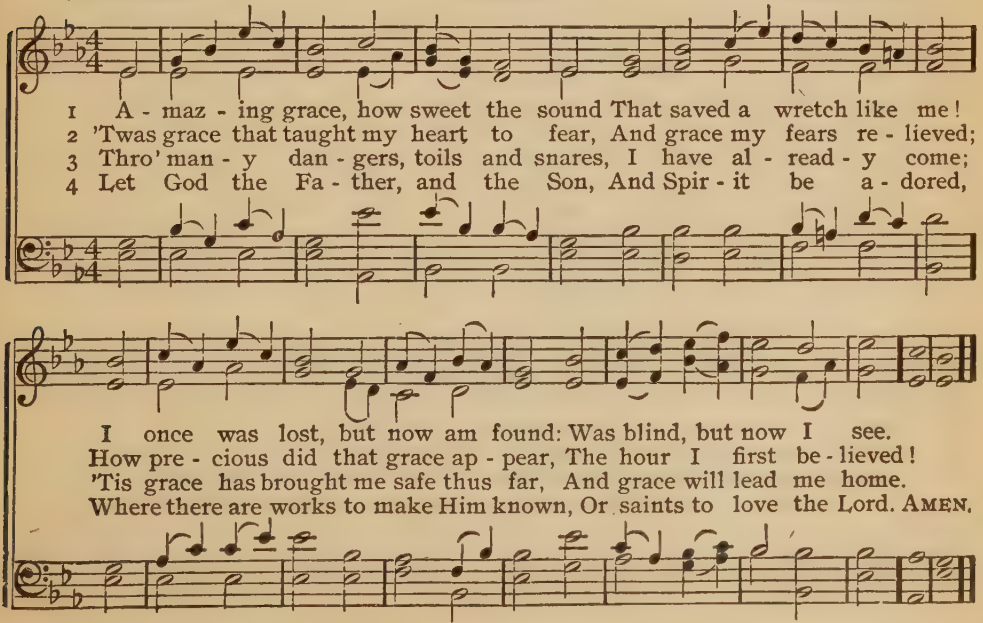
45 O love divine, that stooped to share

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — ABENDS — HERBERT S. OAKELEY

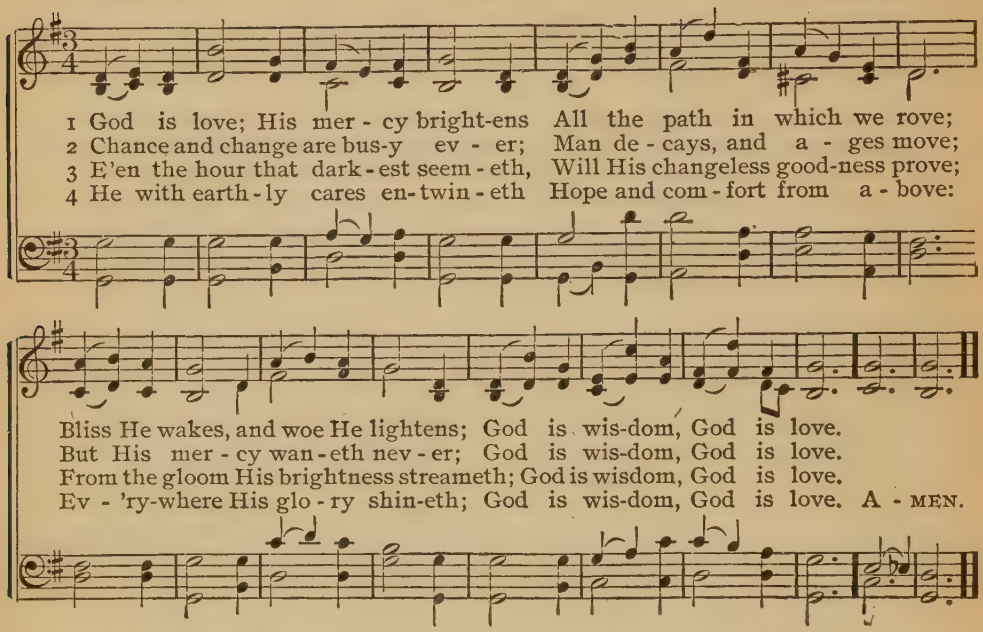

1 O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,
2 Tho' long the wea-ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4 On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing or dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

46 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

JOHN NEWTON — WARWICK — SAMUEL STANLEY

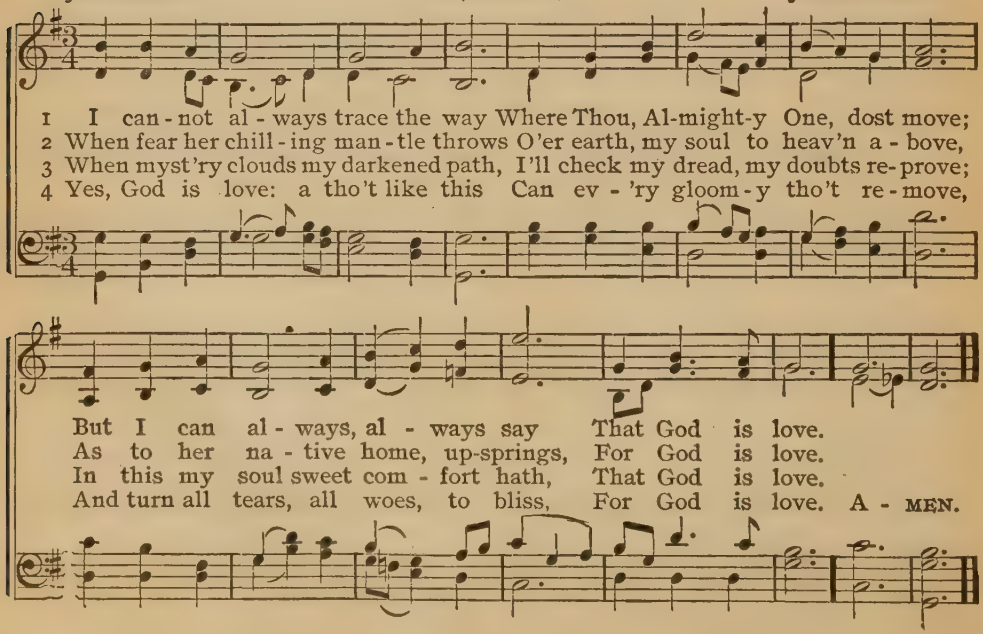

1 A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3 Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-ready come;
4 Let God the Fa-ther, and the Son, And Spir-it be a-dored,
I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
Where there are works to make Him known, Or saints to love the Lord. AMEN.

47 God is love; His mercy brightens

JOHN BOWRING — BOWRING — Old Melody

1 God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2 Chance and change are bus-y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3 E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will His changeless good-ness prove;
4 He with earth - ly cares en-twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

48 I cannot always trace the way

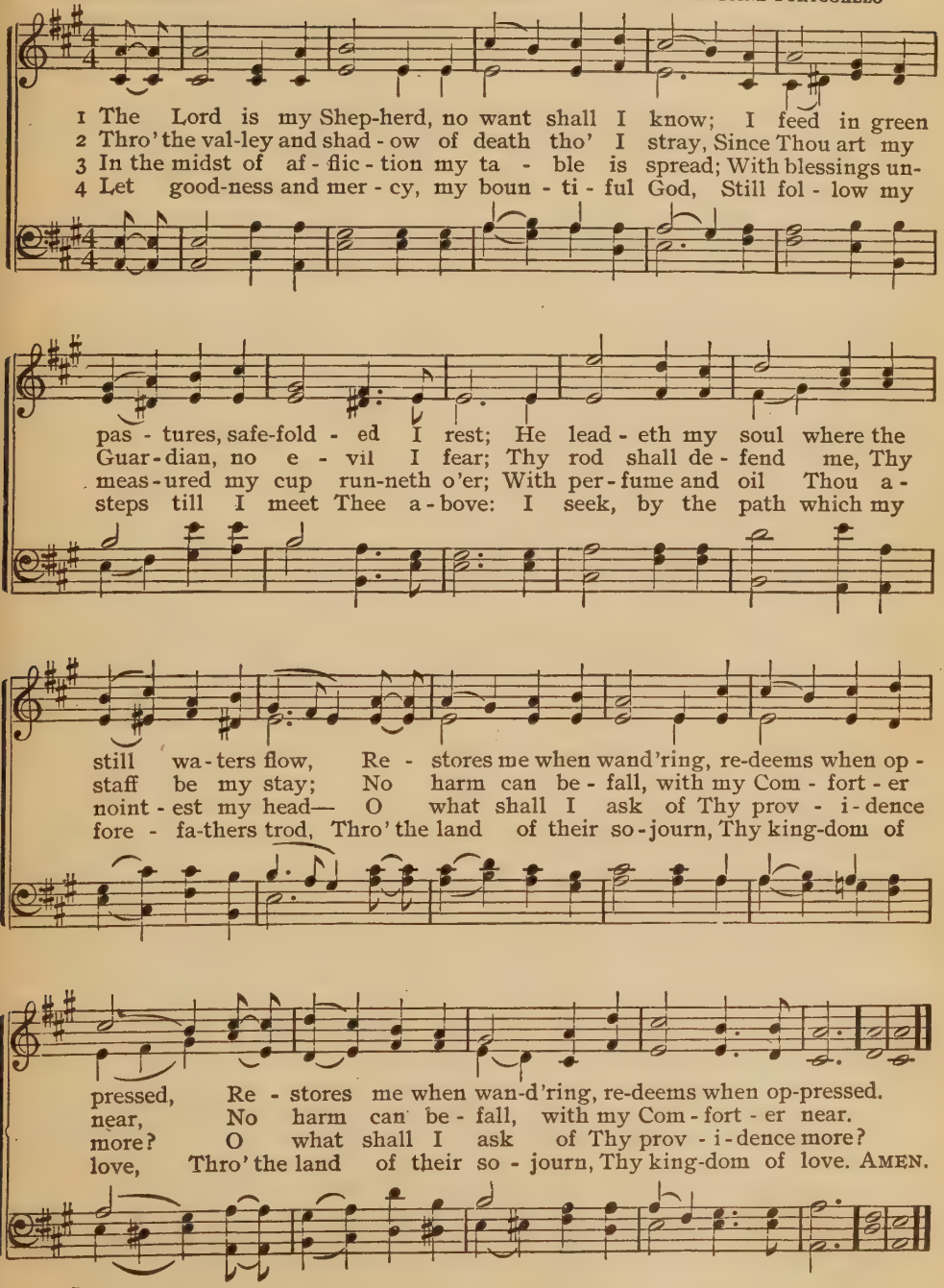
JOHN BOWRING — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 I can - not al - ways trace the way Where Thou, Al-might-y One, dost move;
2 When fear her chill - ing man - tle throws O'er earth, my soul to heav'n a - bove,
3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re-prove;
4 Yes, God is love: a tho't like this Can ev - 'ry gloom - y tho't re - move,
But I can al - ways, al - ways say That God is love.
As to her na - tive home, up-springs, For God is love.
In this my soul sweet com - fort hath, That God is love.
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, For God is love. A - MEN.

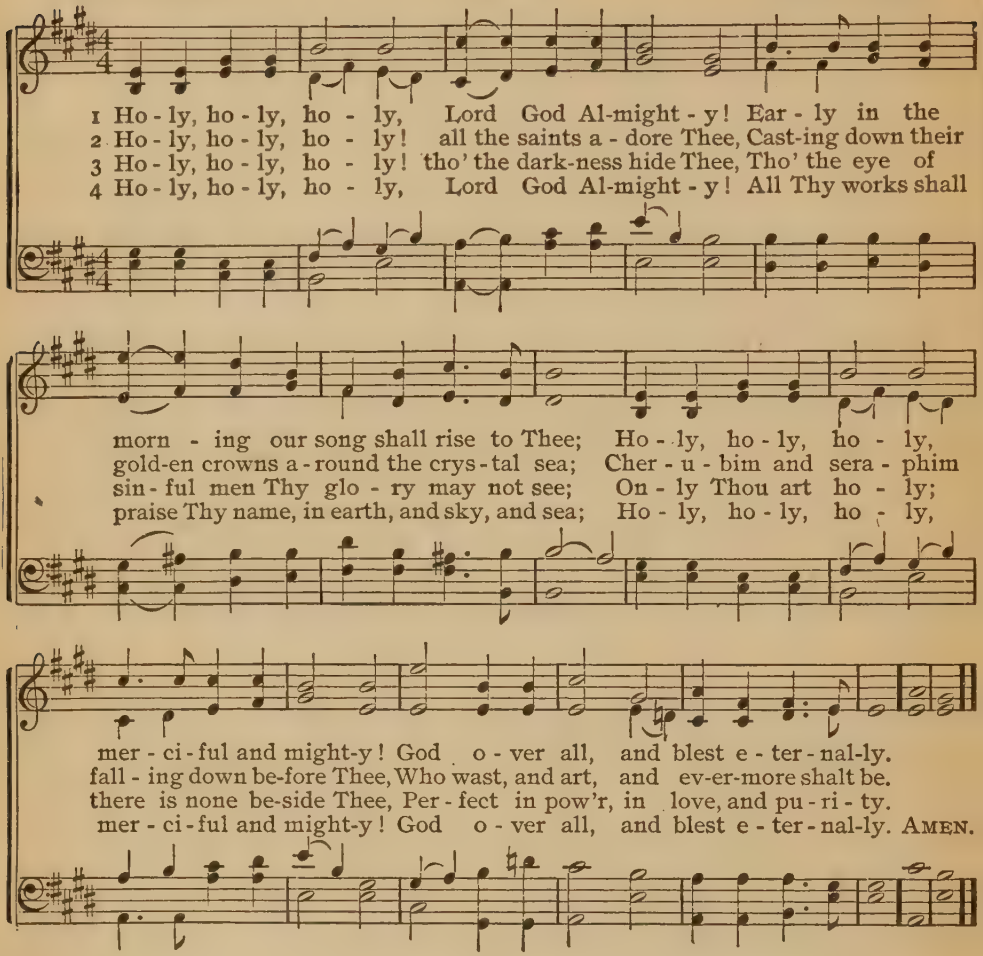
49

The Lord is my Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY ADESTE FIDELES MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO

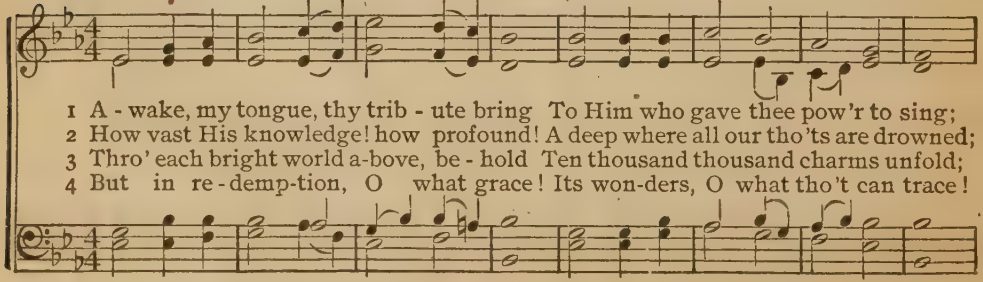

1 The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2 Thro' the val-ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3 In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4 Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my
pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guar-dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a-bove: I seek, by the path which my
still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op -
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head— O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of
pressed, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i-dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of love. AMEN.

50 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty

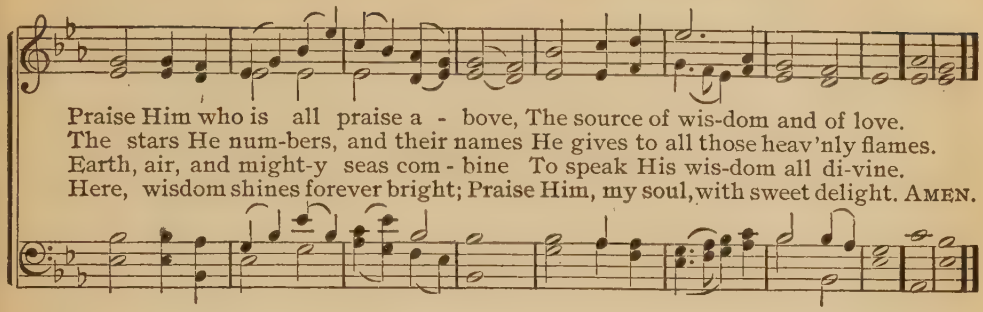
REGINALD HEBER, alt. NICÆA JOHN B. DYKES

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a - round the crys - tal sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might-y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal-ly.
fall - ing down be-fore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might-y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal-ly. AMEN.

51 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring

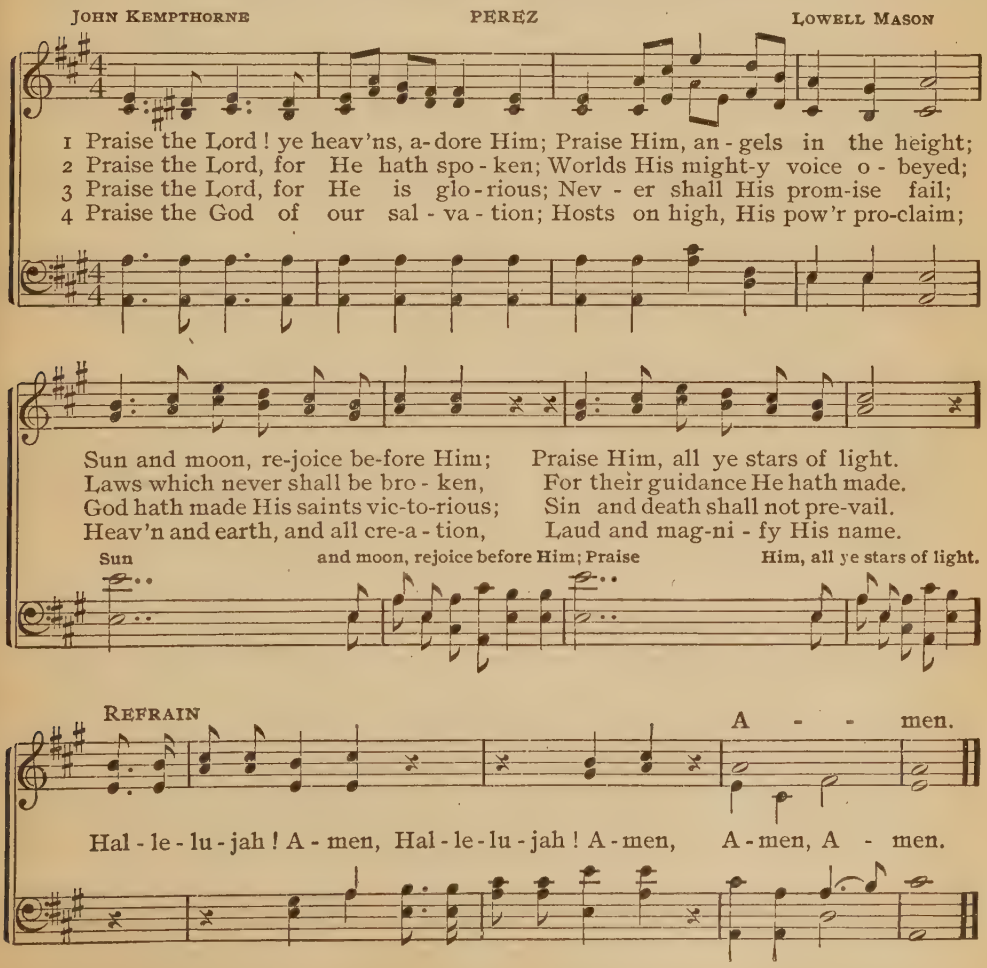
JOHN NEEDHAM DUKE STREET JOHN HATTON


1 A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
2 How vast His knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
3 Thro' each bright world a-bove, be - hold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
4 But in re - demp-tion, O what grace! Its won-ders, O what tho't can trace!

Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring

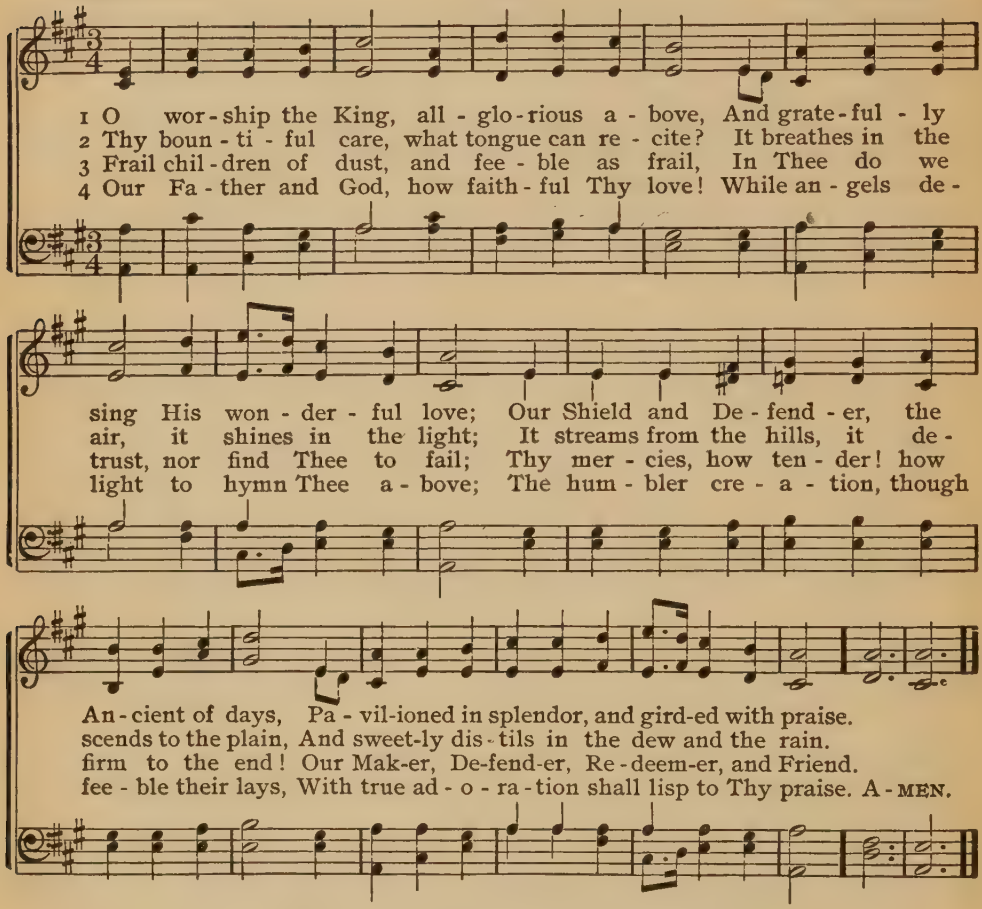

Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love.
The stars He num-bers, and their names He gives to all those heav'nly flames.
Earth, air, and might-y seas com - bine To speak His wis-dom all di-vine.
Here, wisdom shines forever bright; Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight. AMEN.

52 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him

JOHN KEMPTHORNE PEREZ LOWELL MASON

1 Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom-ise fail;
4 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim;
Sun and moon, re-joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be bro - ken, For their guidance He hath made.
God hath made His saints vic-to-rious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre-a - tion, Laud and mag-ni - fy His name.
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
REFRAIN
A - - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

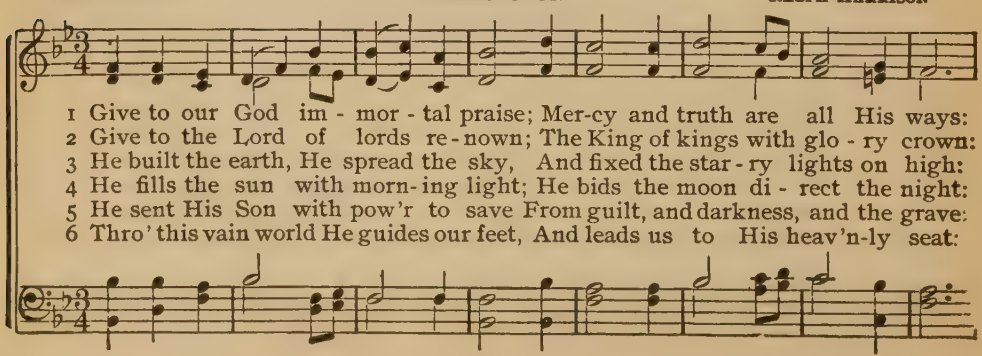
53 O worship the King, all-glorious above

ROBERT GRANT — LYONS — FRANZ J. HAYDN

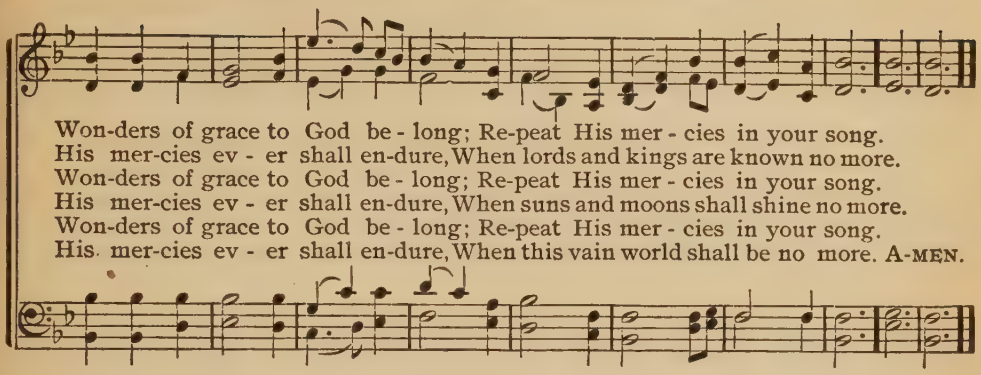

1 O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2 Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
3 Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
4 Our Fa-ther and God, how faith-ful Thy love! While an-gels de-
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how
light to hymn Thee a-bove; The hum-bler cre-a-tion, though
An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.
fee-ble their lays, With true ad-o-ra-tion shall lisp to Thy praise. A-MEN.

54 Give to our God immortal praise

ISAAC WATTS — WARRINGTON — RALPH HARRISON

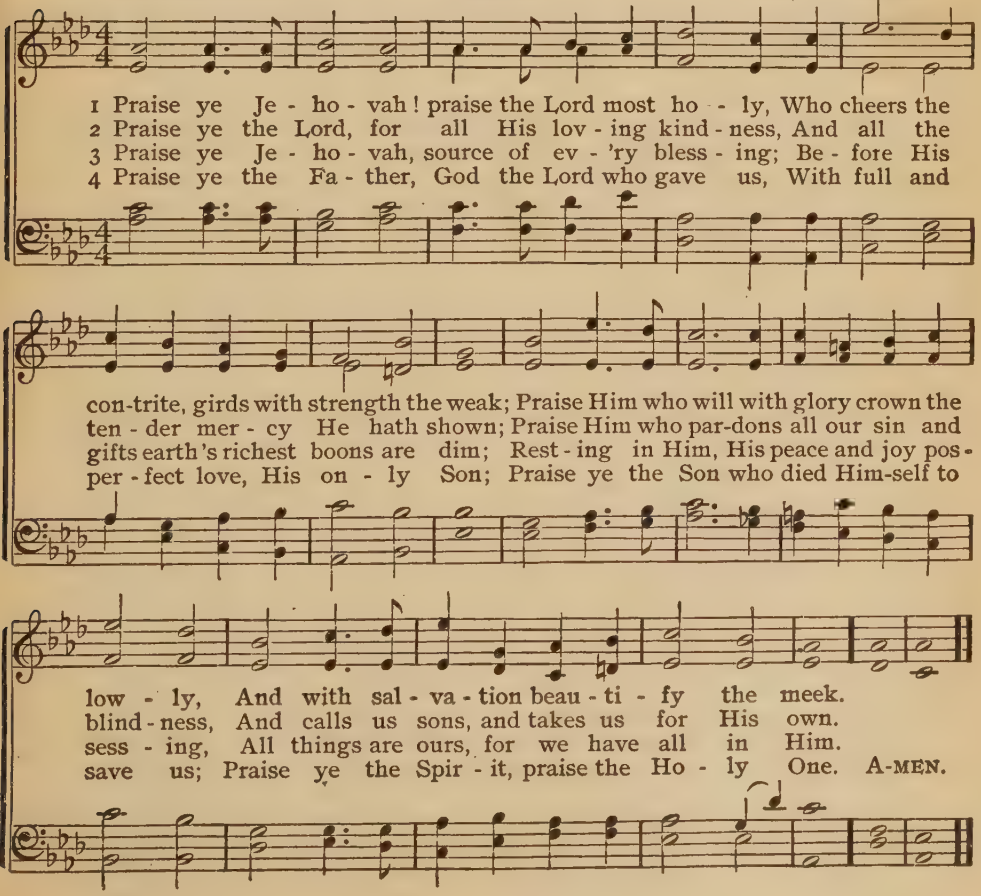

1 Give to our God im-mor-tal praise; Mer-cy and truth are all His ways:
2 Give to the Lord of lords re-nown; The King of kings with glo-ry crown:
3 He built the earth, He spread the sky, And fixed the star-ry lights on high:
4 He fills the sun with morn-ing light; He bids the moon di-rect the night:
5 He sent His Son with pow'r to save From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
6 Thro' this vain world He guides our feet, And leads us to His heav'n-ly seat:

Give to our God immortal praise

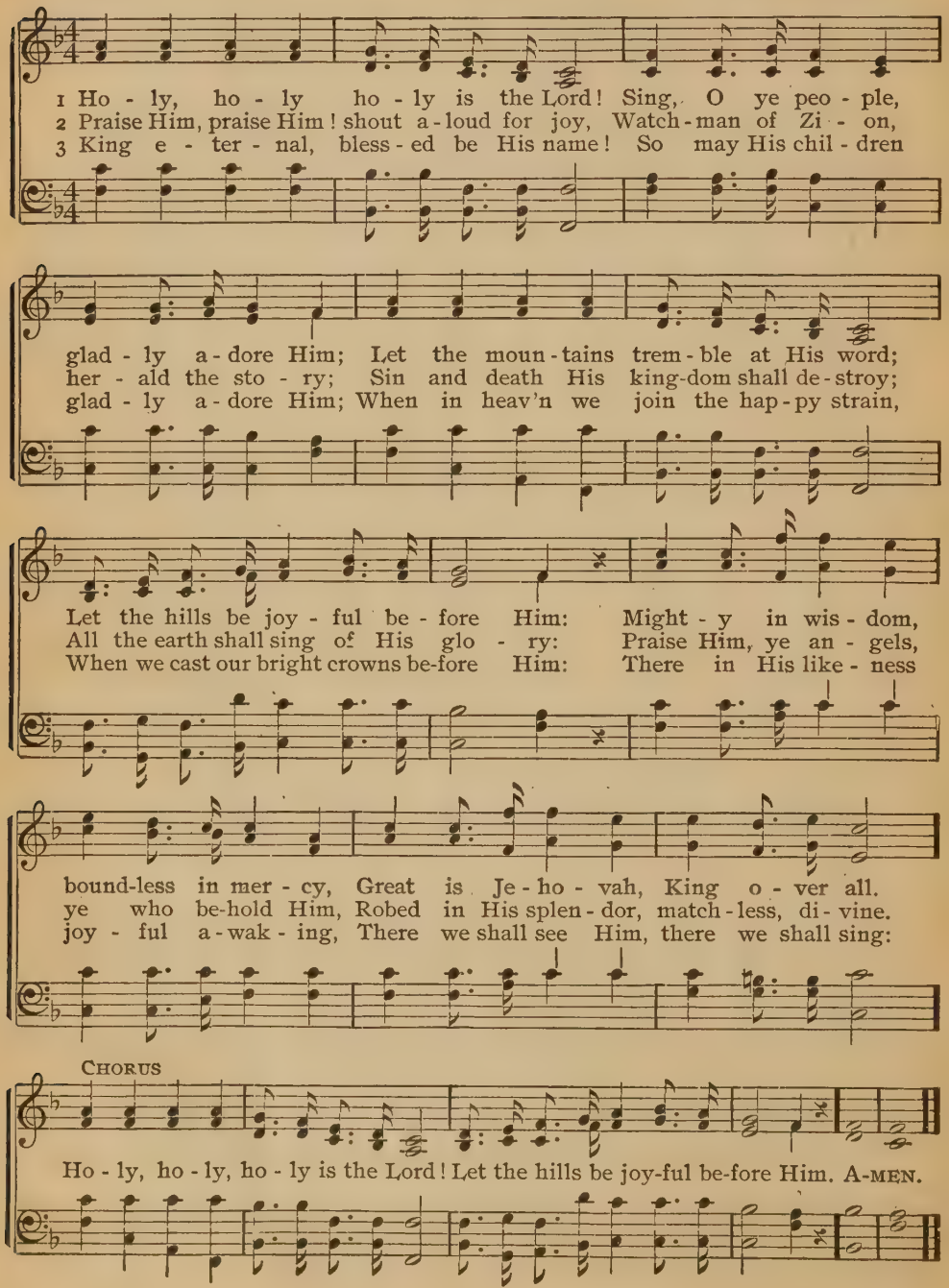

Won-ders of grace to God be - long; Re-peat His mer - cies in your song.
His mer-cies ev - er shall en-dure, When lords and kings are known no more.
Won-ders of grace to God be - long; Re-peat His mer - cies in your song.
His mer-cies ev - er shall en-dure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.
Won-ders of grace to God be - long; Re-peat His mer - cies in your song.
His mer-cies ev - er shall en-dure, When this vain world shall be no more. A-MEN.

55 Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy

M. COCKBURN-CAMPBELL — JEHOVAH — EDWARD J. HOPKINS

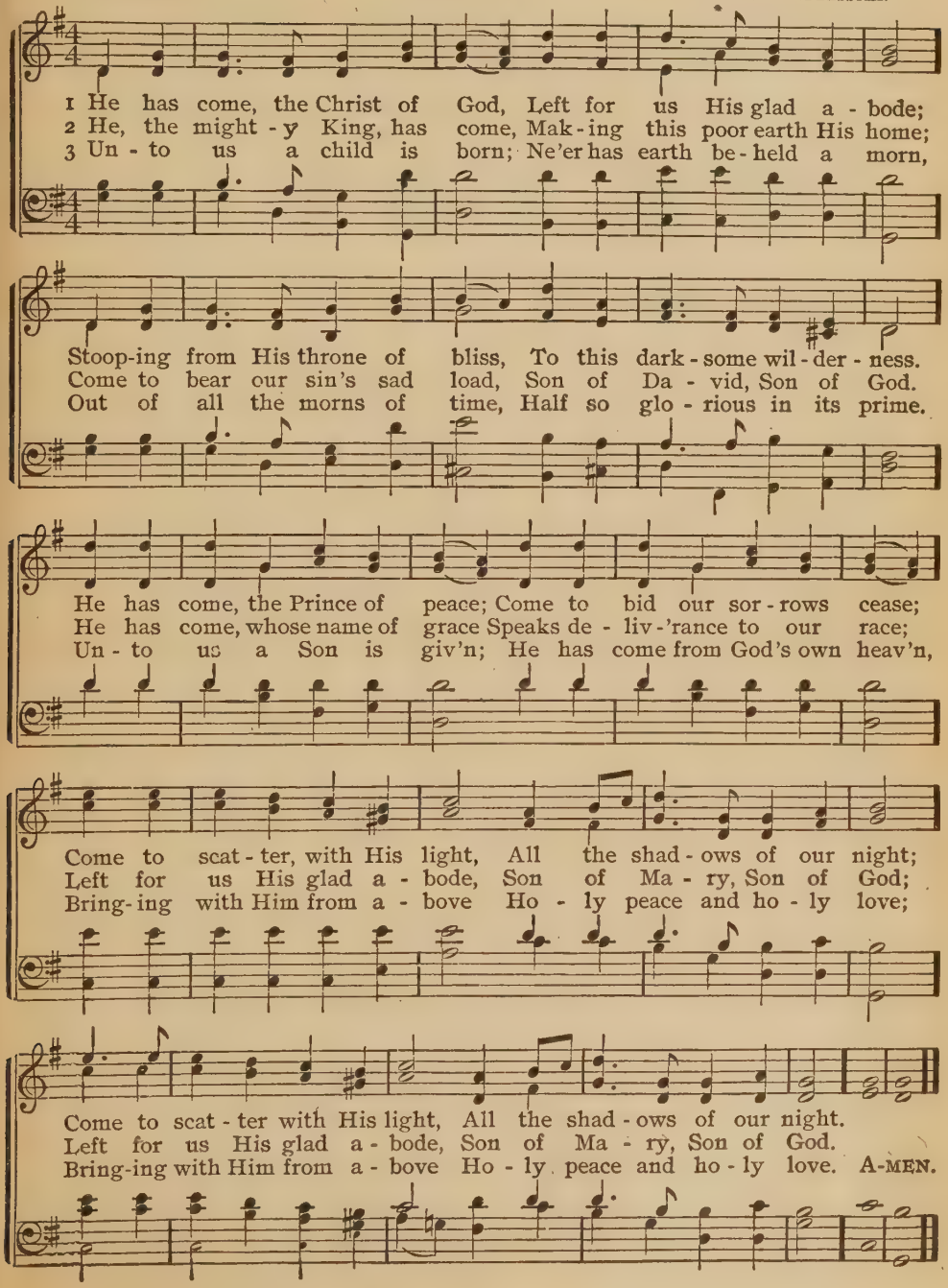

1 Praise ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the
2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His lov - ing kind - ness, And all the
3 Praise ye Je - ho - vah, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing; Be - fore His
4 Praise ye the Fa - ther, God the Lord who gave us, With full and
con-trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glory crown the
ten - der mer - cy He hath shown; Praise Him who par-dons all our sin and
gifts earth's richest boons are dim; Rest - ing in Him, His peace and joy pos -
per - fect love, His on - ly Son; Praise ye the Son who died Him-self to
low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.
blind - ness, And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.
sess - ing, All things are ours, for we have all in Him.
save us; Praise ye the Spir - it, praise the Ho - ly One. A-MEN.

56 Holy, holy, holy is the Lord

FRANCIS J. VAN ALSTYNE — SABAOTH — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2 Praise Him, praise Him! shout a-loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
3 King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren
glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun-tains trem-ble at His word;
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king-dom shall de-stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap-py strain,
Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him: Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry: Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be-fore Him: There in His like - ness
bound-less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him, Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a-wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing:
CHORUS
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy-ful be-fore Him. A-MEN.

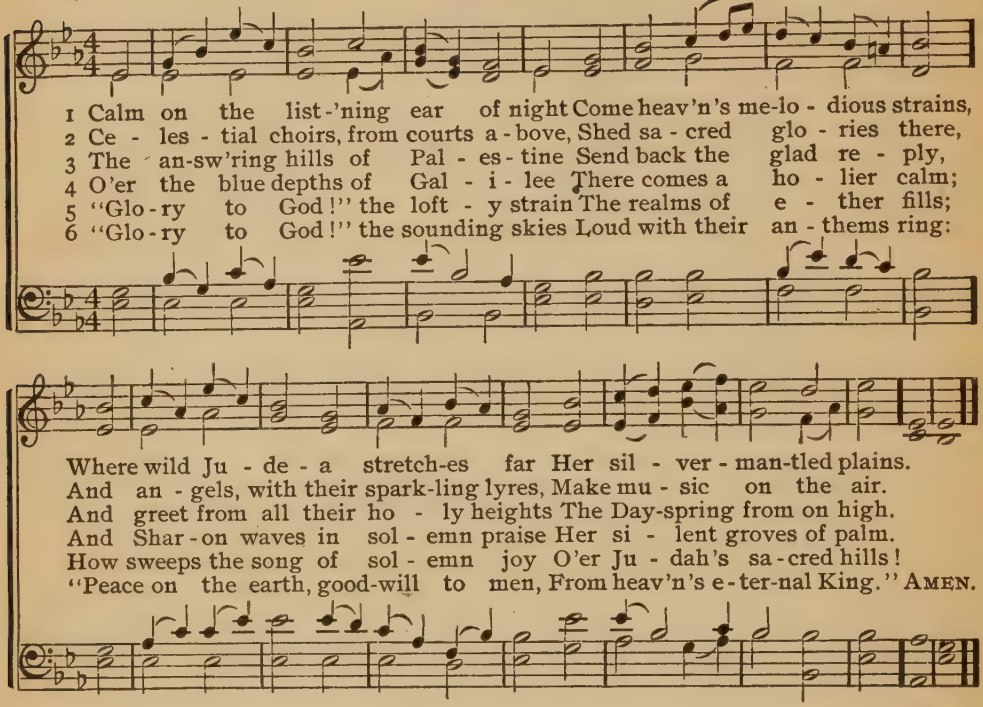
57 He has come, the Christ of God

HORATIUS BONAR MENDELSSOHN FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN


1 He has come, the Christ of God, Left for us His glad a - bode;
2 He, the might - y King, has come, Mak - ing this poor earth His home;
3 Un - to us a child is born; Ne'er has earth be - held a morn,
Stoop-ing from His throne of bliss, To this dark - some wil - der - ness.
Come to bear our sin's sad load, Son of Da - vid, Son of God.
Out of all the morns of time, Half so glo - rious in its prime.
He has come, the Prince of peace; Come to bid our sor - rows cease;
He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de - liv - 'rance to our race;
Un - to us a Son is giv'n; He has come from God's own heav'n,
Come to scat - ter, with His light, All the shad - ows of our night;
Left for us His glad a - bode, Son of Ma - ry, Son of God;
Bring-ing with Him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love;
Come to scat - ter with His light, All the shad - ows of our night.
Left for us His glad a - bode, Son of Ma - ry, Son of God.
Bring-ing with Him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love. A-MEN.

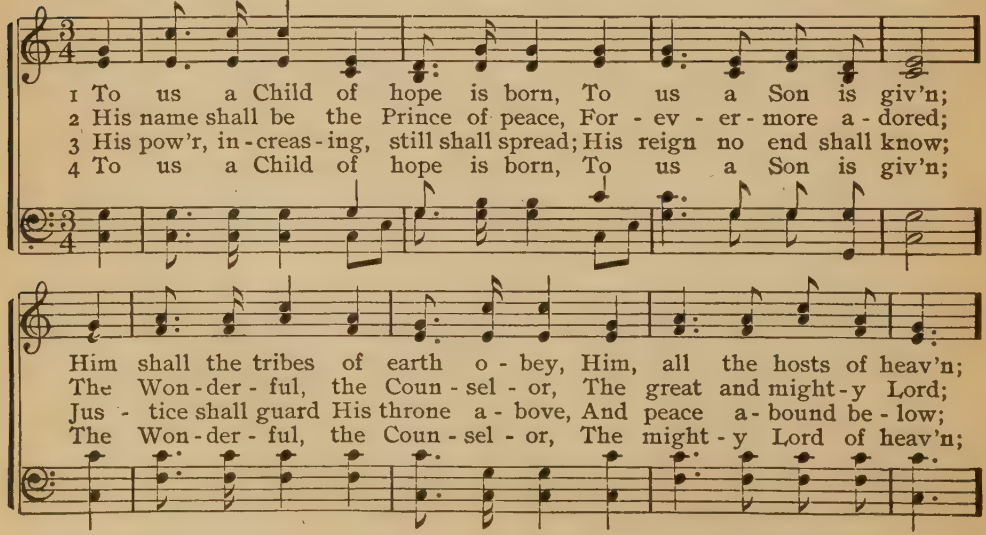
58 Calm on the listening ear of night

EDMUND H. SEARS — WARWICK — SAMUEL STANLEY

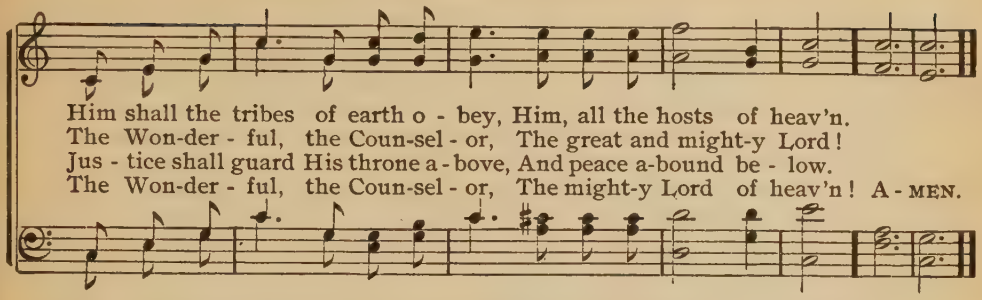

1 Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo - dious strains,
2 Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
3 The an-sw'ring hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
4 O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm;
5 "Glo - ry to God!" the loft - y strain The realms of e - ther fills;
6 "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their an - thems ring:
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver - man-tled plains.
And an - gels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And greet from all their ho - ly heights The Day-spring from on high.
And Shar - on waves in sol - emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm.
How sweeps the song of sol - emn joy O'er Ju - dah's sa - cred hills!
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's e - ter-nal King." AMEN.

59 To us a Child of hope is born

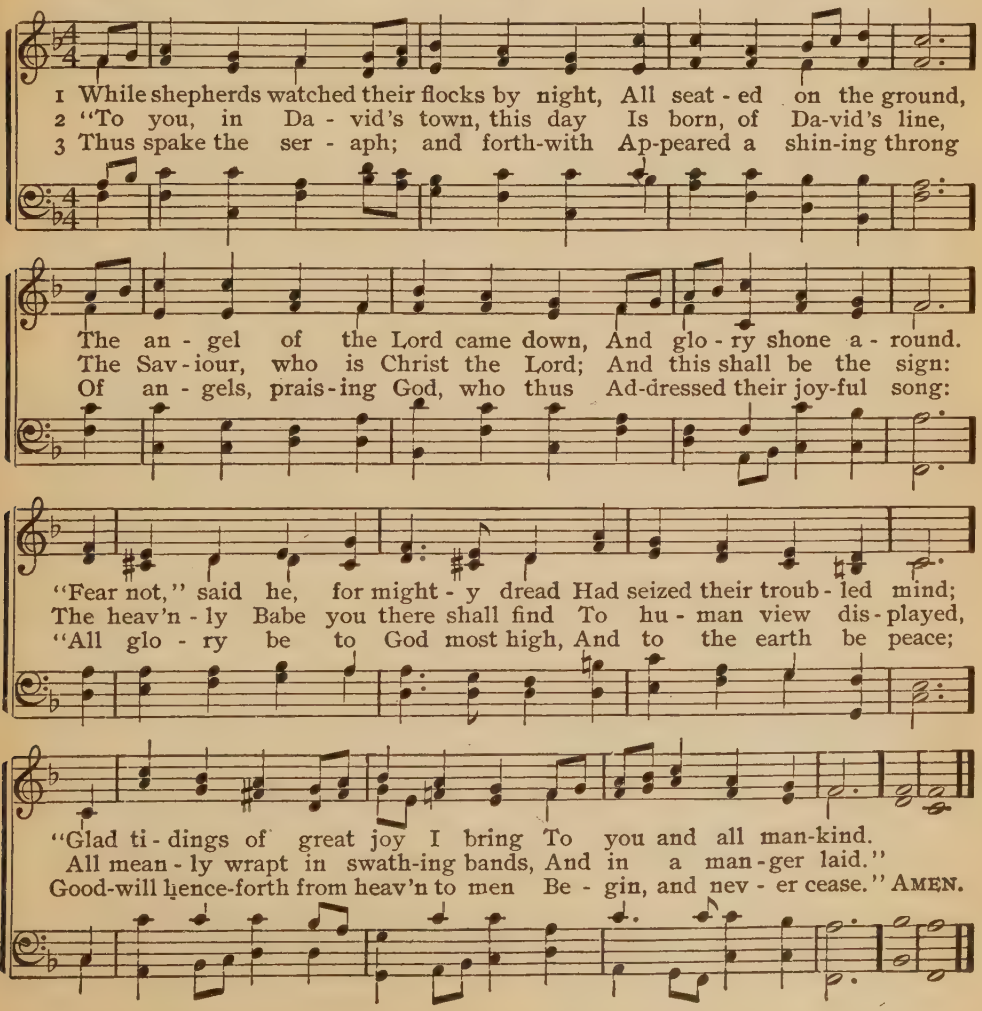
JOHN MORRISON — ZERAH — LOWELL MASON


1 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
2 His name shall be the Prince of peace, For - ev - er - more a - dored;
3 His pow'r, in - creas - ing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;
4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n;
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might - y Lord;
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a - bound be - low;
The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Lord of heav'n;

To us a Child of hope is born

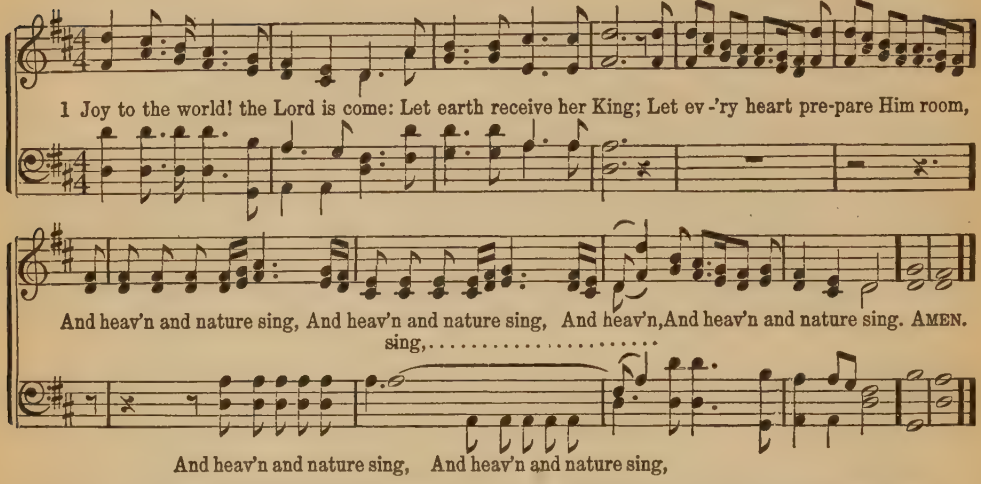

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him, all the hosts of heav'n.
The Won-der - ful, the Coun-sel - or, The great and might-y Lord!
Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a-bound be - low.
The Won-der - ful, the Coun-sel - or, The might-y Lord of heav'n! A - MEN.

60 While shepherds watched their flocks by night

NAHUM TATE NOEL ARTHUR SULLIVAN

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2 "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born, of Da-vid's line,
3 Thus spake the ser - aph; and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
Of an - gels, prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:
"Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had seized their troub - led mind;
The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played,
"All glo - ry be to God most high, And to the earth be peace;
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
All mean - ly wrapt in swath-ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
Good-will hence-forth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease." AMEN.

61 Joy to the world! the Lord is come

ISAAC WATTS — ANTIOCH — GEORGE F. HANDEL


1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing. AMEN.
sing,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

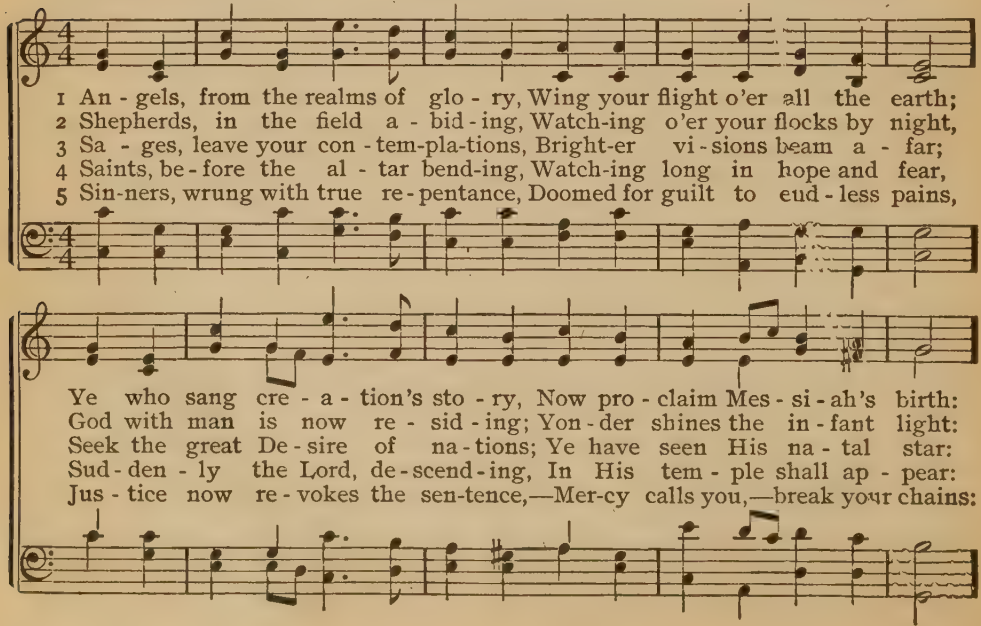
2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

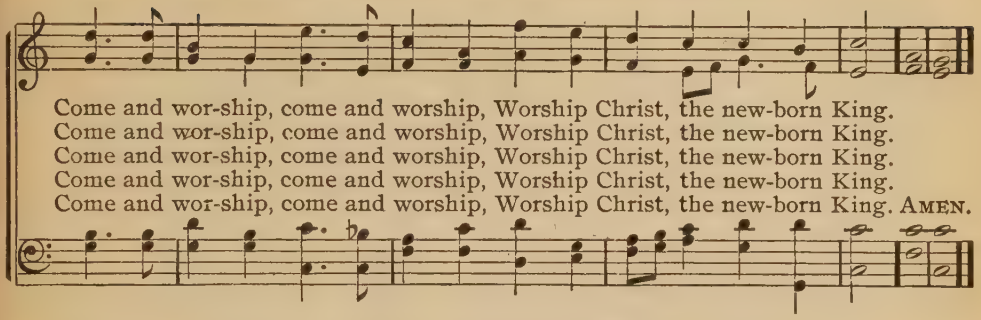
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

62 Angels, from the realms of glory

JAMES MONTGOMERY — REGENT SQUARE — HENRY SMART

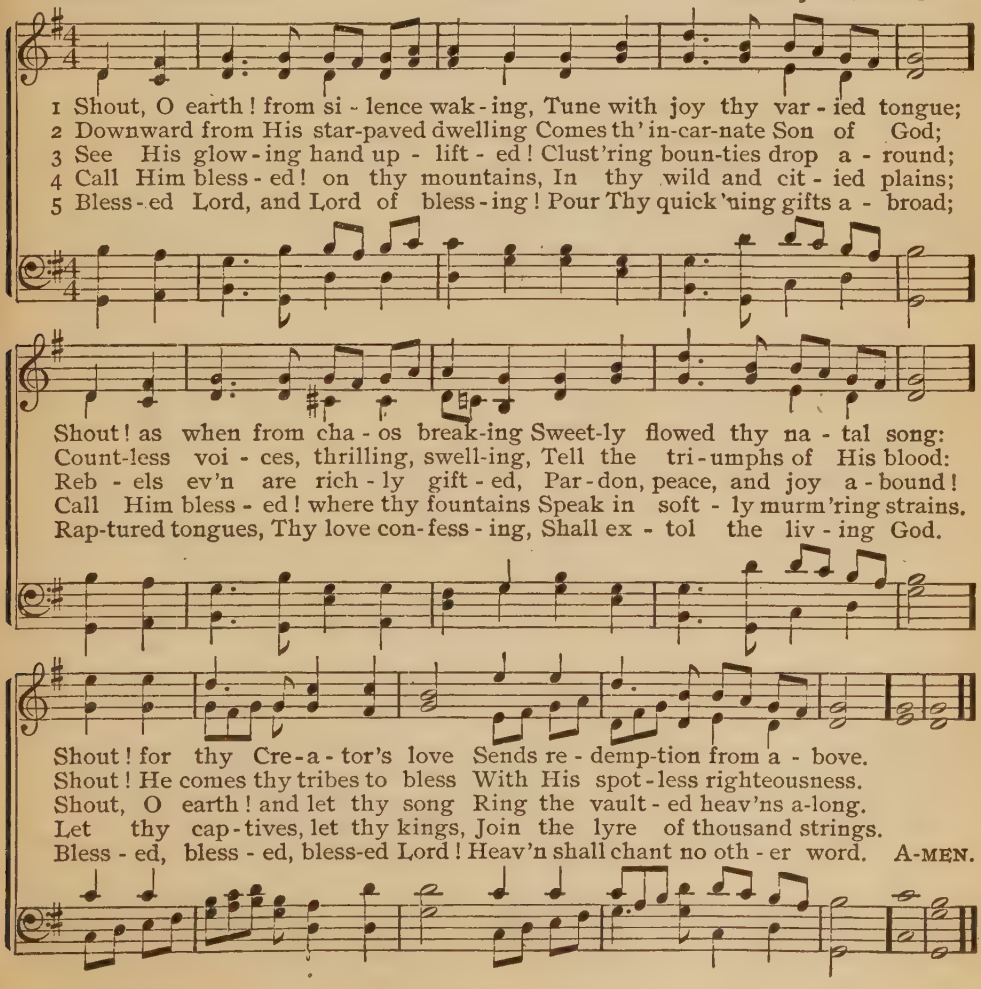

1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2 Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night,
3 Sa - ges, leave your con - tem-pla-tions, Bright-er vi - sions beam a - far;
4 Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend-ing, Watch-ing long in hope and fear,
5 Sin-ners, wrung with true re - pentance, Doomed for guilt to end - less pains,
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions; Ye have seen His na - tal star:
Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear:
Jus - tice now re - vokes the sen - tence,—Mer - cy calls you,—break your chains:

Angels, from the realms of glory


Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. AMEN.

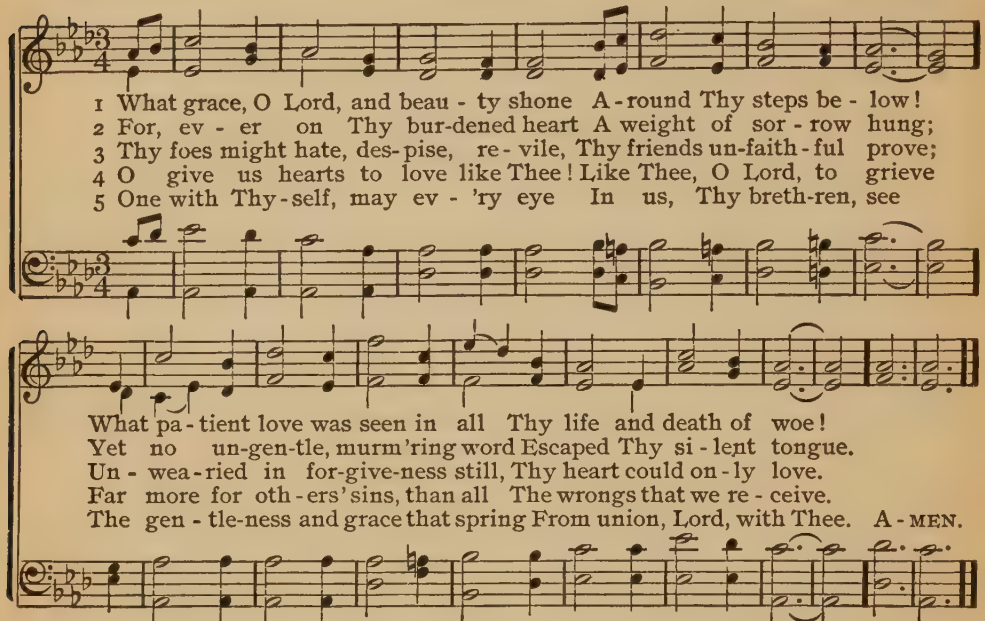
63 Shout, O earth! from silence waking

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL IRBY HENRY J. GAUNTLETT


1 Shout, O earth! from si - lence wak - ing, Tune with joy thy var - ied tongue;
2 Downward from His star-paved dwelling Comes th' in-car-nate Son of God;
3 See His glow - ing hand up - lift - ed! Clust'ring boun-ties drop a - round;
4 Call Him bless - ed! on thy mountains, In thy wild and cit - ied plains;
5 Bless - ed Lord, and Lord of bless - ing! Pour Thy quick'ning gifts a - broad;
Shout! as when from cha - os break-ing Sweet-ly flowed thy na - tal song:
Count-less voi - ces, thrilling, swell-ing, Tell the tri-umphs of His blood:
Reb - els ev'n are rich - ly gift - ed, Par-don, peace, and joy a - bound!
Call Him bless - ed! where thy fountains Speak in soft - ly murm'ring strains.
Rap-tured tongues, Thy love con-fess - ing, Shall ex - tol the liv - ing God.
Shout! for thy Cre-a - tor's love Sends re - demp-tion from a - bove.
Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless With His spot-less righteousness.
Shout, O earth! and let thy song Ring the vault - ed heav'ns a-long.
Let thy cap-tives, let thy kings, Join the lyre of thousand strings.
Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless-ed Lord! Heav'n shall chant no oth - er word. A-MEN.

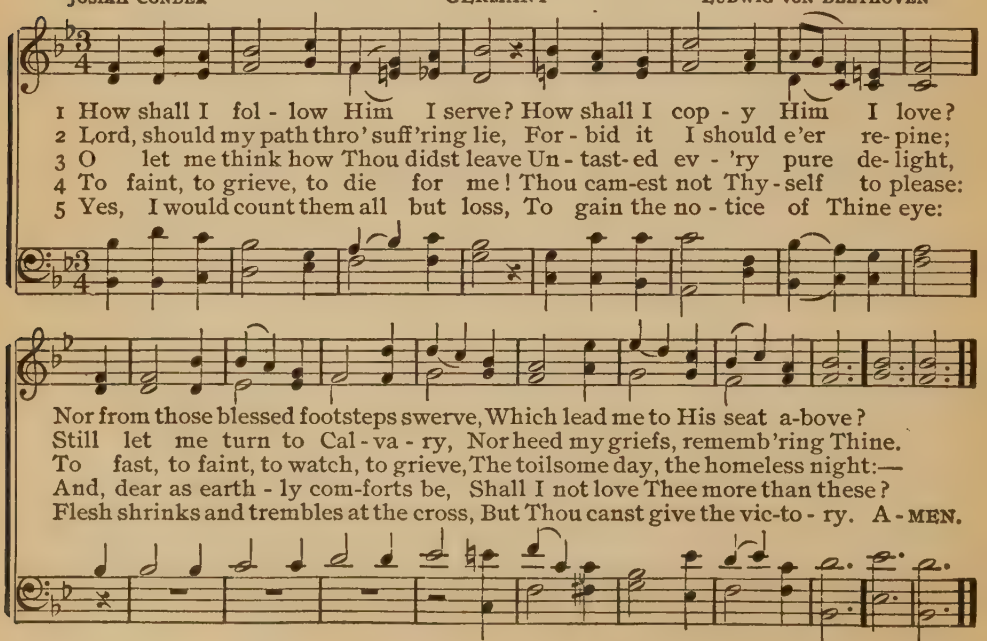
64 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone

EDWARD DENNY — MANOAH — GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI


1 What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low!
2 For, ev - er on Thy bur-dened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
3 Thy foes might hate, des-pise, re - vile, Thy friends un-faith - ful prove;
4 O give us hearts to love like Thee! Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
5 One with Thy - self, may ev - 'ry eye In us, Thy breth-ren, see
What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe!
Yet no un-gen-tle, murm'ring word Escaped Thy si - lent tongue.
Un - wea - ried in for-give-ness still, Thy heart could on - ly love.
Far more for oth - ers' sins, than all The wrongs that we re - ceive.
The gen - tle-ness and grace that spring From union, Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.

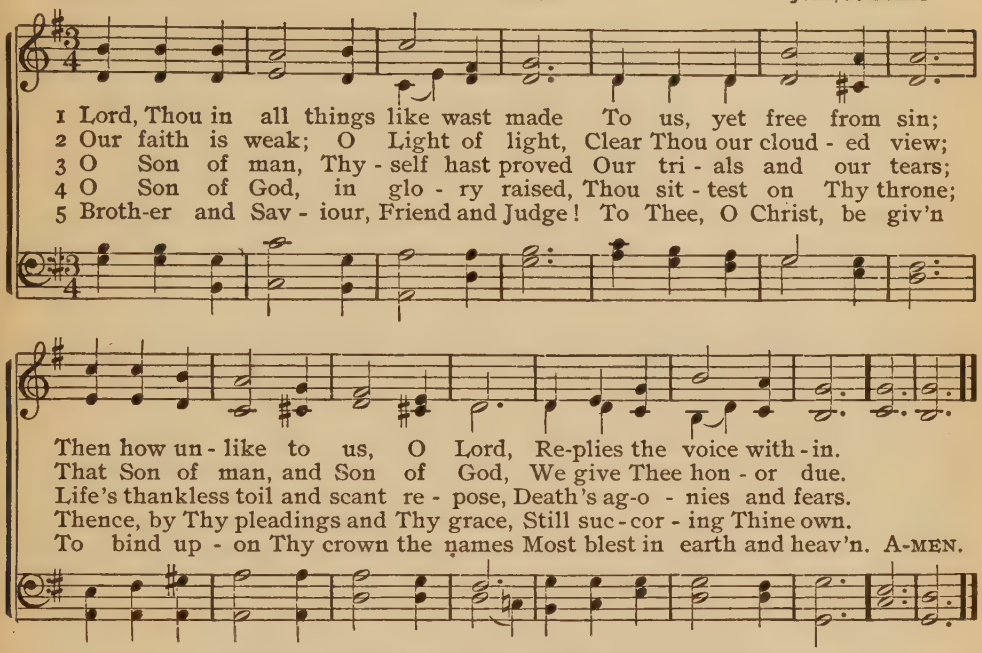
65 How shall I follow Him I serve

JOSIAH CONDER — GERMANY — LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN


1 How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?
2 Lord, should my path thro' suff'ring lie, For - bid it I should e'er re-pine;
3 O let me think how Thou didst leave Un - tast-ed ev - 'ry pure de-light,
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me! Thou cam-est not Thy - self to please:
5 Yes, I would count them all but loss, To gain the no - tice of Thine eye:
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a-bove?
Still let me turn to Cal - va - ry, Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring Thine.
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve, The toilsome day, the homeless night:—
And, dear as earth - ly com-forts be, Shall I not love Thee more than these?
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross, But Thou canst give the vic-to - ry. A - MEN.

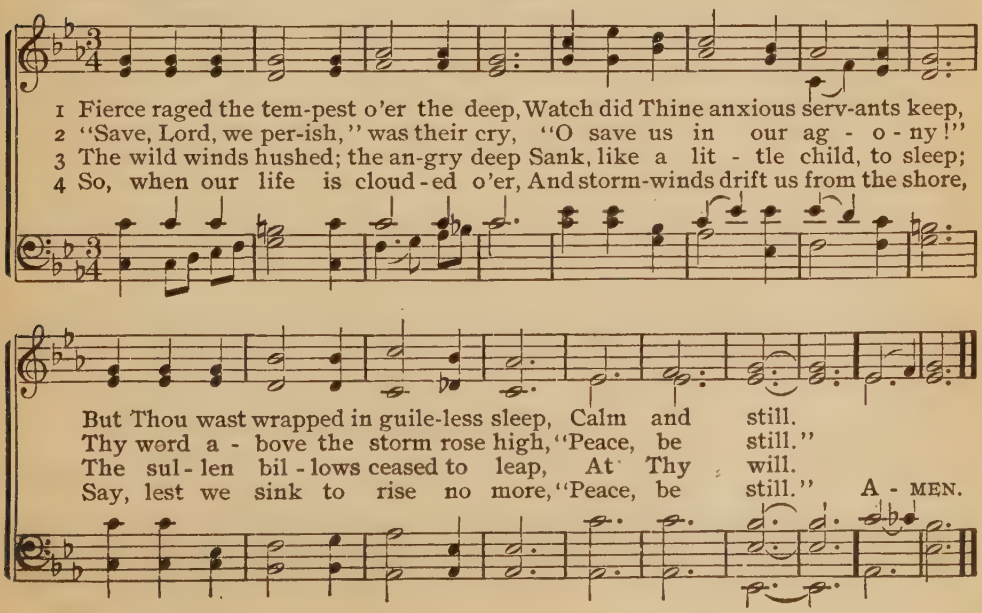
66 Lord, Thou in all things like wast made

JOSEPH ANSTICE — ST. AGNES — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Lord, Thou in all things like wast made To us, yet free from sin;
2 Our faith is weak; O Light of light, Clear Thou our cloud - ed view;
3 O Son of man, Thy - self hast proved Our tri - als and our tears;
4 O Son of God, in glo - ry raised, Thou sit - test on Thy throne;
5 Broth-er and Sav - iour, Friend and Judge! To Thee, O Christ, be giv'n
Then how un - like to us, O Lord, Re-plies the voice with - in.
That Son of man, and Son of God, We give Thee hon - or due.
Life's thankless toil and scant re - pose, Death's ag-o - nies and fears.
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace, Still suc - cor - ing Thine own.
To bind up - on Thy crown the names Most blest in earth and heav'n. A-MEN.

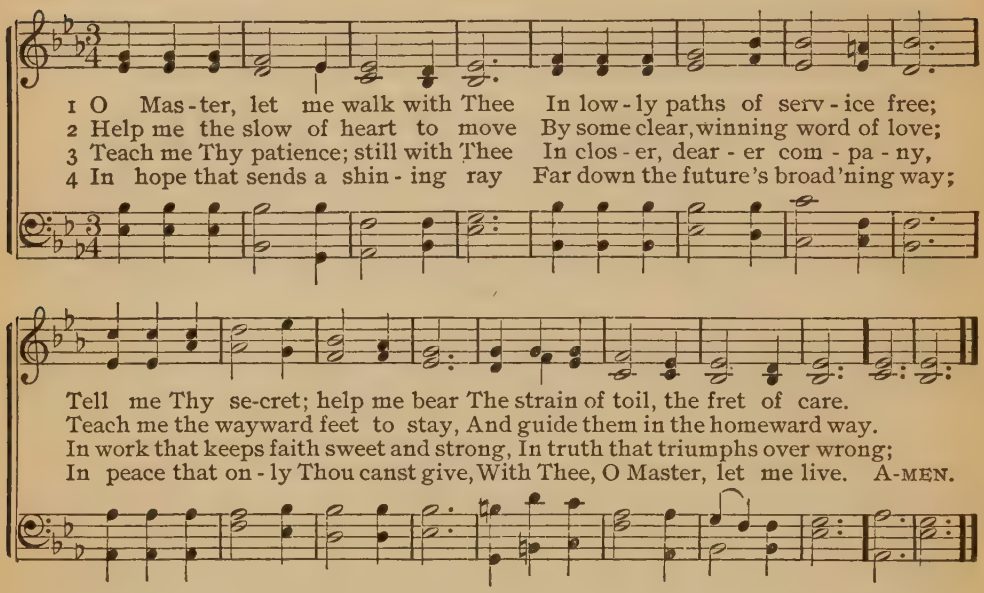
67 Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep

GODFREY THRING — ST. ÆLRED — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious serv-ants keep,
2 "Save, Lord, we per-ish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag - o - ny!"
3 The wild winds hushed; the an-gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle child, to sleep;
4 So, when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
But Thou wast wrapped in guile-less sleep, Calm and still.
Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap, At Thy will.
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still." A - MEN.

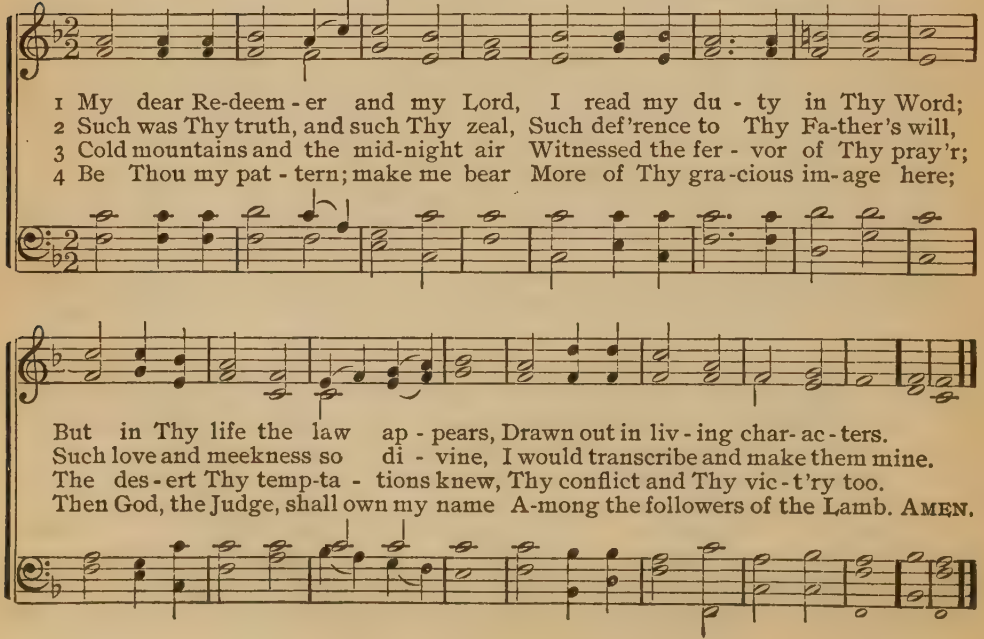
68 O Master, let me walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN SAXBY TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS


1 O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4 In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In truth that triumphs over wrong;
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

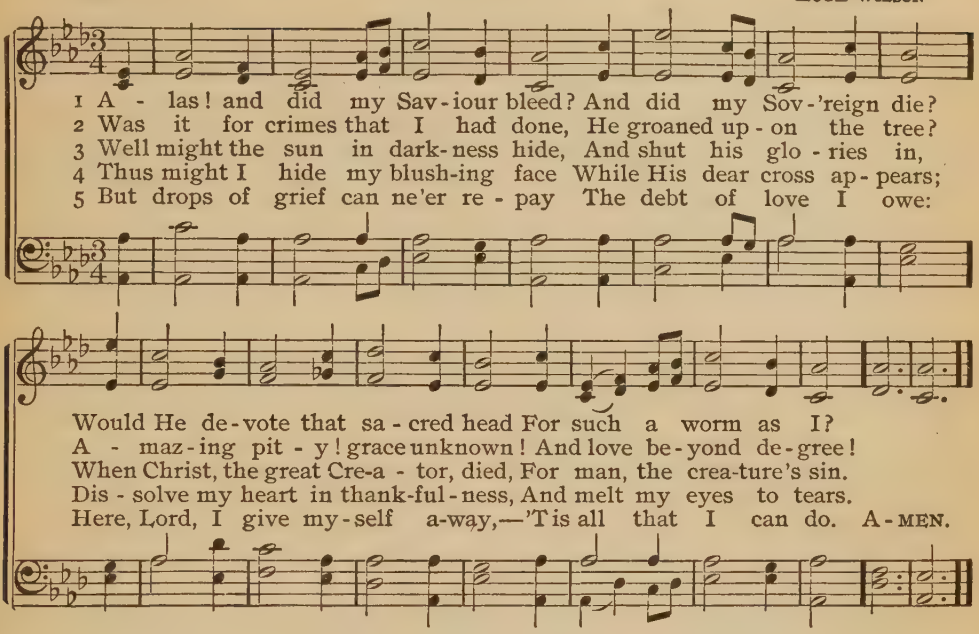
69 My dear Redeemer and my Lord

ISAAC WATTS FEDERAL STREET HENRY K. OLIVER


1 My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy Word;
2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such def'rence to Thy Fa-ther's will,
3 Cold mountains and the mid-night air Witnessed the fer-vor of Thy pray'r;
4 Be Thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of Thy gra-cious im-age here;
But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.
Such love and meekness so di-vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
The des-ert Thy temp-ta-tions knew, Thy conflict and Thy vic-t'ry too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name A-mong the followers of the Lamb. AMEN.

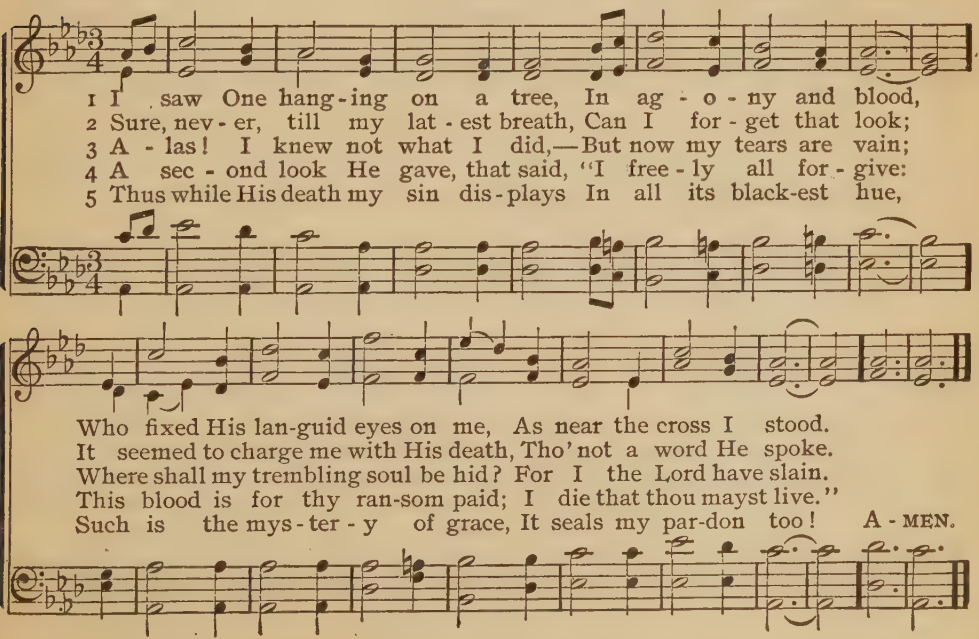
70 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed

ISAAC WATTS — AVON — HUGH WILSON


1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the great Cre - a - tor, died, For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

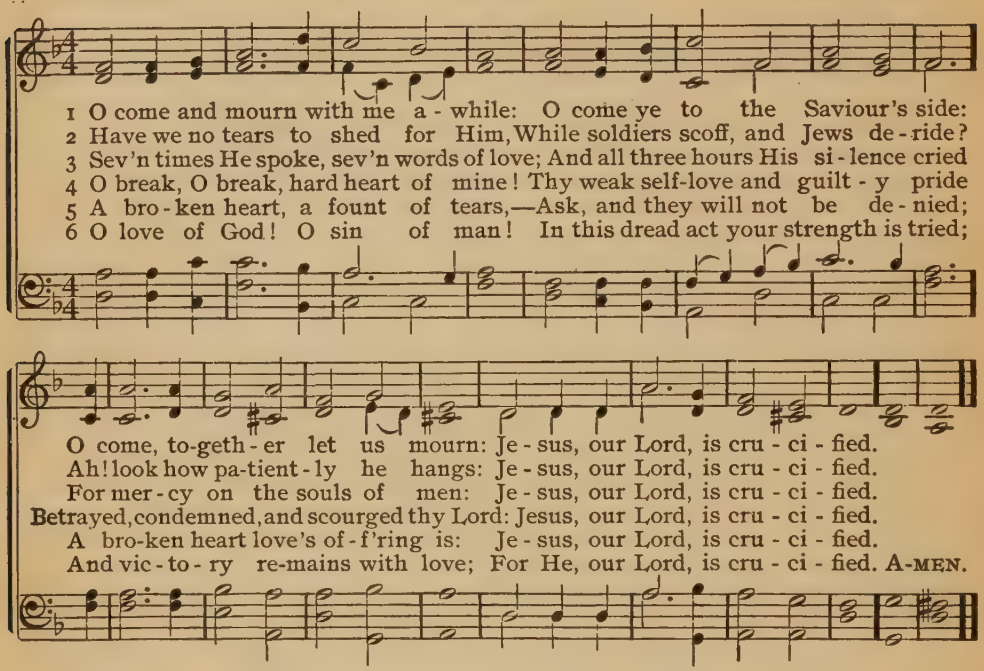
71 I saw One hanging on a tree

JOHN NEWTON — MANOAH — GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI


1 I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood,
2 Sure, nev - er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3 A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain;
4 A sec - ond look He gave, that said, "I free - ly all for - give:
5 Thus while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,
Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid; I die that thou mayst live."
Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don too! A - MEN.

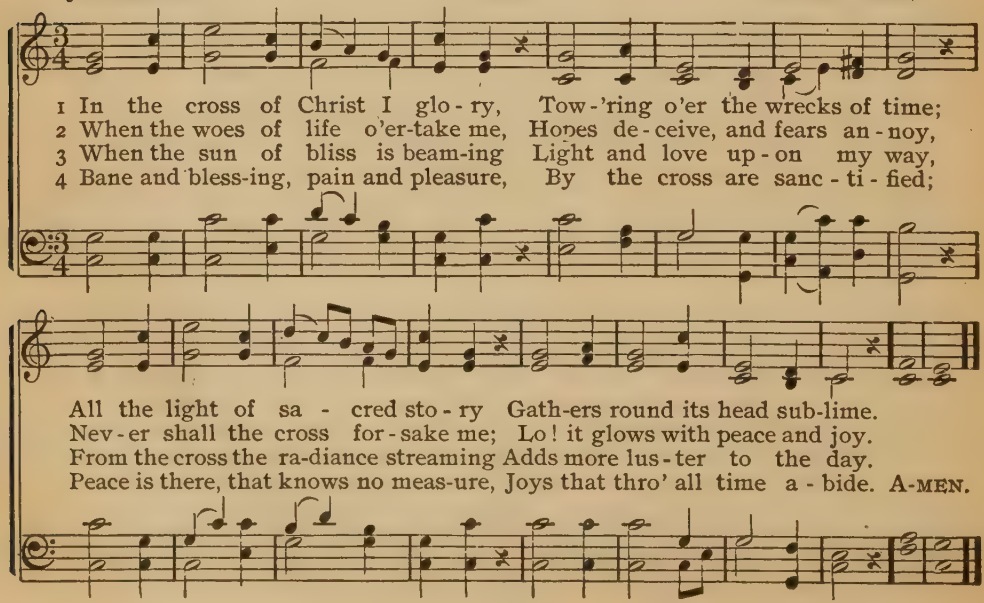
72 O come and mourn with me awhile

FREDERICK W. FABER — ST. CROSS — JOHN B. DYKES


1 O come and mourn with me a - while: O come ye to the Saviour's side:
2 Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff, and Jews de - ride?
3 Sev'n times He spoke, sev'n words of love; And all three hours His si - lence cried
4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy weak self-love and guilt - y pride
5 A bro - ken heart, a fount of tears,—Ask, and they will not be de - nied;
6 O love of God! O sin of man! In this dread act your strength is tried;
O come, to-geth - er let us mourn: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
Ah! look how pa-tient - ly he hangs: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
For mer - cy on the souls of men: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
Betrayed, condemned, and scourged thy Lord: Jesus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
A bro-ken heart love's of - f'ring is: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
And vic - to - ry re-mains with love; For He, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A-MEN.

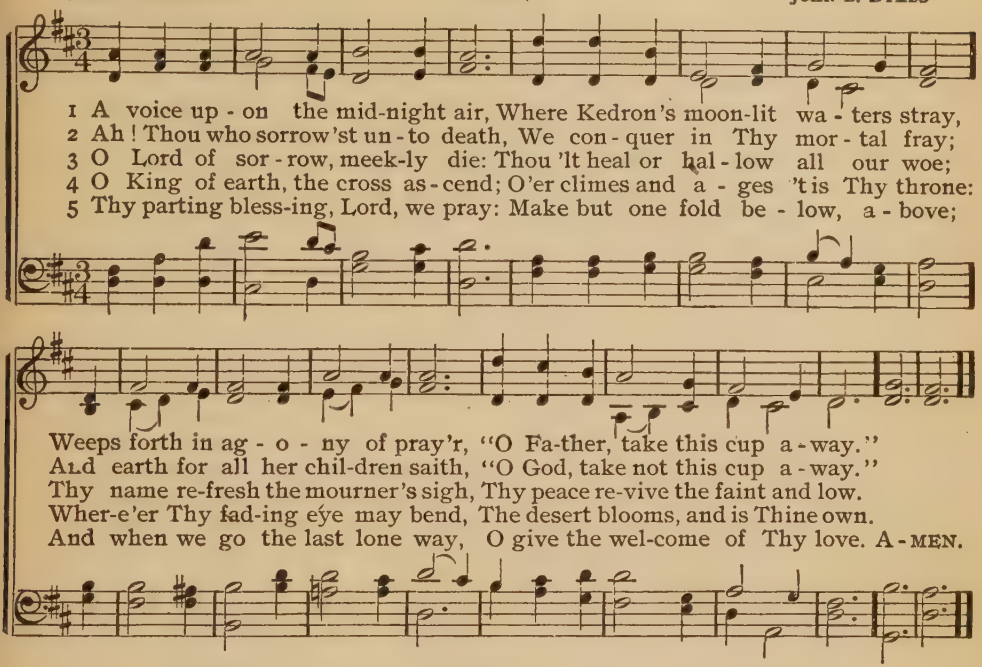
73 In the cross of Christ I glory

JOHN BOWRING — RATHBUN — ITHAMAR CONKEY


1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2 When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3 When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4 Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A-MEN.

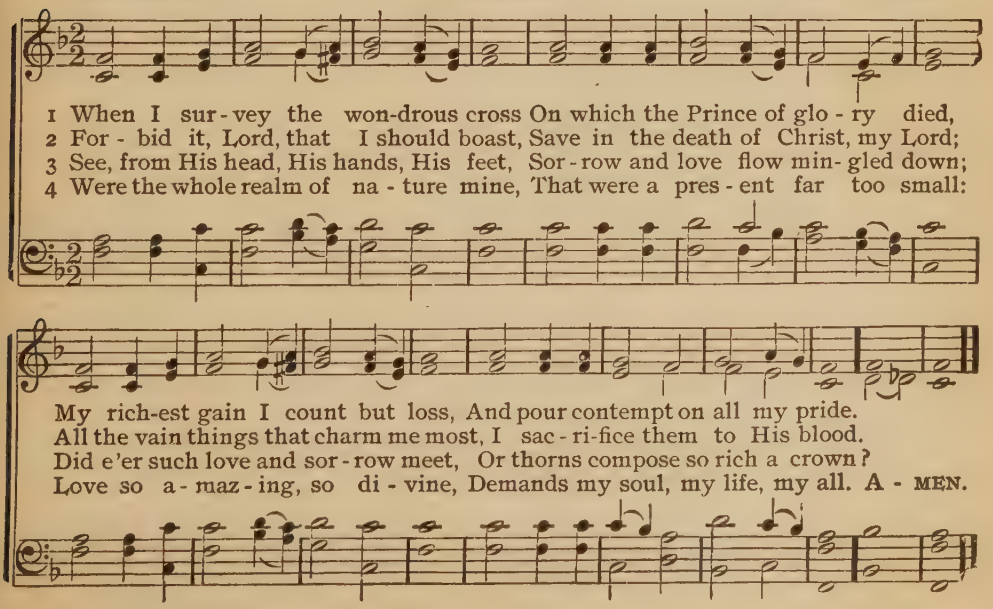
74 A voice upon the midnight air

JAMES MARTINEAU RIVAULX JOHN B. DYKES


1 A voice up - on the mid-night air, Where Kedron's moon-lit wa - ters stray,
2 Ah! Thou who sorrow'st un - to death, We con - quer in Thy mor - tal fray;
3 O Lord of sor - row, meek-ly die: Thou 'lt heal or hal - low all our woe;
4 O King of earth, the cross as - cend; O'er climes and a - ges 't is Thy throne:
5 Thy parting bless-ing, Lord, we pray: Make but one fold be - low, a - bove;
Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of pray'r, "O Fa-ther, take this cup a - way."
And earth for all her chil-dren saith, "O God, take not this cup a - way."
Thy name re-fresh the mourner's sigh, Thy peace re-vive the faint and low.
Wher-e'er Thy fad-ing eye may bend, The desert blooms, and is Thine own.
And when we go the last lone way, O give the wel-come of Thy love. A - MEN.

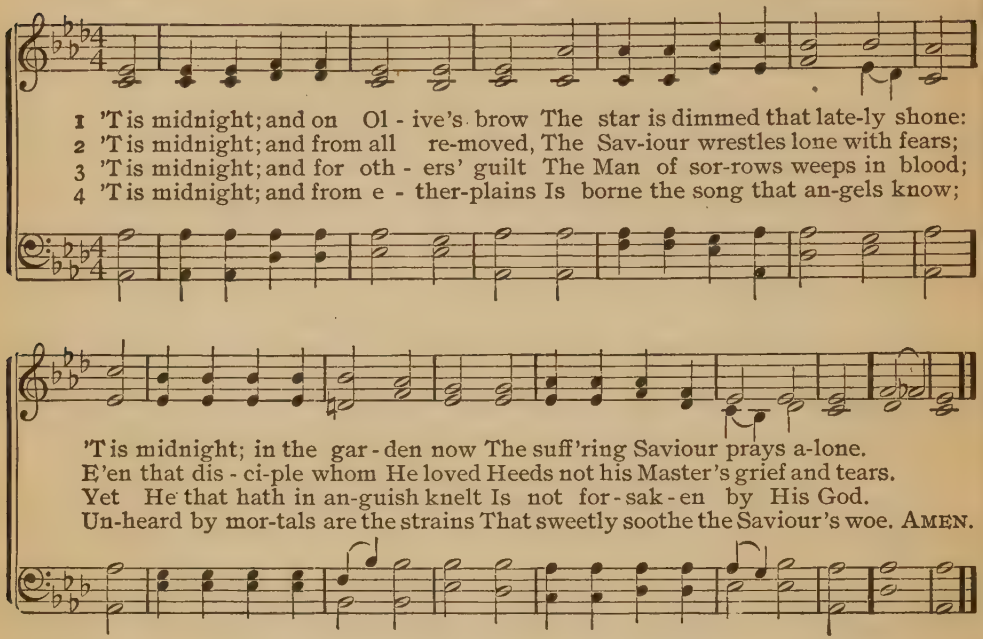
75 When I survey the wondrous cross

ISAAC WATTS HAMBURG LOWELL MASON


1 When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

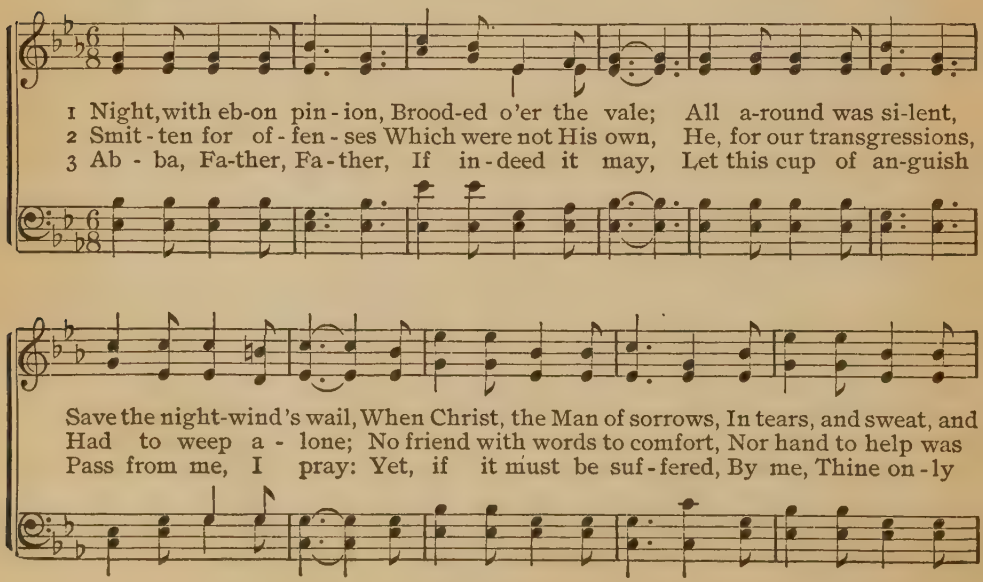
76 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN — OLIVE'S BROW — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

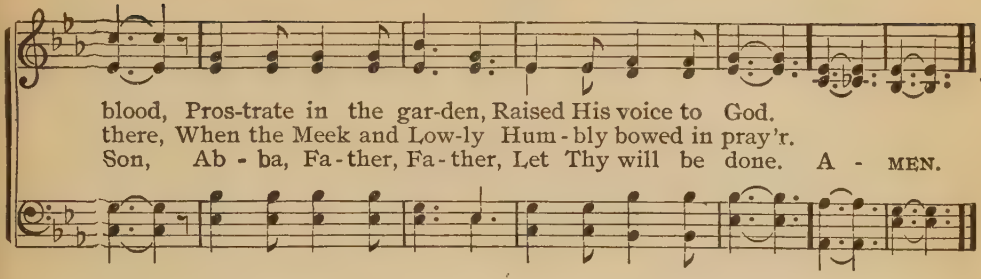

1 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
2 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
3 'Tis midnight; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4 'Tis midnight; and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis - ci-ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. AMEN.

77 Night, with ebon pinion

LOVE H. JAMESON — SORROWS — JOSEPH P. POWELL

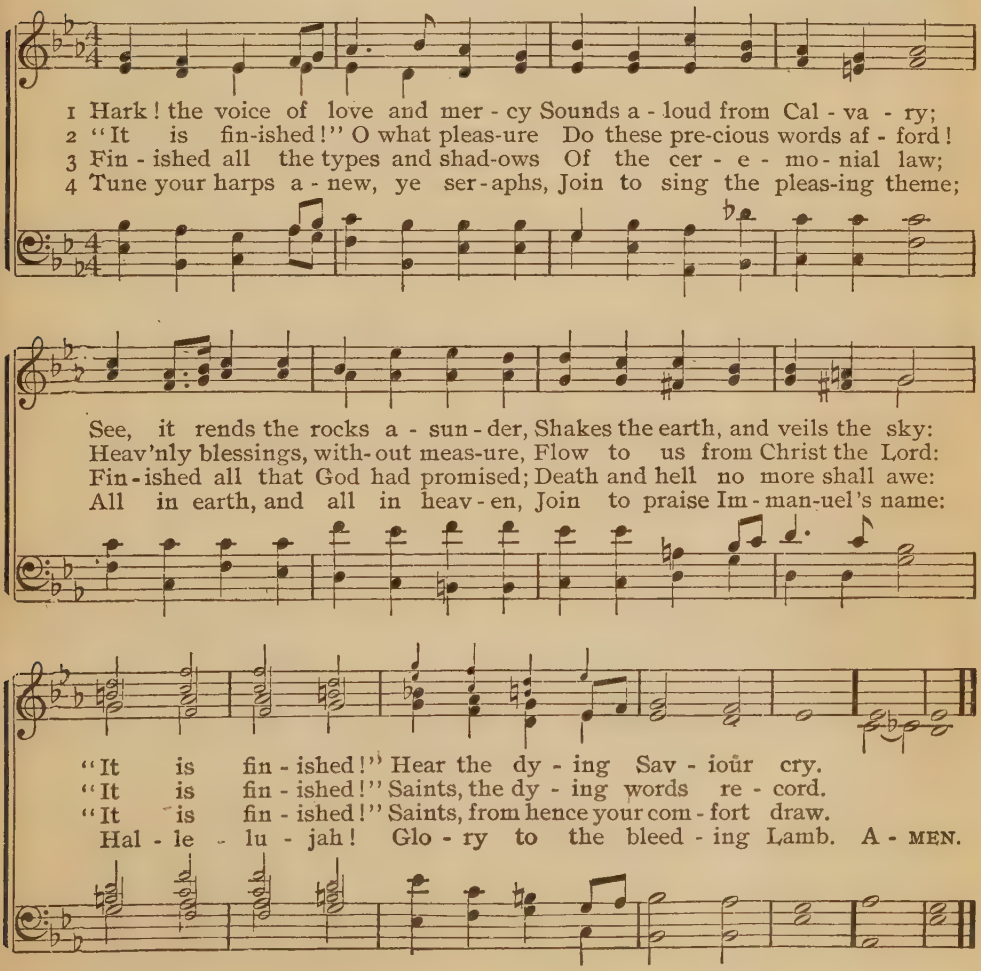

1 Night, with eb-on pin - ion, Brood-ed o'er the vale; All a-round was si-lent,
2 Smit - ten for of - fen - ses Which were not His own, He, for our transgressions,
3 Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa - ther, If in - deed it may, Let this cup of an-guish
Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ, the Man of sorrows, In tears, and sweat, and
Had to weep a - lone; No friend with words to comfort, Nor hand to help was
Pass from me, I pray: Yet, if it must be suf - fered, By me, Thine on - ly

Night, with ebon pinion


blood, Pros-trate in the gar-den, Raised His voice to God.
there, When the Meek and Low-ly Hum-bly bowed in pray'r.
Son, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, Let Thy will be done. A - MEN.

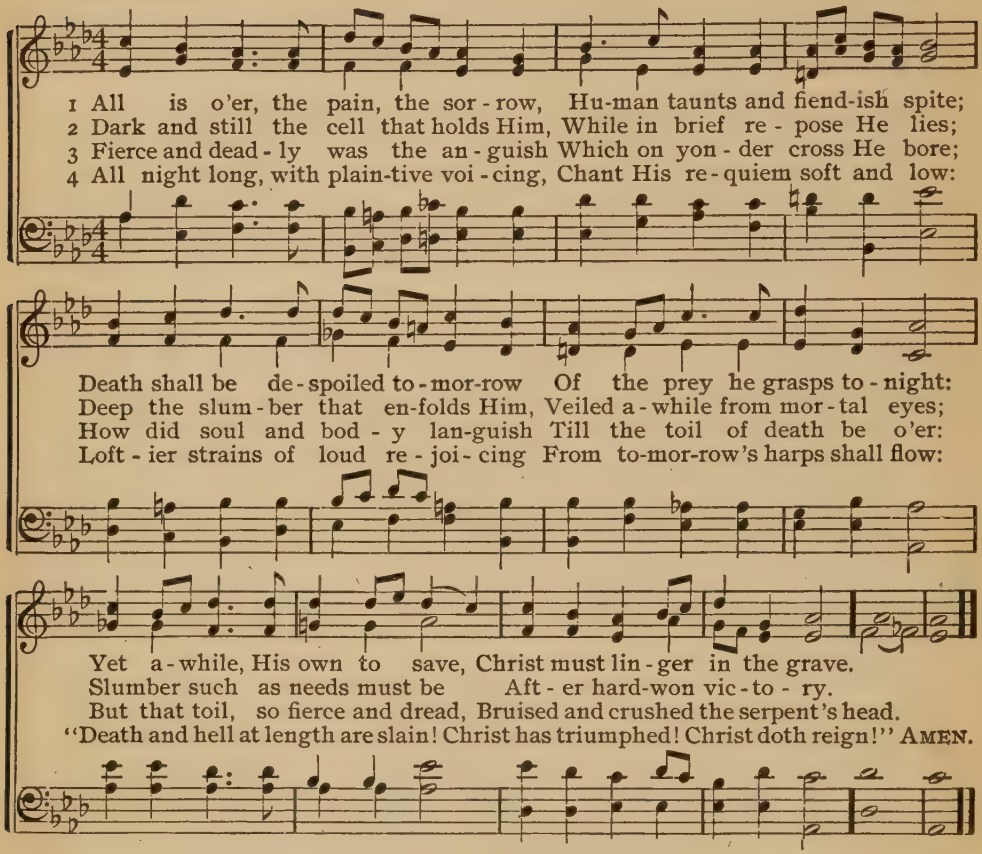
78 Hark! the voice of love and mercy

JONATHAN EVANS VOX SALUTIS JOSEPH BARNBY


1 Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;
2 "It is fin-ished!" O what pleas-ure Do these pre-cious words af - ford!
3 Fin - ished all the types and shad-ows Of the cer - e - mo - nial law;
4 Tune your harps a - new, ye ser-aphs, Join to sing the pleas-ing theme;
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
Heav'nly blessings, with-out meas-ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
Fin-ished all that God had promised; Death and hell no more shall awe:
All in earth, and all in heav - en, Join to praise Im - man-uel's name:
"It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.
"It is fin - ished!" Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
"It is fin - ished!" Saints, from hence your com - fort draw.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb. A - MEN.

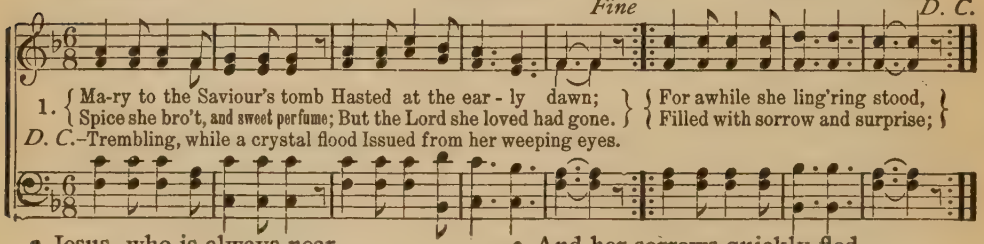
79 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow

JOHN MOULTRIE — DULWICH — W. A. F. SCHULTHES


1 All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu-man taunts and fiend-ish spite;
2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him, While in brief re - pose He lies;
3 Fierce and dead - ly was the an - guish Which on yon - der cross He bore;
4 All night long, with plain-tive voi - cing, Chant His re - quiem soft and low:
Death shall be de - spoiled to - mor-row Of the prey he grasps to - night:
Deep the slum - ber that en-folds Him, Veiled a - while from mor - tal eyes;
How did soul and bod - y lan-guish Till the toil of death be o'er:
Loft - ier strains of loud re - joi - cing From to-mor-row's harps shall flow:
Yet a - while, His own to save, Christ must lin - ger in the grave.
Slumber such as needs must be Aft - er hard-won vic - to - ry.
But that toil, so fierce and dread, Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
"Death and hell at length are slain! Christ has triumphed! Christ doth reign!" AMEN.

80 Mary to the Saviour's tomb

JOHN NEWTON — MARTYN — SIMEON B. MARSH


Fine
D. C.
1. { Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; } { For awhile she ling'ring stood,
{ Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone. } { Filled with sorrow and surprise;
D. C.–Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew Him not,
When He called her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot;
For she found Him still the same.

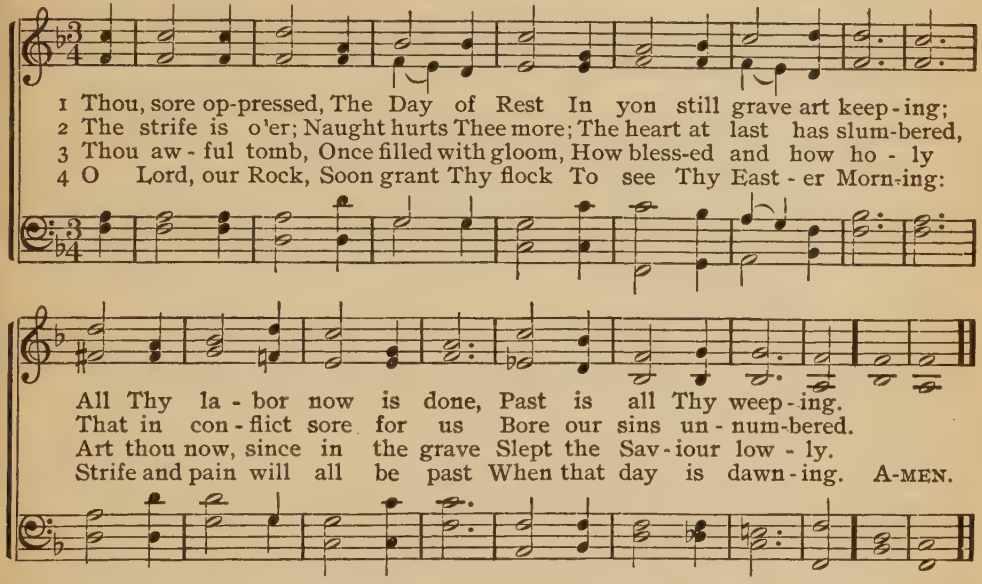
3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

81 Thou, sore oppressed, the Day of Rest

VICTOR STRAUSS
Tr. by CATHARINE WINKWORTH

ST. COLUMBA

JOHN B. CALKIN

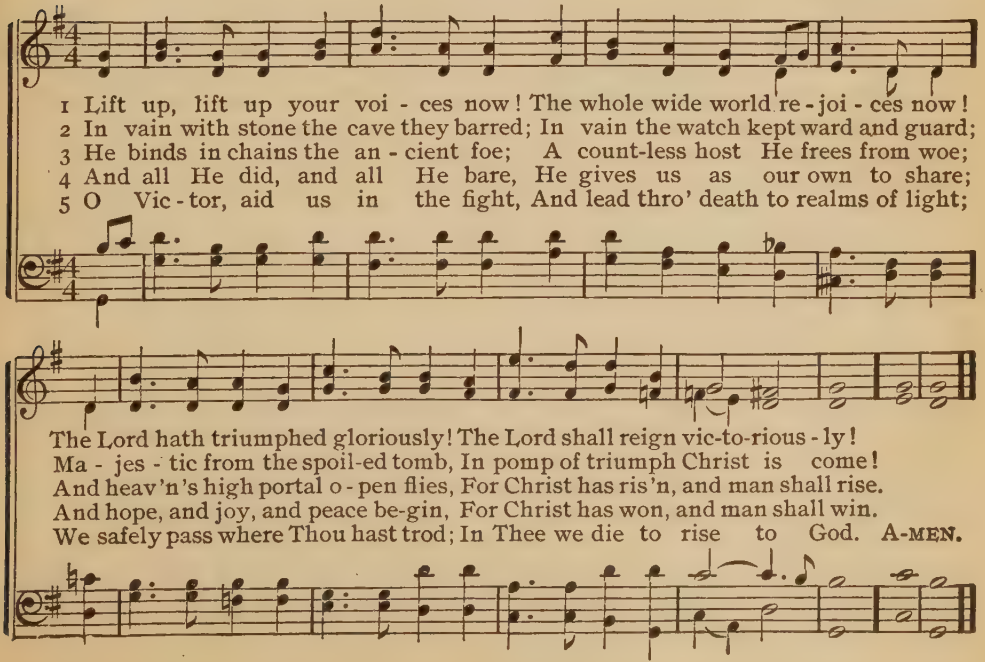

1 Thou, sore op-pressed, The Day of Rest In yon still grave art keep-ing;
2 The strife is o'er; Naught hurts Thee more; The heart at last has slum-bered,
3 Thou aw-ful tomb, Once filled with gloom, How bless-ed and how ho-ly
4 O Lord, our Rock, Soon grant Thy flock To see Thy East-er Morn-ing:
All Thy la-bor now is done, Past is all Thy weep-ing.
That in con-flict sore for us Bore our sins un-num-bered.
Art thou now, since in the grave Slept the Sav-iour low-ly.
Strife and pain will all be past When that day is dawn-ing. A-MEN.

82 Lift up, lift up your voices now

* * *

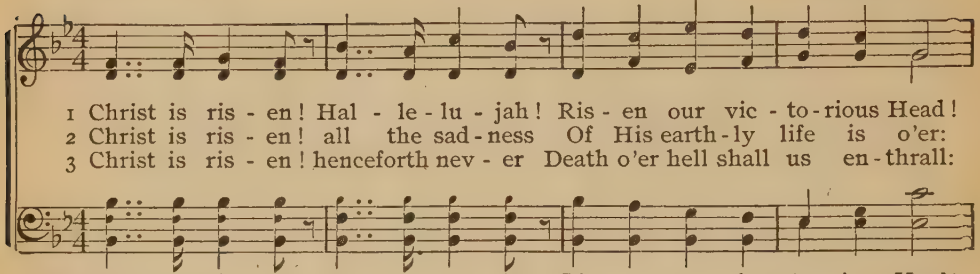
LIFT UP

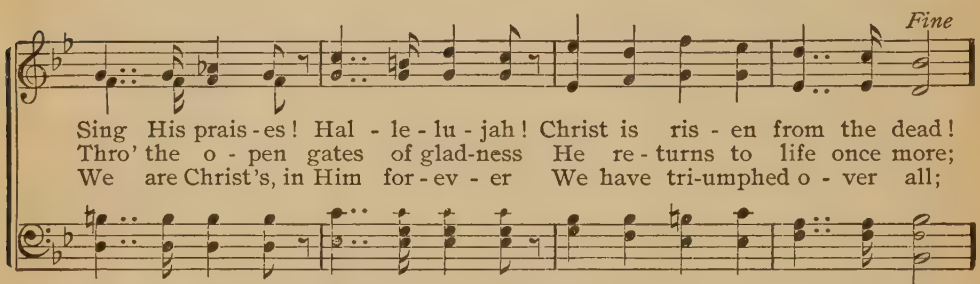
JOHN NAYLOR

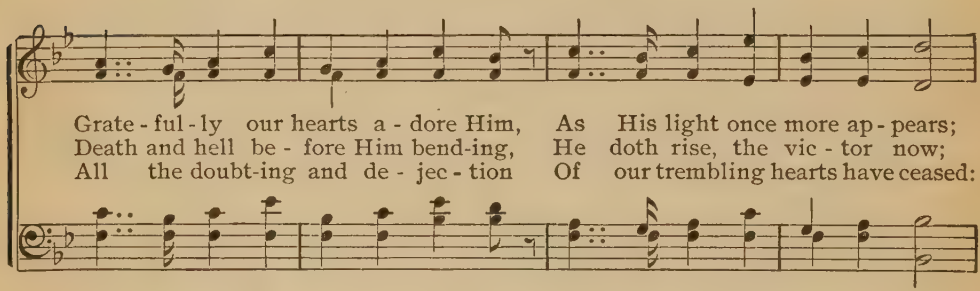

1 Lift up, lift up your voi-ces now! The whole wide world re-joi-ces now!
2 In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3 He binds in chains the an-cient foe; A count-less host He frees from woe;
4 And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
5 O Vic-tor, aid us in the fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously! The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious-ly!
Ma-jes-tic from the spoil-ed tomb, In pomp of triumph Christ is come!
And heav'n's high portal o-pen flies, For Christ has ris'n, and man shall rise.
And hope, and joy, and peace be-gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
We safely pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God. A-MEN.

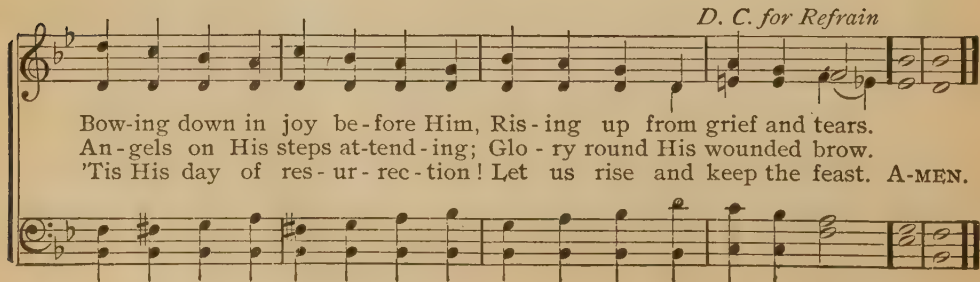
83 Christ is risen! Hallelujah!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — LUCAS — HUGH WILSON

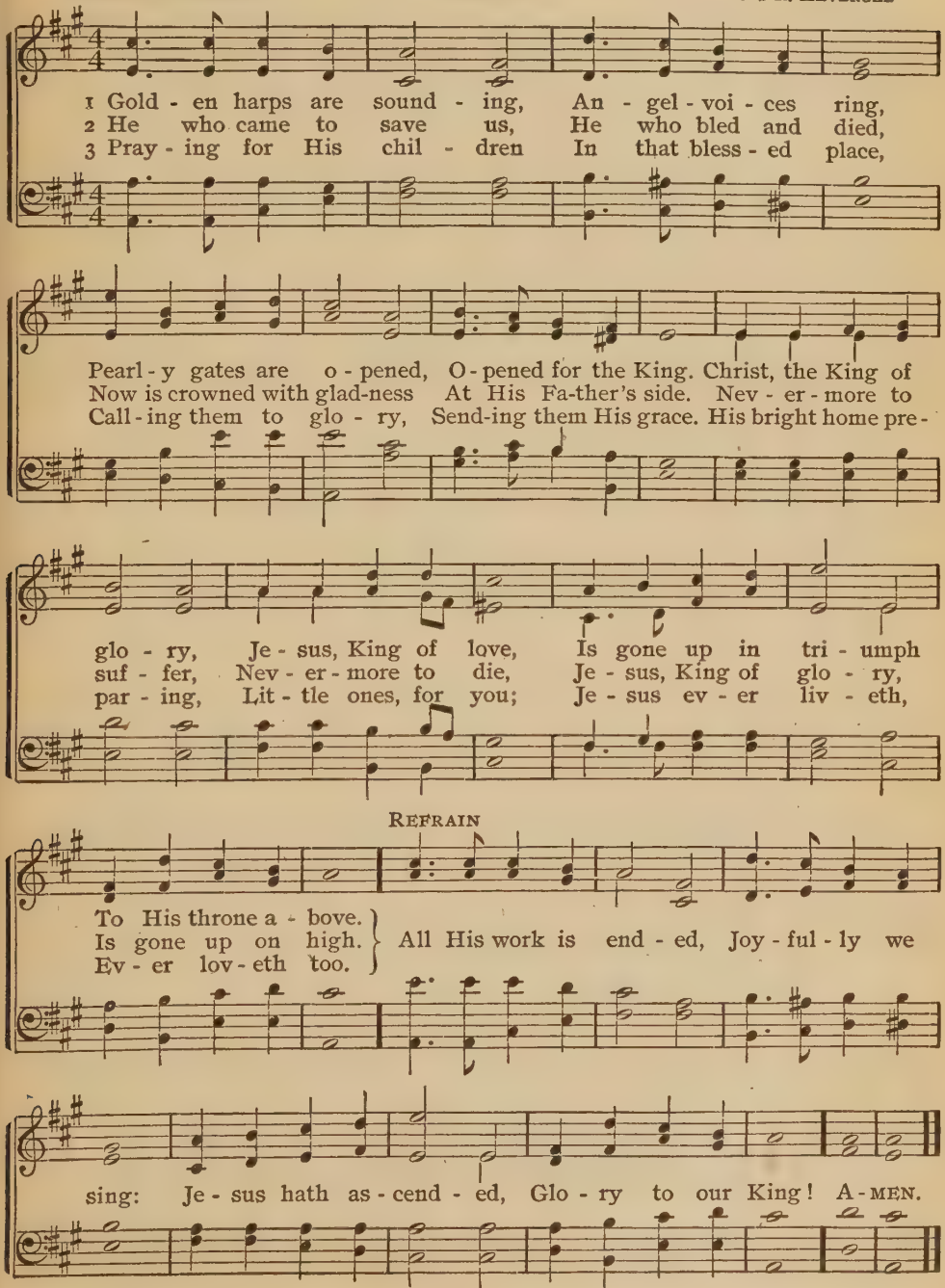

1 Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
2 Christ is ris - en! all the sad - ness Of His earth - ly life is o'er:
3 Christ is ris - en! henceforth nev - er Death o'er hell shall us en - thrall:
REF.-Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!


Fine
Sing His prais - es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
Thro' the o - pen gates of glad - ness He re - turns to life once more;
We are Christ's, in Him for - ev - er We have tri - umphed o - ver all;
Sing His prais - es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!


Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears;
Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, He doth rise, the vic - tor now;
All the doubt - ing and de - jec - tion Of our trembling hearts have ceased:

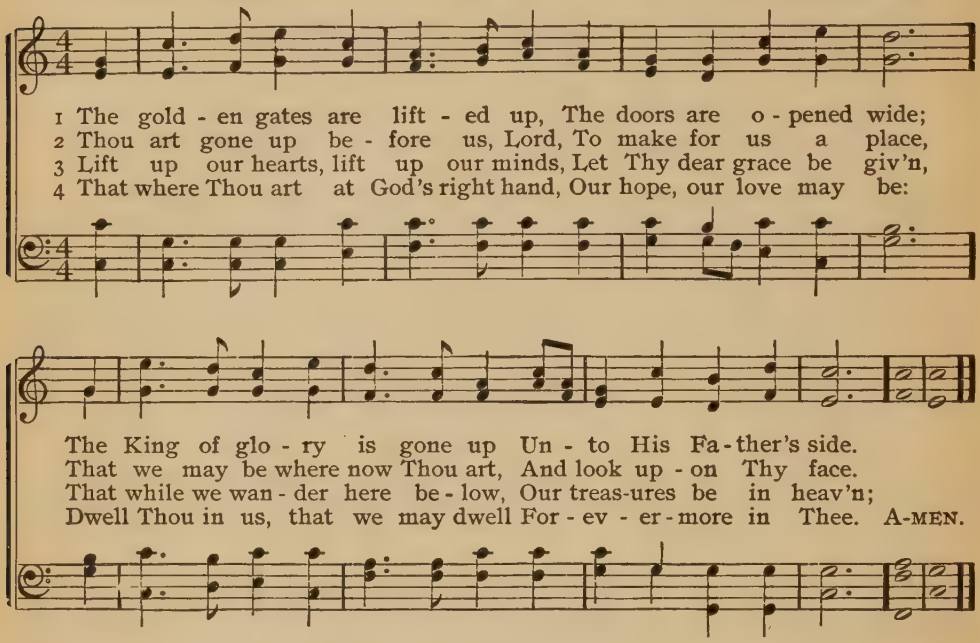

D. C. for Refrain
Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing; Glo - ry round His wounded brow.
'Tis His day of res - ur - rec - tion! Let us rise and keep the feast. A - MEN.

84 Golden harps are sounding

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL HERMAS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

1 Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel - voi - ces ring,
2 He who came to save us, He who bled and died,
3 Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place,
Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of
Now is crowned with glad-ness At His Fa-ther's side. Nev - er - more to
Call - ing them to glo - ry, Send-ing them His grace. His bright home pre -
glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph
suf - fer, Nev - er - more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry,
par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth,
REFRAIN
To His throne a - bove.
Is gone up on high.
Ev - er liv - eth too.
All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we
sing: Je - sus hath as - cend - ed, Glo - ry to our King! A - MEN.

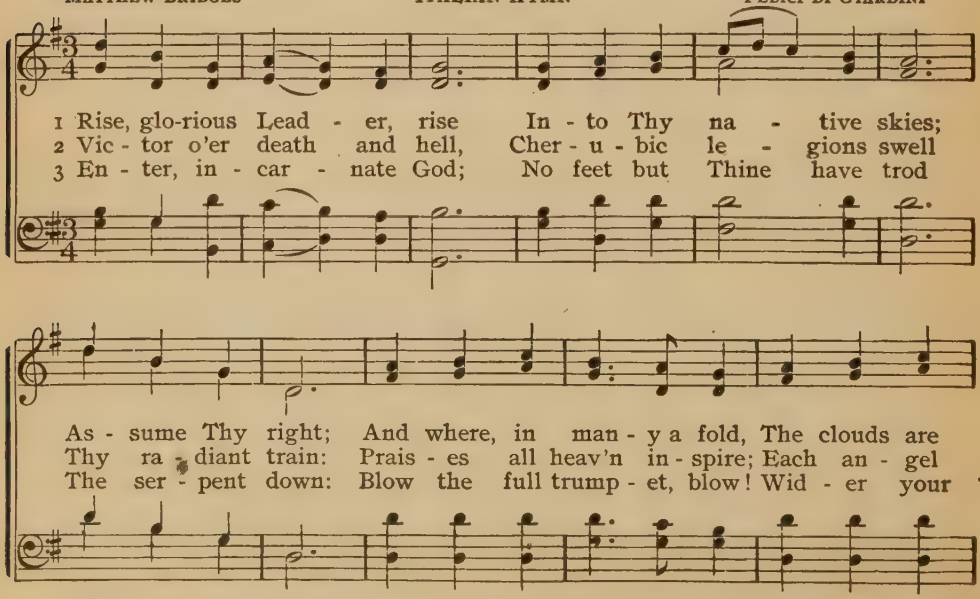
85 The golden gates are lifted up

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — BROWN — William B. Bradbury

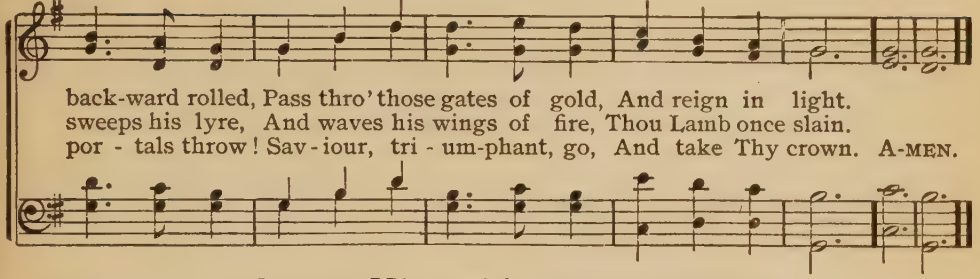

1 The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide;
2 Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place,
3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be giv'n,
4 That where Thou art at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be:
The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side.
That we may be where now Thou art, And look up - on Thy face.
That while we wan - der here be - low, Our treas-ures be in heav'n;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell For - ev - er - more in Thee. A-MEN.

86 Rise, glorious Leader, rise

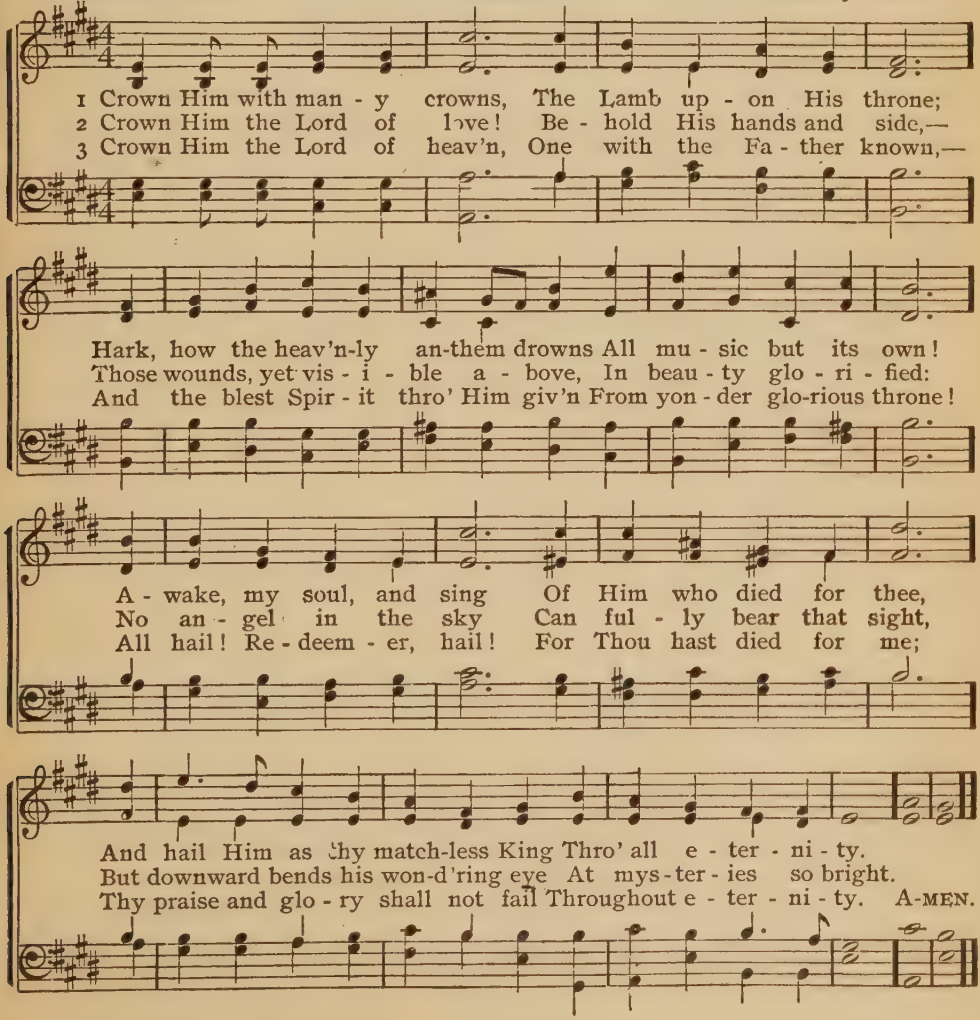
Matthew Bridges — ITALIAN HYMN — Felici di Giardini


1 Rise, glo-rious Lead - er, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies;
2 Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell
3 En - ter, in - car - nate God; No feet but Thine have trod
As - sume Thy right; And where, in man - y a fold, The clouds are
Thy ra - diant train: Prais - es all heav'n in - spire; Each an - gel
The ser - pent down: Blow the full trump - et, blow! Wid - er your

Rise, glorious Leader, rise

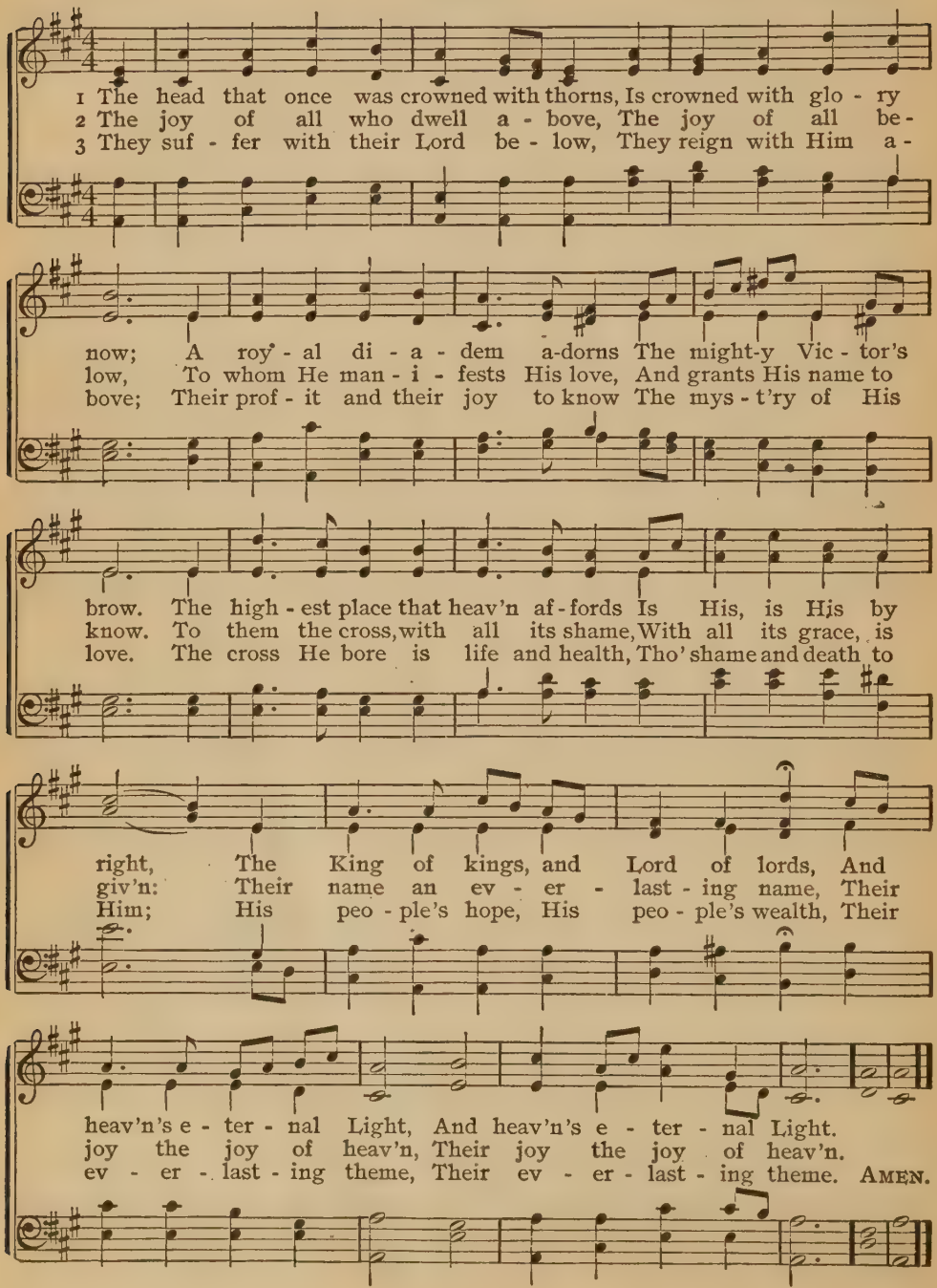

back-ward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
sweeps his lyre, And waves his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain.
por - tals throw! Sav - iour, tri - um-phant, go, And take Thy crown. A-MEN.

87 Crown Him with many crowns

MATTHEW BRIDGES DIADEMATA GEORGE J. ELVEY

1 Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2 Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, One with the Fa - ther known,—
Hark, how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
And the blest Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo-rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
All hail! Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But downward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

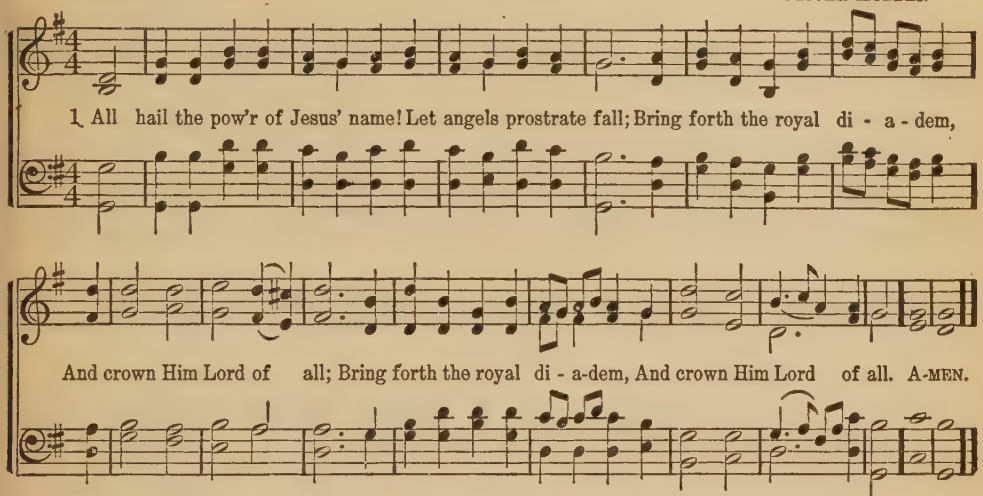
88 The head that once was crowned with thorns

THOMAS KELLY — HOLLAND — National Air of Holland


1 The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now; A roy' - al di - a - dem a-dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right, The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal Light, And heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.
2 The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low, To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is love. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to giv'n: Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n, Their joy the joy of heav'n.
3 They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove; Their prof - it and their joy to know The mys - t'ry of His Him; His peo - ple's hope, His peo - ple's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme, Their ev - er - last - ing theme. AMEN.

89 All hail the power of Jesus' name

EDWARD PERRONET — CORONATION — OLIVER HOLDEN


1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

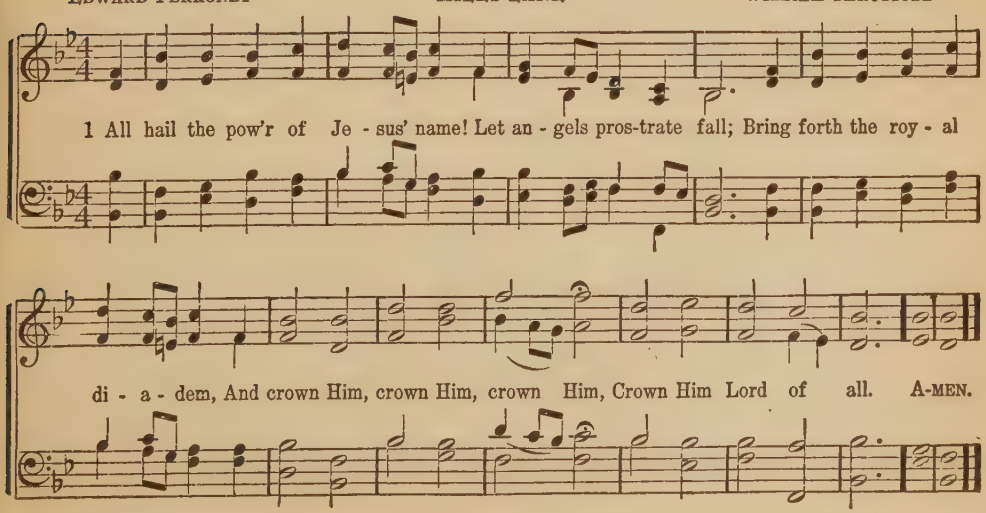
3 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

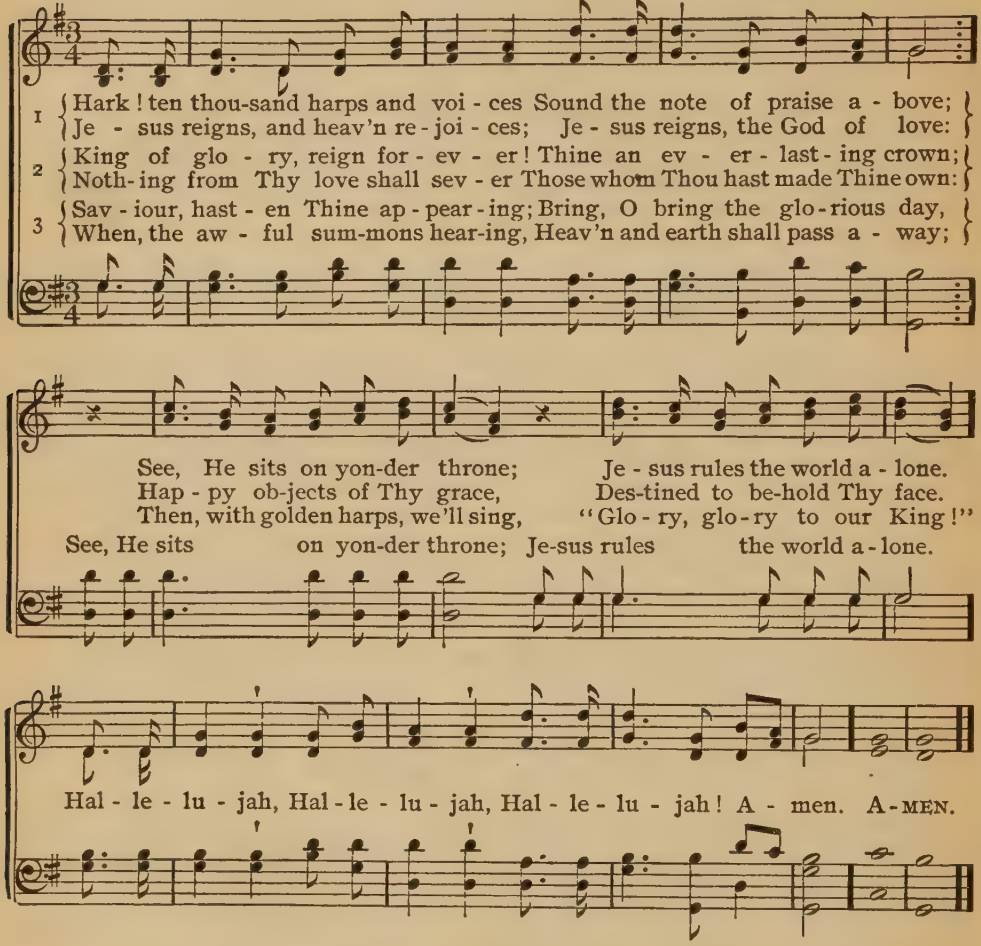
90 All hail the power of Jesus' name

EDWARD PERRONET — MILES LANE — WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE


1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

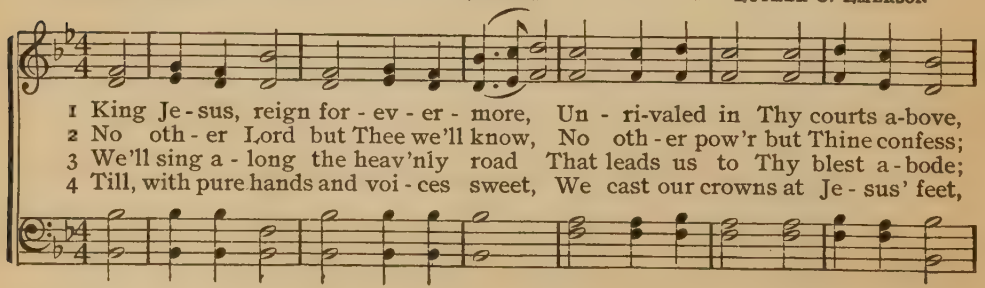
91 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices

THOMAS KELLY — HARWELL — LOWELL MASON

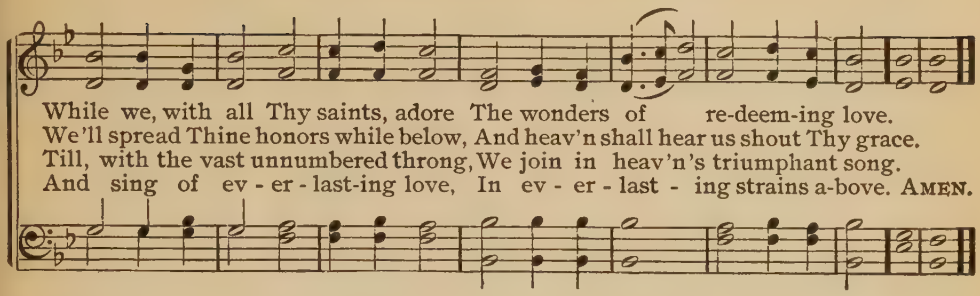

1 Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
2 King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
3 Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. A-MEN.

92 King Jesus, reign forevermore

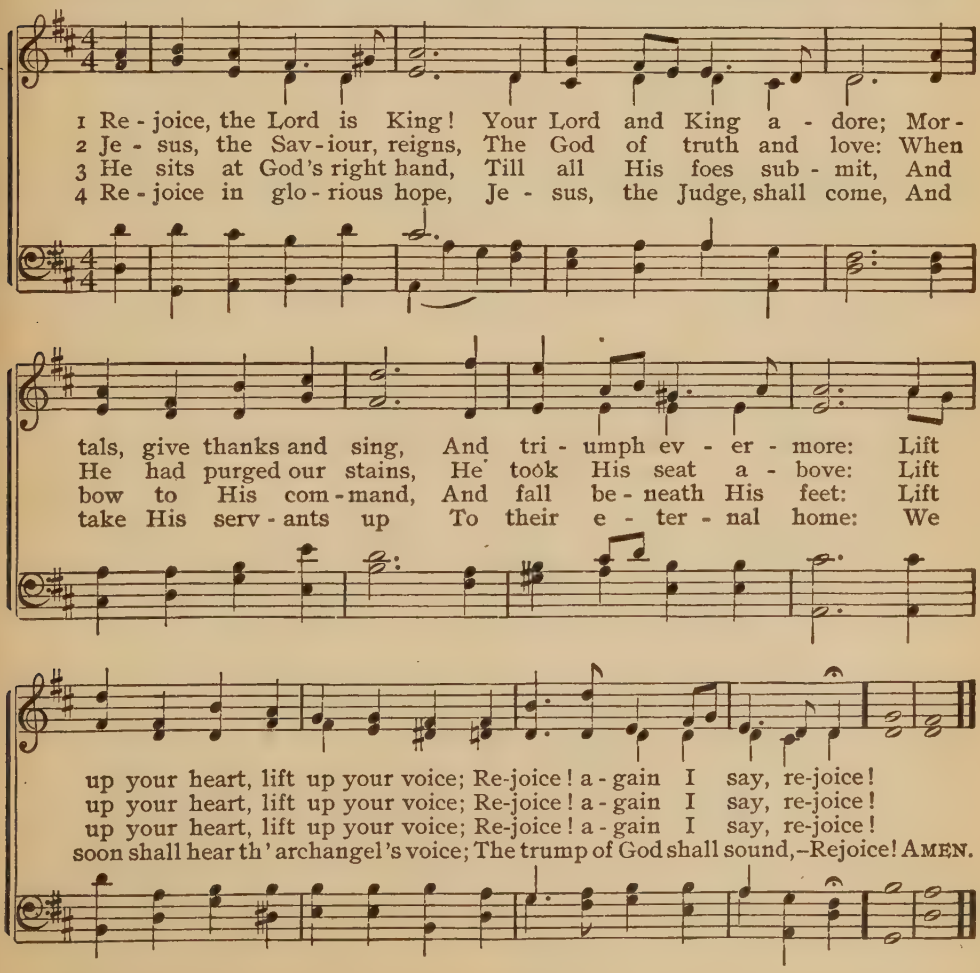
RALPH WARDLAW — SESSIONS — LUTHER O. EMERSON


1 King Je - sus, reign for - ev - er - more, Un - ri-valed in Thy courts a-bove,
2 No oth - er Lord but Thee we'll know, No oth - er pow'r but Thine confess;
3 We'll sing a - long the heav'nly road That leads us to Thy blest a - bode;
4 Till, with pure hands and voi - ces sweet, We cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet,

King Jesus, reign forevermore

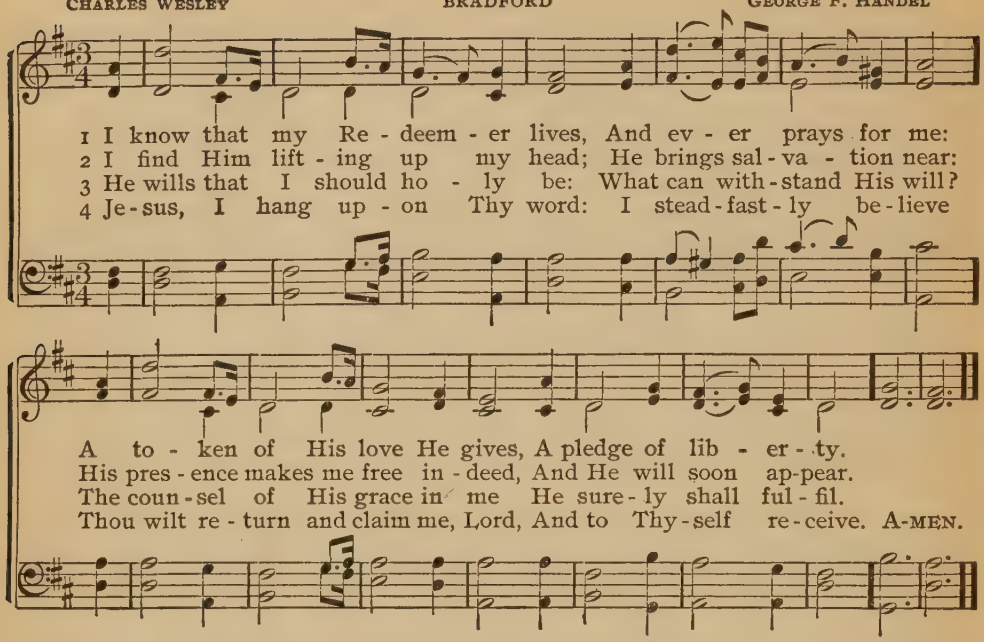

While we, with all Thy saints, adore The wonders of re-deem-ing love.
We'll spread Thine honors while below, And heav'n shall hear us shout Thy grace.
Till, with the vast unnumbered throng, We join in heav'n's triumphant song.
And sing of ev - er - last-ing love, In ev - er - last - ing strains a-bove. AMEN.

93 Rejoice, the Lord is King

CHARLES WESLEY GOPSAL, GEORGE F. HANDEL

1 Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor -
2 Je - sus, the Sav - iour, reigns, The God of truth and love: When
3 He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes sub - mit, And
4 Re - joice in glo - rious hope, Je - sus, the Judge, shall come, And
tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift
He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift
bow to His com - mand, And fall be - neath His feet: Lift
take His serv - ants up To their e - ter - nal home: We
up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice! a - gain I say, re-joice!
up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice! a - gain I say, re-joice!
up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice! a - gain I say, re-joice!
soon shall hear th' archangel's voice; The trump of God shall sound,–Rejoice! AMEN.

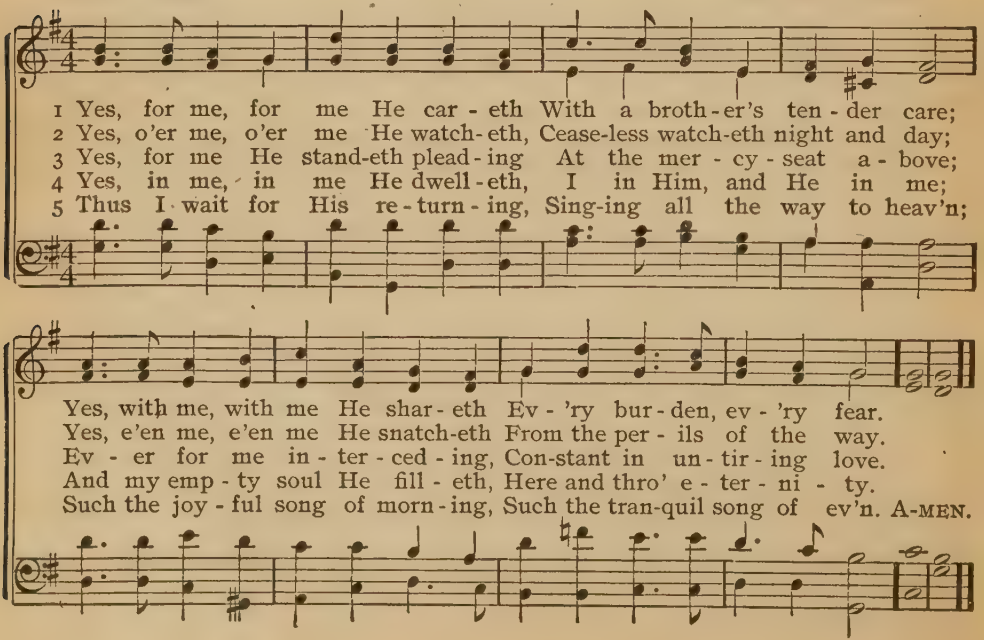
94 I know that my Redeemer lives

CHARLES WESLEY BRADFORD GEORGE F. HANDEL


1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
2 I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
3 He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with - stand His will?
4 Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive. A-MEN.

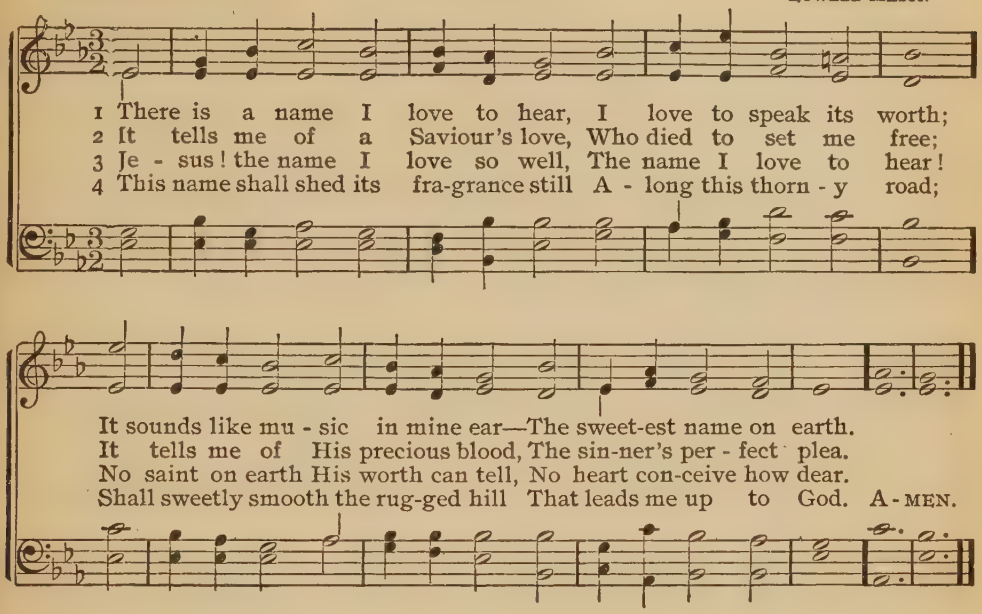
95 Yes, for me, for me He careth

HORATIUS BONAR MABYN ARTHUR H. BROWN


1 Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth - er's ten - der care;
2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watch - eth, Cease - less watch - eth night and day;
3 Yes, for me He stand - eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove;
4 Yes, in me, in me He dwell - eth, I in Him, and He in me;
5 Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;
Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry fear.
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatch - eth From the per - ils of the way.
Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of ev'n. A-MEN.

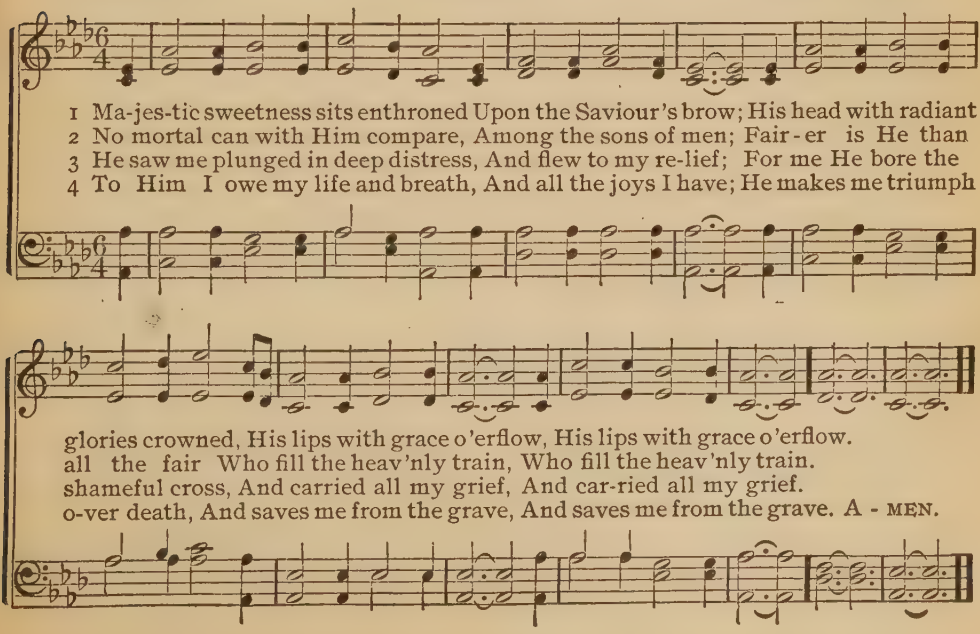
96 There is a name I love to hear

FREDERICK WHITFIELD DOWNS LOWELL MASON


1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth;
2 It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3 Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!
4 This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear—The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per - fect plea.
No saint on earth His worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.
Shall sweetly smooth the rug-ged hill That leads me up to God. A - MEN.

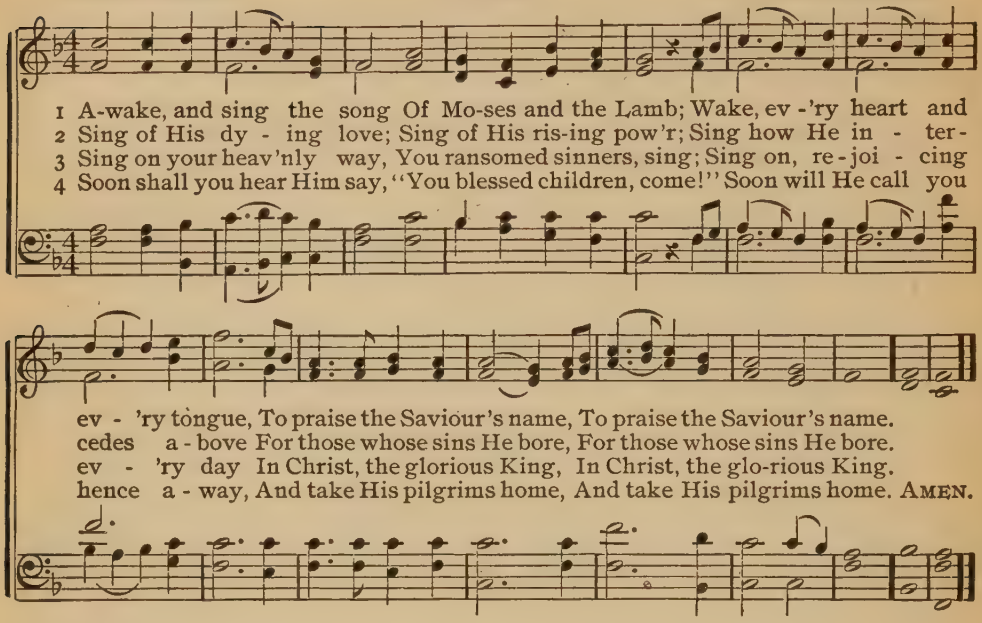
97 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned

SAMUEL STENNETT ORTONVILLE THOMAS HASTINGS


1 Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2 No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the
4 To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

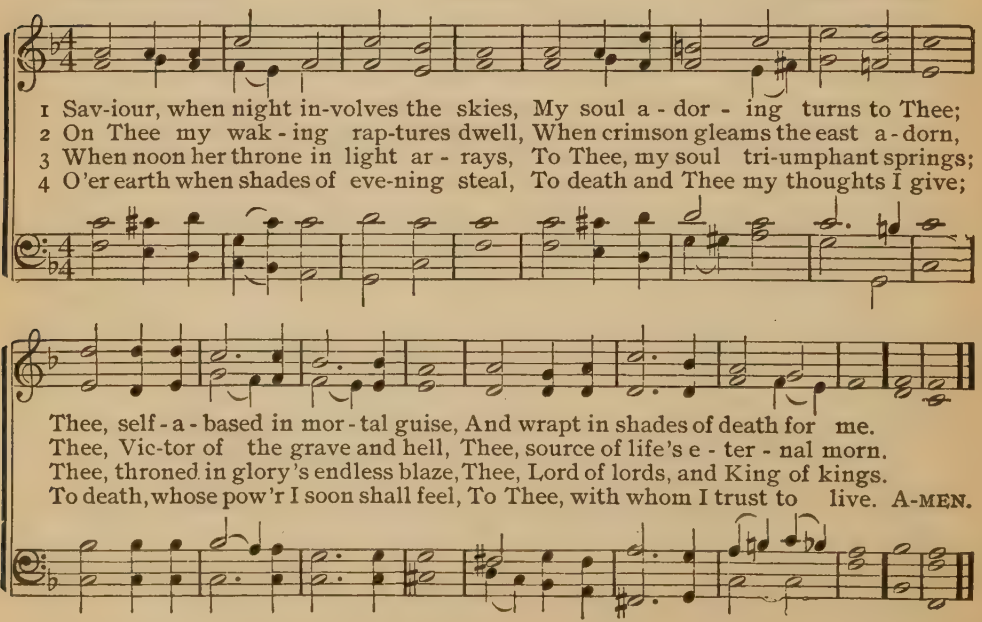
98 Awake, and sing the song

WILLIAM HAMMOND LUTHER THOMAS HASTINGS


1 A-wake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb; Wake, ev-'ry heart and
2 Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris-ing pow'r; Sing how He in - ter-
3 Sing on your heav'nly way, You ransomed sinners, sing; Sing on, re-joi - cing
4 Soon shall you hear Him say, "You blessed children, come!" Soon will He call you
ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore, For those whose sins He bore.
ev - 'ry day In Christ, the glorious King, In Christ, the glo-rious King.
hence a - way, And take His pilgrims home, And take His pilgrims home. AMEN.

99 Saviour, when night involves the skies

THOMAS GISBORNE SWEDEN HENRY HILES


1 Sav-iour, when night in-volves the skies, My soul a - dor - ing turns to Thee;
2 On Thee my wak - ing rap-tures dwell, When crimson gleams the east a - dorn,
3 When noon her throne in light ar - rays, To Thee, my soul tri-umphant springs;
4 O'er earth when shades of eve-ning steal, To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
Thee, self - a - based in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.
Thee, Vic-tor of the grave and hell, Thee, source of life's e - ter - nal morn.
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze, Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.
To death, whose pow'r I soon shall feel, To Thee, with whom I trust to live. A-MEN.

100 My gracious Redeemer I love

BENJAMIN FRANCIS — DE FLEURY — German

Fine.

1 My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love; His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-a-ble name.

D. C.—And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

2 You pal-a-ces, scepters, and crowns, Your pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a-way.

D. C.—My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows—My God, my Re-deem-er is mine.

D. C.

To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,
The crown that my Saviour bestows Yon permanent sun shall outshine; A-MEN.

101 Come, let us join our cheerful songs

ISAAC WATTS — WARWICK — SAMUEL STANLEY

1 Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2 "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus:"
3 Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine;
4 The whole cre-a-tion join in one To bless the sa-cred name

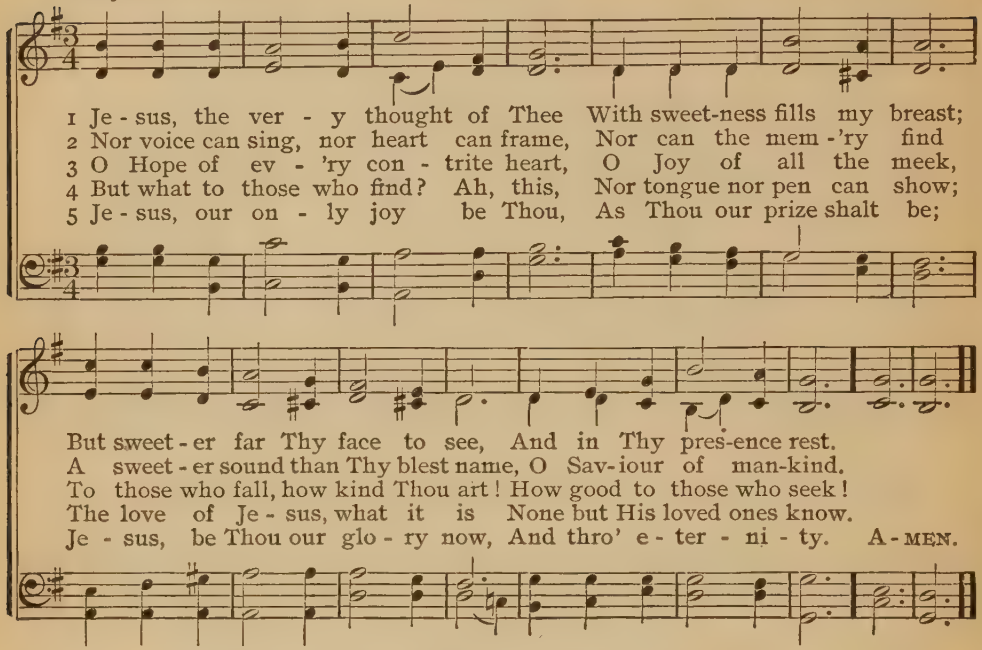
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor-thy the Lamb," our lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us."
And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.
Of Him who sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb. AMEN.

102 Jesus, the very thought of Thee

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL

ST. AGNES

JOHN B. DYKES

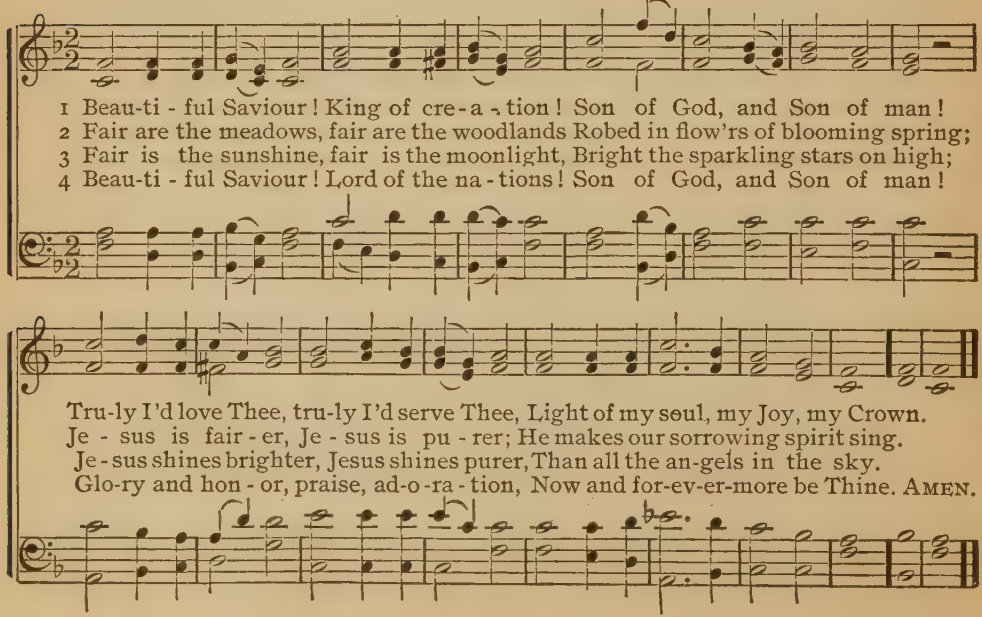

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3 O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize shalt be;
But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

103 Beautiful Saviour! King of creation

Tr. by JOSEPH A. SEISS

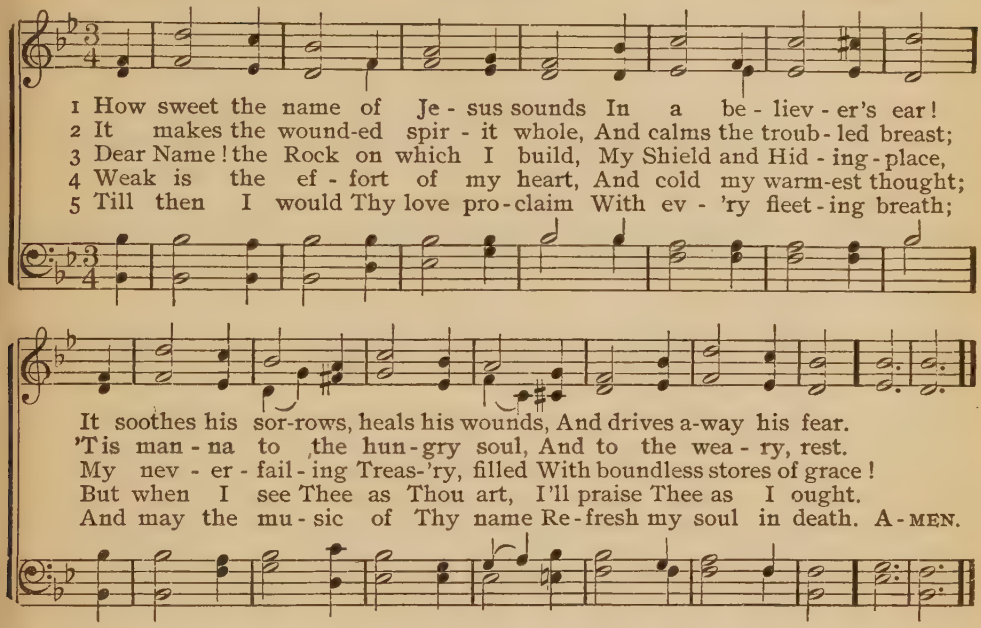
CRUSADERS' HYMN

German Melody


1 Beau-ti - ful Saviour! King of cre-a - tion! Son of God, and Son of man!
2 Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands Robed in flow'rs of blooming spring;
3 Fair is the sunshine, fair is the moonlight, Bright the sparkling stars on high;
4 Beau-ti - ful Saviour! Lord of the na - tions! Son of God, and Son of man!
Tru-ly I'd love Thee, tru-ly I'd serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pu - rer; He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.
Je - sus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer, Than all the an-gels in the sky.
Glo-ry and hon - or, praise, ad-o-ra - tion, Now and for-ev-er-more be Thine. AMEN.

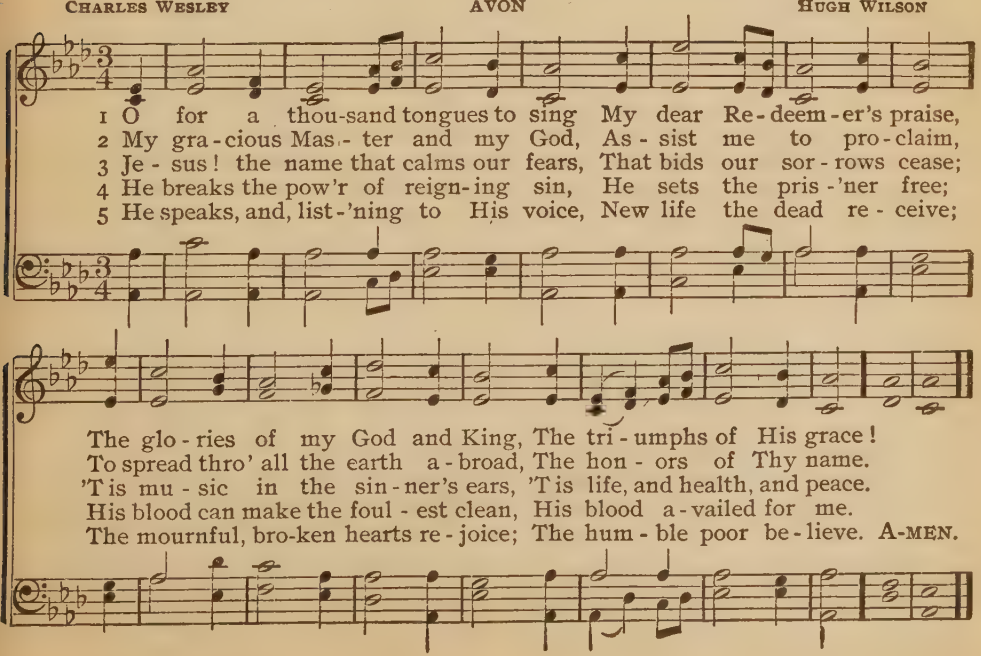
104 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

JOHN NEWTON — HOLY CROSS — FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN


1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2 It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place,
4 Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;
5 Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
'T is man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treas-'ry, filled With boundless stores of grace!
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. A - MEN.

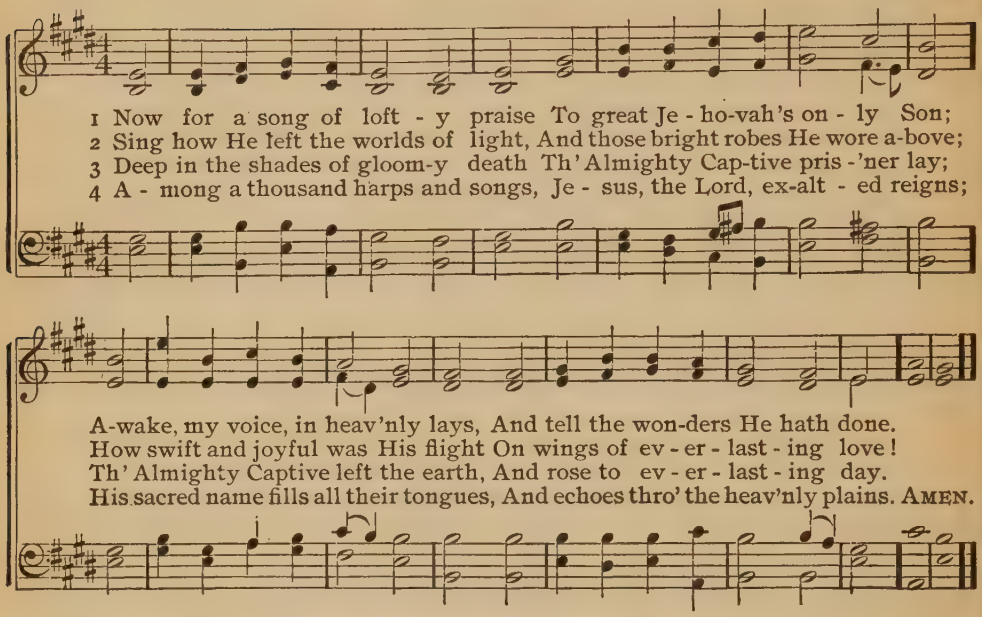
105 O for a thousand tongues to sing

CHARLES WESLEY — AVON — HUGH WILSON


1 O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise,
2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3 Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4 He breaks the pow'r of reign - ing sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;
5 He speaks, and, list - 'ning to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'T is mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'T is life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
The mournful, bro-ken hearts re - joice; The hum - ble poor be - lieve. A-MEN.

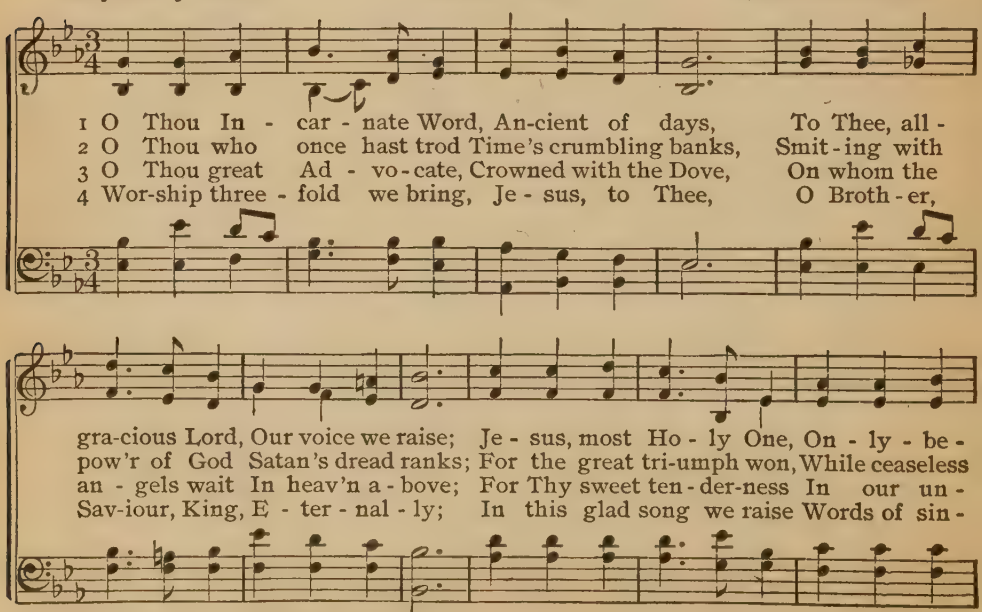
106 Now for a song of lofty praise

ISAAC WATTS — UXBRIDGE — LOWELL MASON


1 Now for a song of loft - y praise To great Je - ho-vah's on - ly Son;
2 Sing how He left the worlds of light, And those bright robes He wore a-bove;
3 Deep in the shades of gloom-y death Th' Almighty Cap-tive pris - 'ner lay;
4 A - mong a thousand harps and songs, Je - sus, the Lord, ex-alt - ed reigns;
A-wake, my voice, in heav'nly lays, And tell the won-ders He hath done.
How swift and joyful was His flight On wings of ev - er - last - ing love!
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth, And rose to ev - er - last - ing day.
His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains. AMEN.

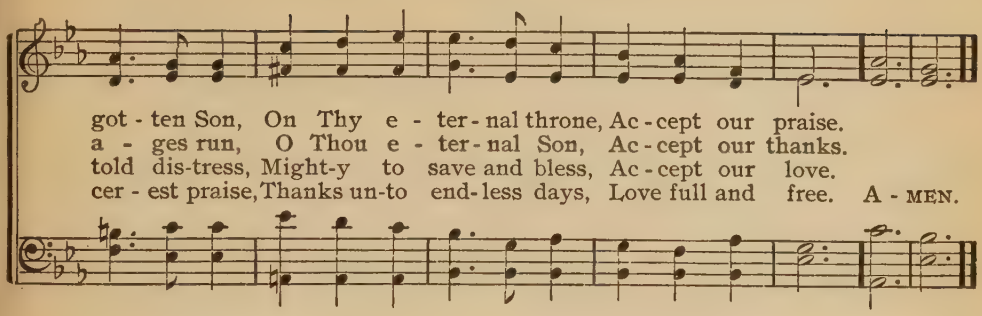
107 O Thou Incarnate Word

BENJAMIN J. RADFORD — ASTRA MATUTINA — EDWARD H. THORNE


1 O Thou In - car - nate Word, An-cient of days, To Thee, all -
2 O Thou who once hast trod Time's crumbling banks, Smit - ing with
3 O Thou great Ad - vo - cate, Crowned with the Dove, On whom the
4 Wor-ship three - fold we bring, Je - sus, to Thee, O Broth - er,
gra-cious Lord, Our voice we raise; Je - sus, most Ho - ly One, On - ly - be -
pow'r of God Satan's dread ranks; For the great tri-umph won, While ceaseless
an - gels wait In heav'n a - bove; For Thy sweet ten - der-ness In our un -
Sav-iour, King, E - ter - nal - ly; In this glad song we raise Words of sin -

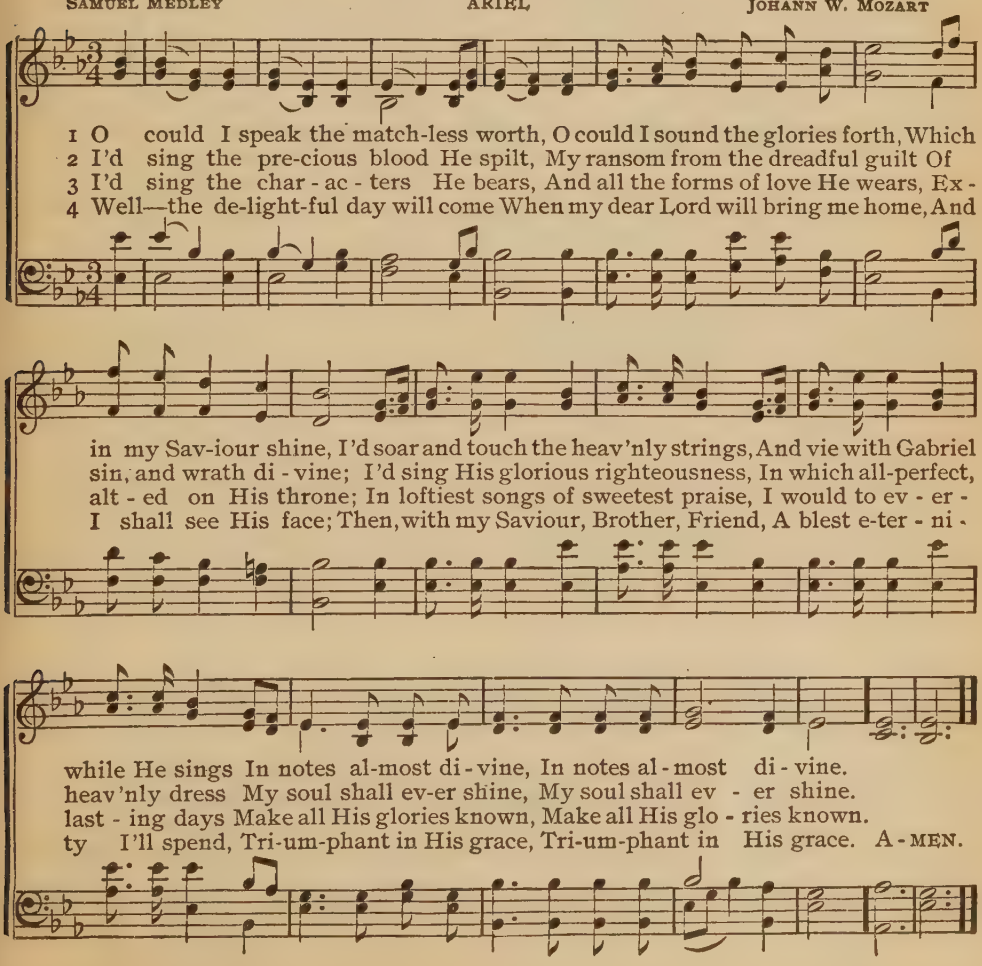
Words copyright, 1905, by W. E. M. Hackleman

O Thou Incarnate Word

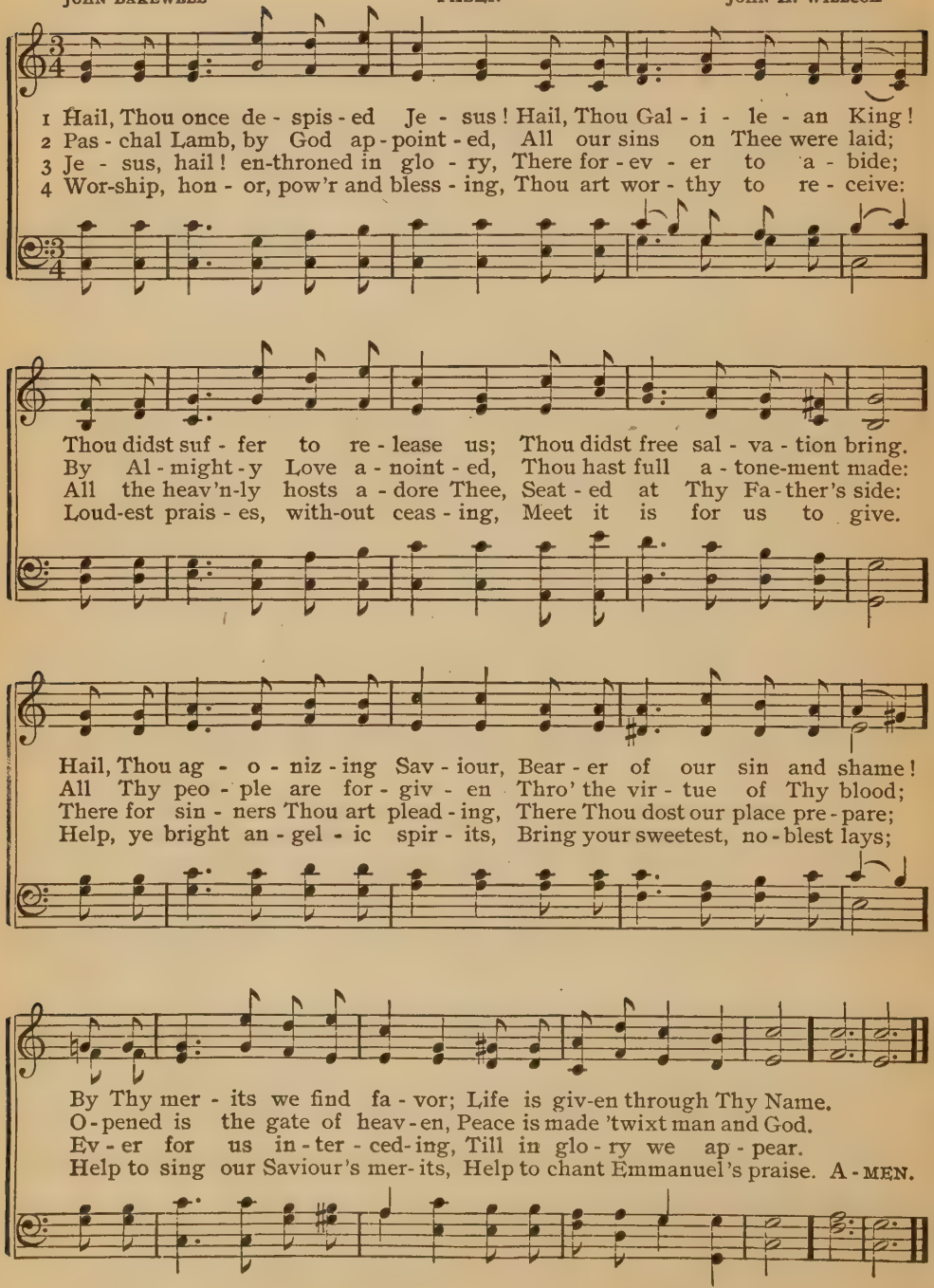

got - ten Son, On Thy e - ter - nal throne, Ac - cept our praise.
a - ges run, O Thou e - ter - nal Son, Ac - cept our thanks.
told dis-tress, Might-y to save and bless, Ac - cept our love.
cer - est praise, Thanks un-to end-less days, Love full and free. A - MEN.

108 O could I speak the matchless worth

SAMUEL MEDLEY ARIEL JOHANN W. MOZART


1 O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which
2 I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
3 I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex -
4 Well—the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And
in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
sin, and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect,
alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er -
I shall see His face; Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter - ni -
while He sings In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
last - ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo - ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

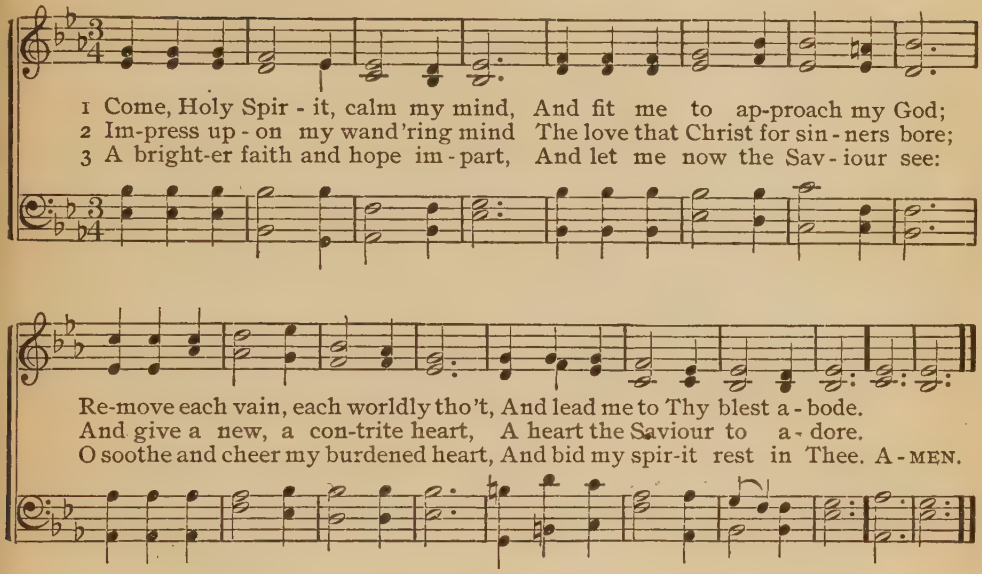
109 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus

JOHN BAKEWELL — FABEN — JOHN H. WILLCOX

1 Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2 Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3 Je - sus, hail! en-throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
4 Wor-ship, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive:
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By Al - might - y Love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made:
All the heav'n-ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side:
Loud-est prais - es, with-out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood;
There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing, There Thou dost our place pre - pare;
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweetest, no - blest lays;
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv-en through Thy Name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
Help to sing our Saviour's mer - its, Help to chant Emmanuel's praise. A - MEN.

110 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind

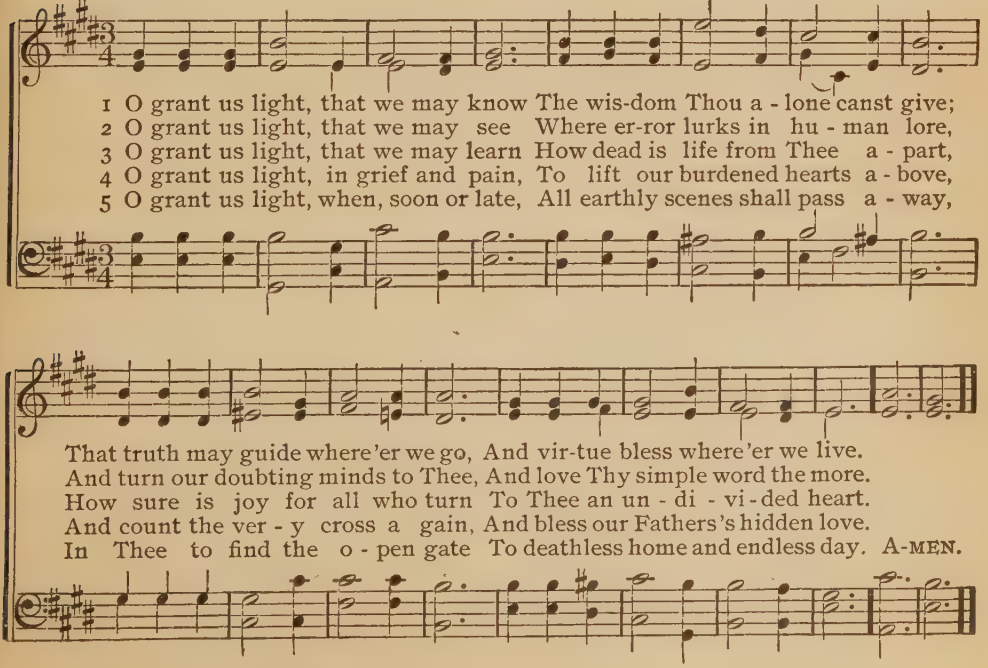
* * *

SAXBY — TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS


1 Come, Holy Spir - it, calm my mind, And fit me to ap-proach my God;
2 Im-press up - on my wand'ring mind The love that Christ for sin - ners bore;
3 A bright-er faith and hope im - part, And let me now the Sav - iour see:
Re-move each vain, each worldly tho't, And lead me to Thy blest a - bode.
And give a new, a con-trite heart, A heart the Saviour to a - dore.
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir-it rest in Thee. A - MEN.

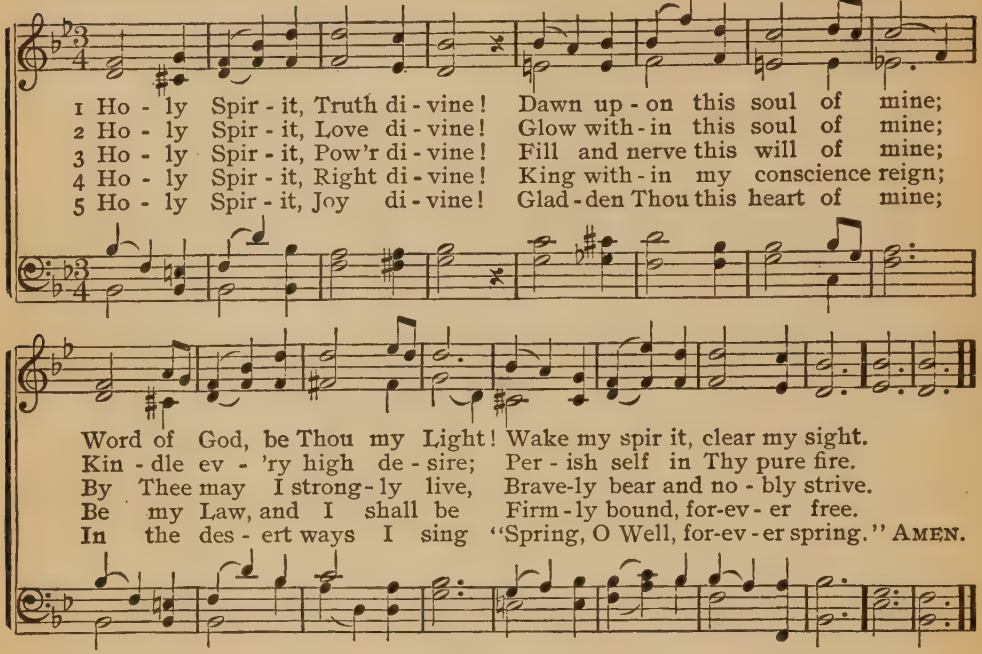
111 O grant us light, that we may know

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT — ST. CRISPIN — GEORGE J. ELVEY


1 O grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom Thou a - lone canst give;
2 O grant us light, that we may see Where er-ror lurks in hu - man lore,
3 O grant us light, that we may learn How dead is life from Thee a - part,
4 O grant us light, in grief and pain, To lift our burdened hearts a - bove,
5 O grant us light, when, soon or late, All earthly scenes shall pass a - way,
That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live.
And turn our doubting minds to Thee, And love Thy simple word the more.
How sure is joy for all who turn To Thee an un - di - vi - ded heart.
And count the ver - y cross a gain, And bless our Fathers's hidden love.
In Thee to find the o - pen gate To deathless home and endless day. A-MEN.

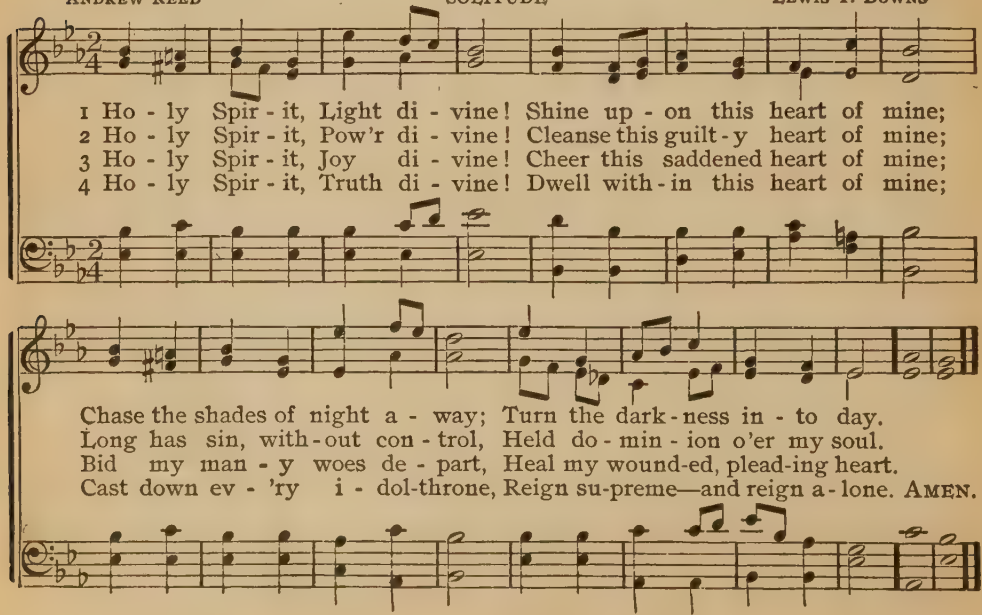
112 Holy Spirit, Truth divine

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — LAST HOPE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK

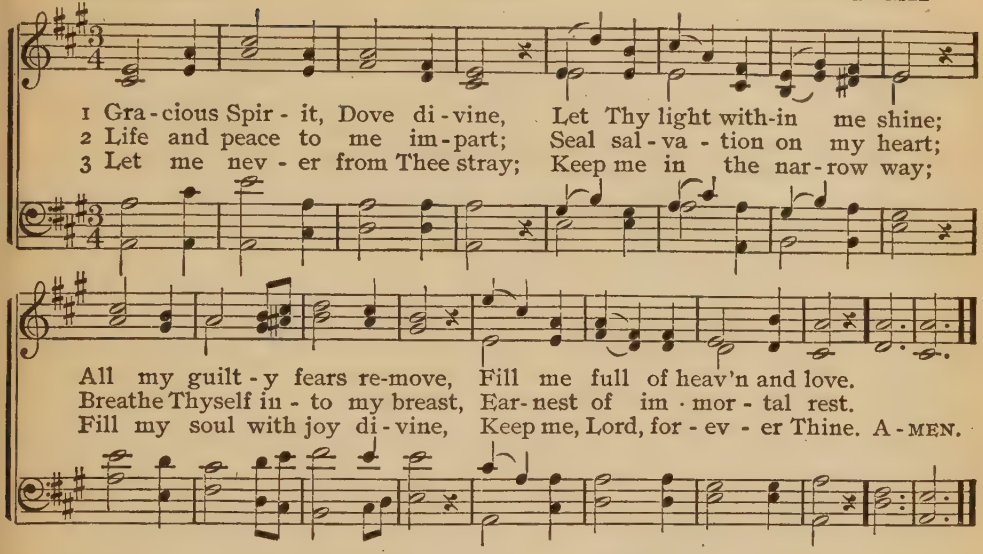

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2 Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this soul of mine;
3 Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4 Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign;
5 Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine! Glad - den Thou this heart of mine;
Word of God, be Thou my Light! Wake my spir it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave-ly bear and no - bly strive.
Be my Law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for-ev - er free.
In the des - ert ways I sing "Spring, O Well, for-ev - er spring." AMEN.

113 Holy Spirit, Light divine

ANDREW REED — SOLITUDE — LEWIS T. DOWNS

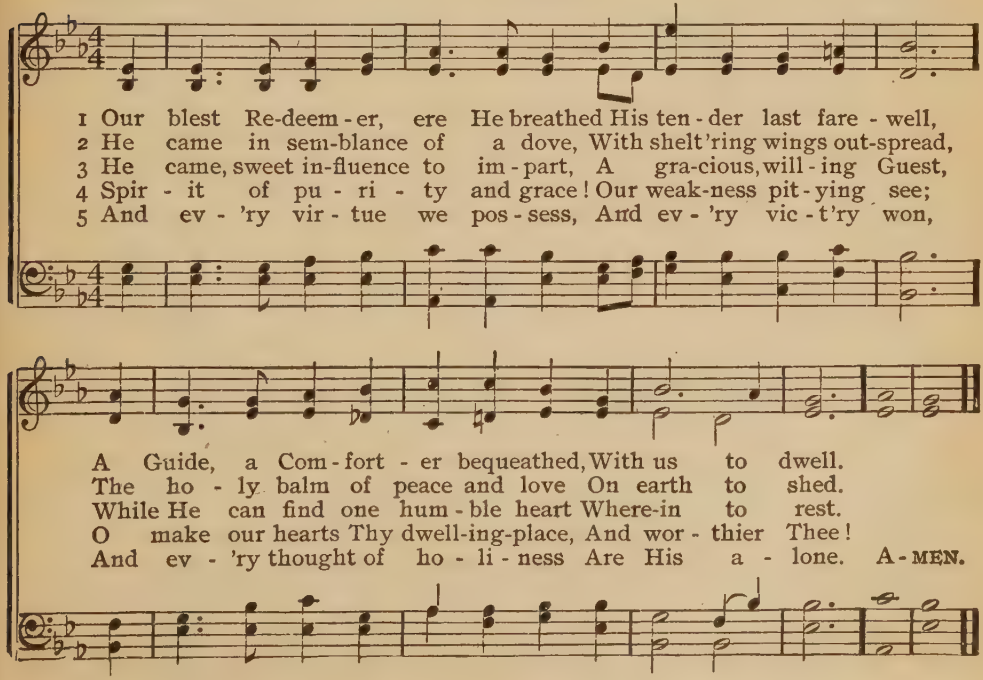

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, Light di - vine! Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2 Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3 Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine! Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4 Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.
Long has sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, plead-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone. AMEN.

114 Gracious Spirit, Dove divine

JOHN STOCKER HORTON XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE

1 Gra - cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with-in me shine;
2 Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
3 Let me nev - er from Thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;
All my guilt - y fears re-move, Fill me full of heav'n and love.
Breathe Thyself in - to my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine. A - MEN.

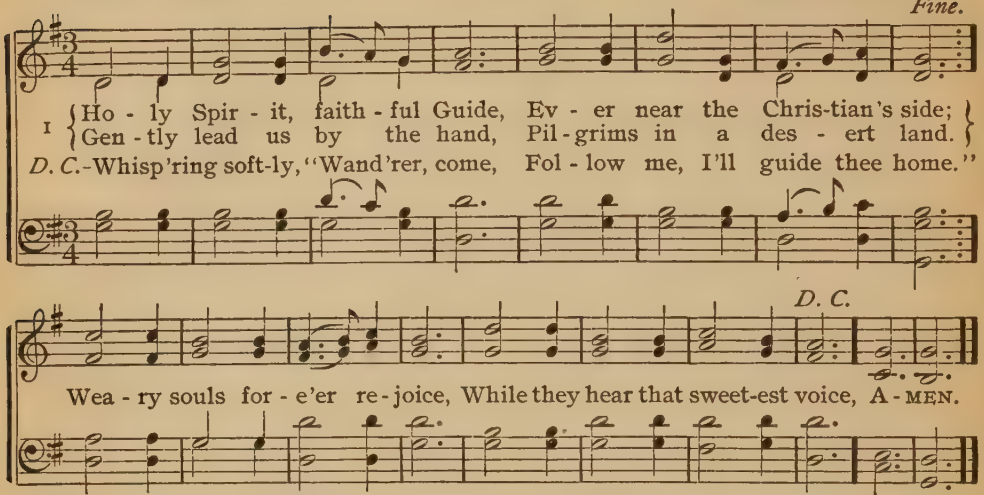
115 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

HARRIET AUBER ST. CUTHBERT JOHN B. DYKES


1 Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
2 He came in sem-blance of a dove, With shelt'ring wings out-spread,
3 He came, sweet in-fluence to im - part, A gra-cious, will - ing Guest,
4 Spir - it of pu - ri - ty and grace! Our weak-ness pit - ying see;
5 And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won,
A Guide, a Com - fort - er bequeathed, With us to dwell.
The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
While He can find one hum - ble heart Where-in to rest.
O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And wor - thier Thee!
And ev - 'ry thought of ho - li - ness Are His a - lone. A - MEN.

116 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide

MARCUS M. WELLS — TAYLOR — MARCUS M. WELLS

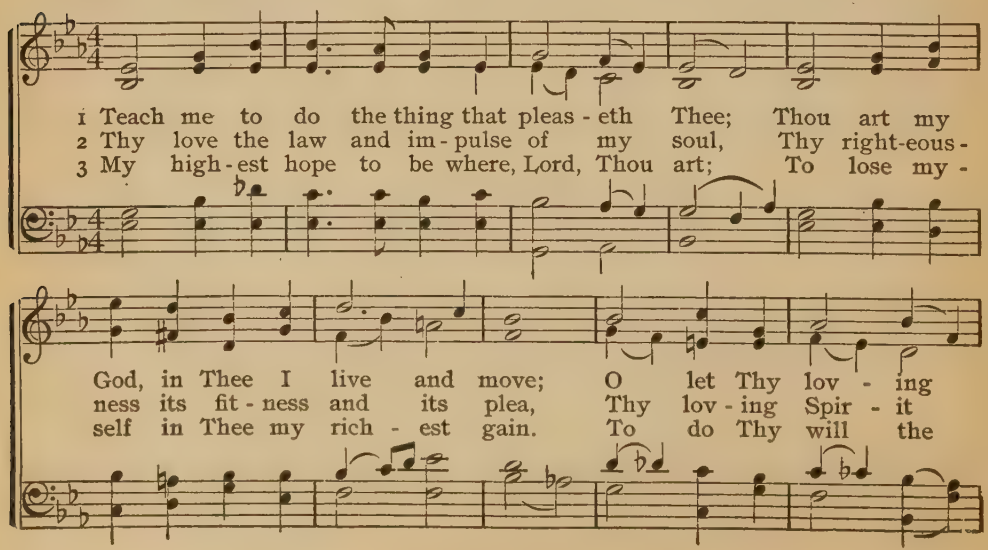

Fine.
1 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
D. C.-Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D. C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice, A - MEN.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

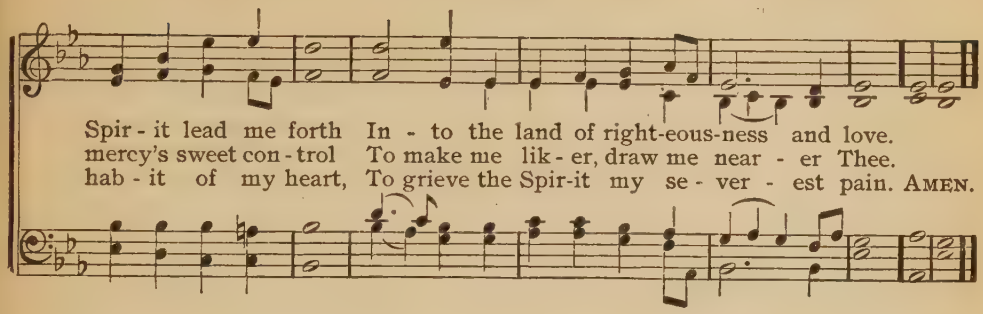
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

117 Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee

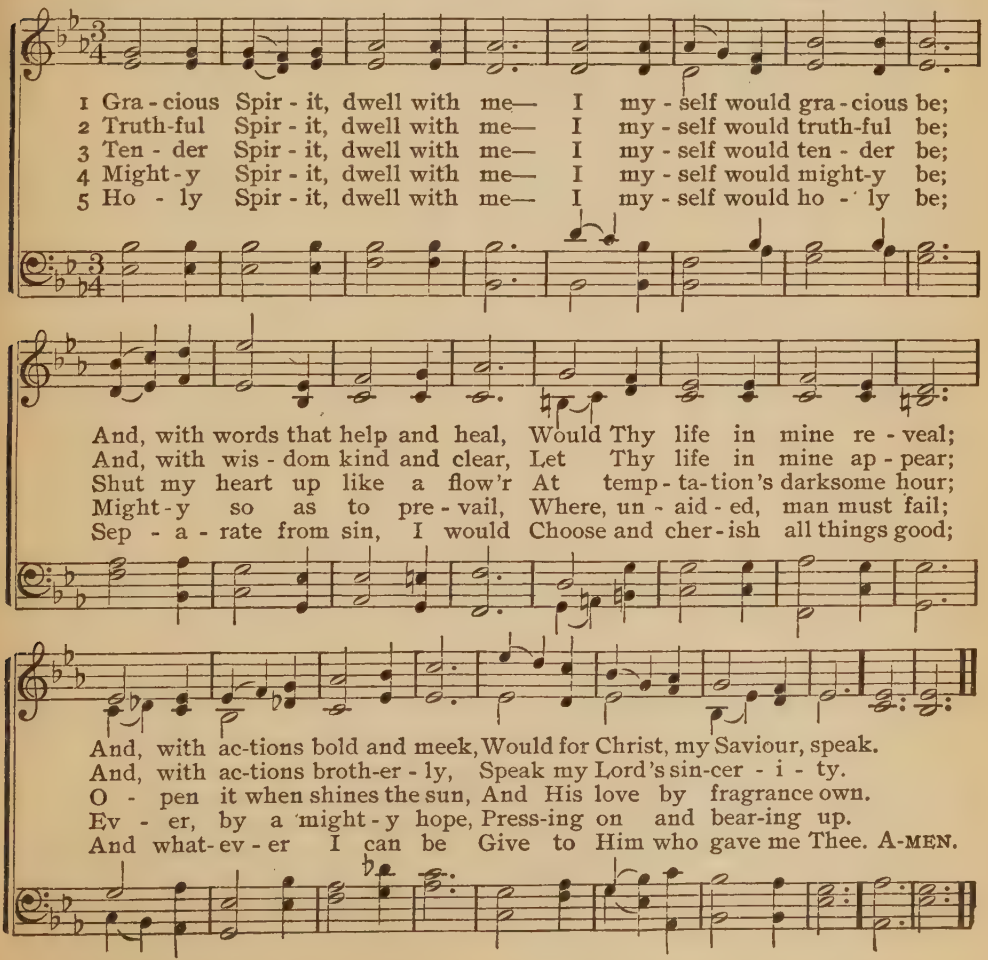
JOHN S. B. MONSELL — PAX DEI — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Teach me to do the thing that pleas - eth Thee; Thou art my
2 Thy love the law and im - pulse of my soul, Thy right-eous -
3 My high - est hope to be where, Lord, Thou art; To lose my -
God, in Thee I live and move; O let Thy lov - ing
ness its fit - ness and its plea, Thy lov - ing Spir - it
self in Thee my rich - est gain. To do Thy will the

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee

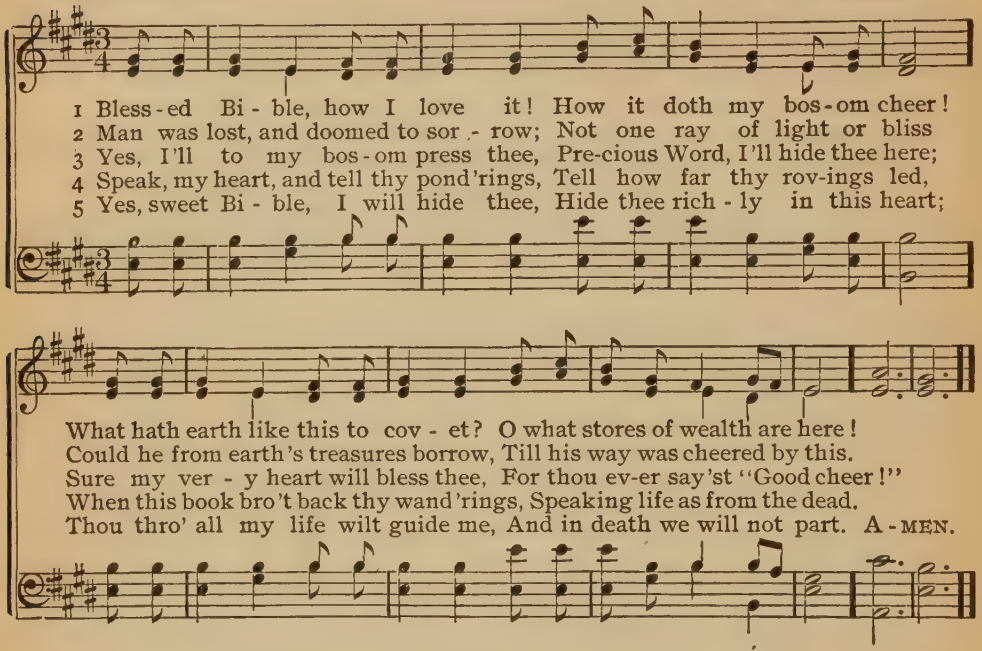

Spir - it lead me forth In - to the land of right-eous-ness and love.
mercy's sweet con - trol To make me lik - er, draw me near - er Thee.
hab - it of my heart, To grieve the Spir-it my se - ver - est pain. AMEN.

118 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me

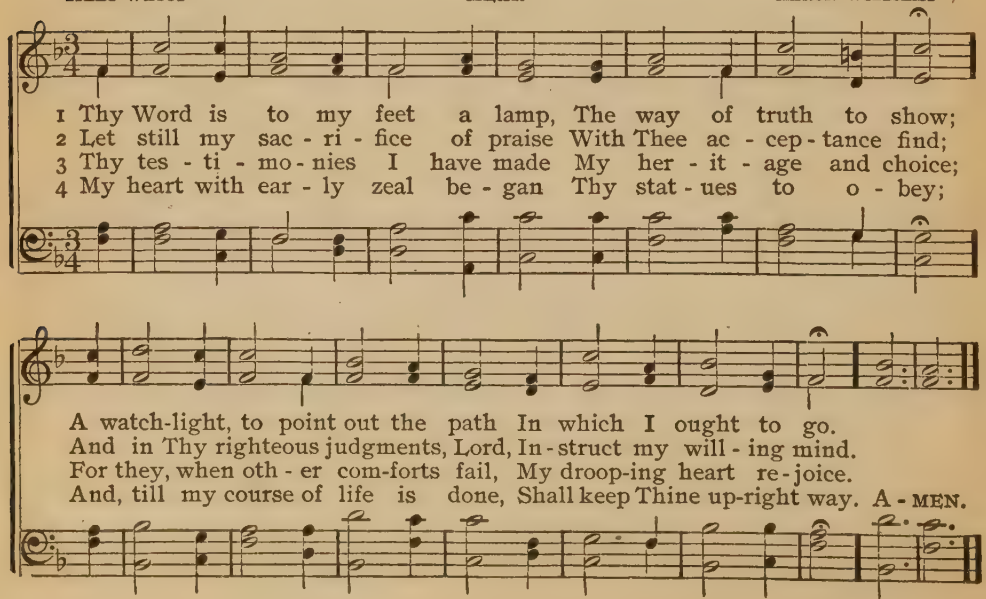
THOMAS T. LYNCH ASHBURTON ROBERT JACKSON

1 Gra - cious Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would gra - cious be;
2 Truth-ful Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would truth-ful be;
3 Ten - der Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would ten - der be;
4 Might - y Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would might-y be;
5 Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would ho - ly be;
And, with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
And, with wis - dom kind and clear, Let Thy life in mine ap - pear;
Shut my heart up like a flow'r At temp - ta-tion's darksome hour;
Might - y so as to pre - vail, Where, un - aid - ed, man must fail;
Sep - a - rate from sin, I would Choose and cher - ish all things good;
And, with ac-tions bold and meek, Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.
And, with ac-tions broth-er - ly, Speak my Lord's sin-cer - i - ty.
O - pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fragrance own.
Ev - er, by a might - y hope, Press-ing on and bear-ing up.
And what-ev - er I can be Give to Him who gave me Thee. A-MEN.

119 Blessed Bible, how I love it

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer — DORRNANCE — Isaac B. Woodbury

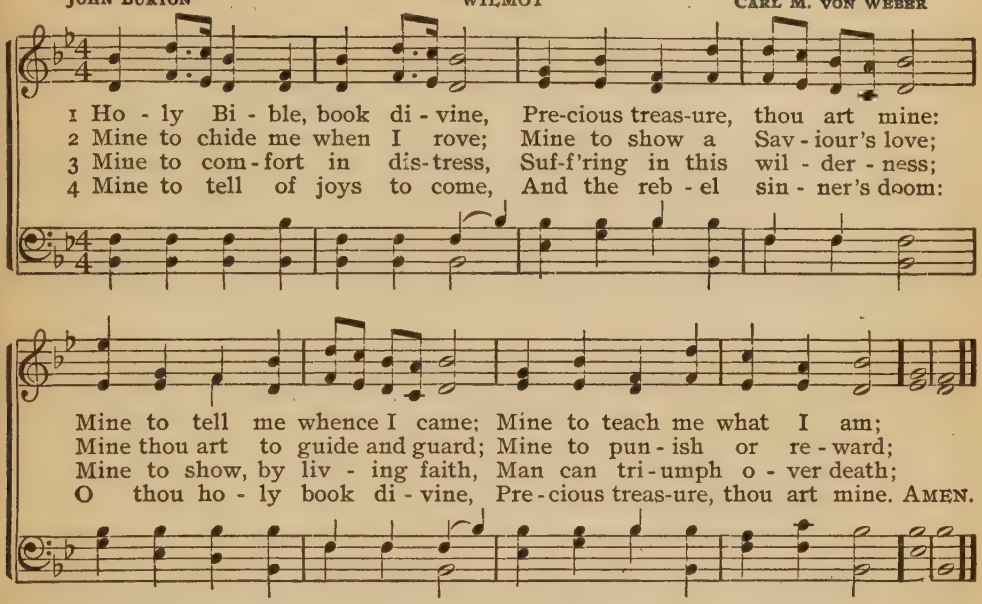

1 Bless-ed Bi-ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos-om cheer!
2 Man was lost, and doomed to sor-row; Not one ray of light or bliss
3 Yes, I'll to my bos-om press thee, Pre-cious Word, I'll hide thee here;
4 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rov-ings led,
5 Yes, sweet Bi-ble, I will hide thee, Hide thee rich-ly in this heart;
What hath earth like this to cov-et? O what stores of wealth are here!
Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
Sure my ver-y heart will bless thee, For thou ev-er say'st "Good cheer!"
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Thou thro' all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part. A-MEN.

120 Thy Word is to my feet a lamp

Isaac Watts — MEAR — Aaron Williams

1 Thy Word is to my feet a lamp, The way of truth to show;
2 Let still my sac-ri-fice of praise With Thee ac-cep-tance find;
3 Thy tes-ti-mo-nies I have made My her-it-age and choice;
4 My heart with ear-ly zeal be-gan Thy stat-ues to o-bey;
A watch-light, to point out the path In which I ought to go.
And in Thy righteous judgments, Lord, In-struct my will-ing mind.
For they, when oth-er com-forts fail, My droop-ing heart re-joice.
And, till my course of life is done, Shall keep Thine up-right way. A-MEN.

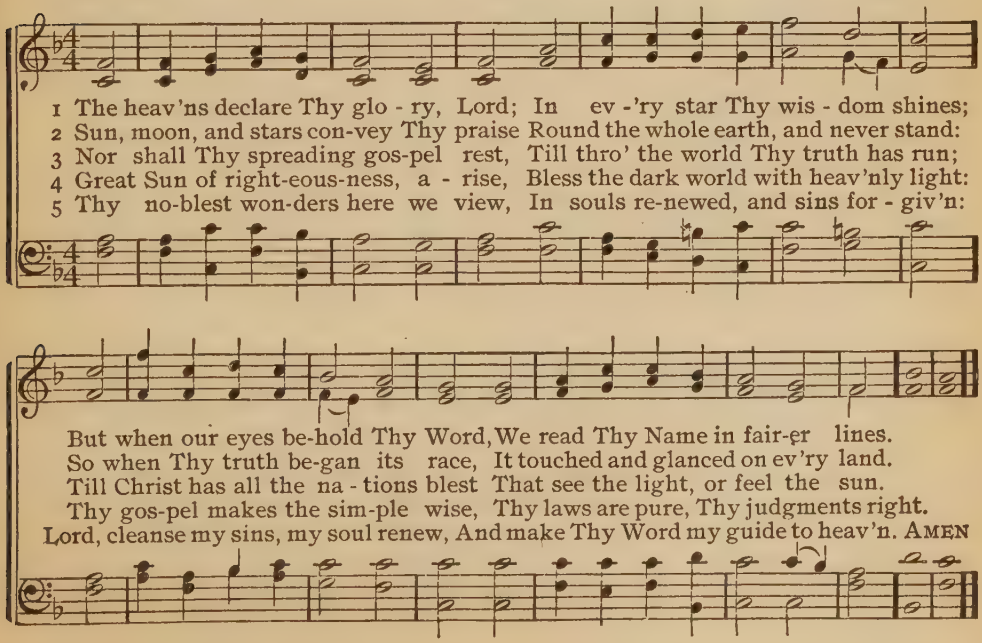
121 Holy Bible, book divine

JOHN BURTON WILMOT CARL M. von WEBER


1 Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2 Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
3 Mine to com - fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4 Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri-umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine. AMEN.

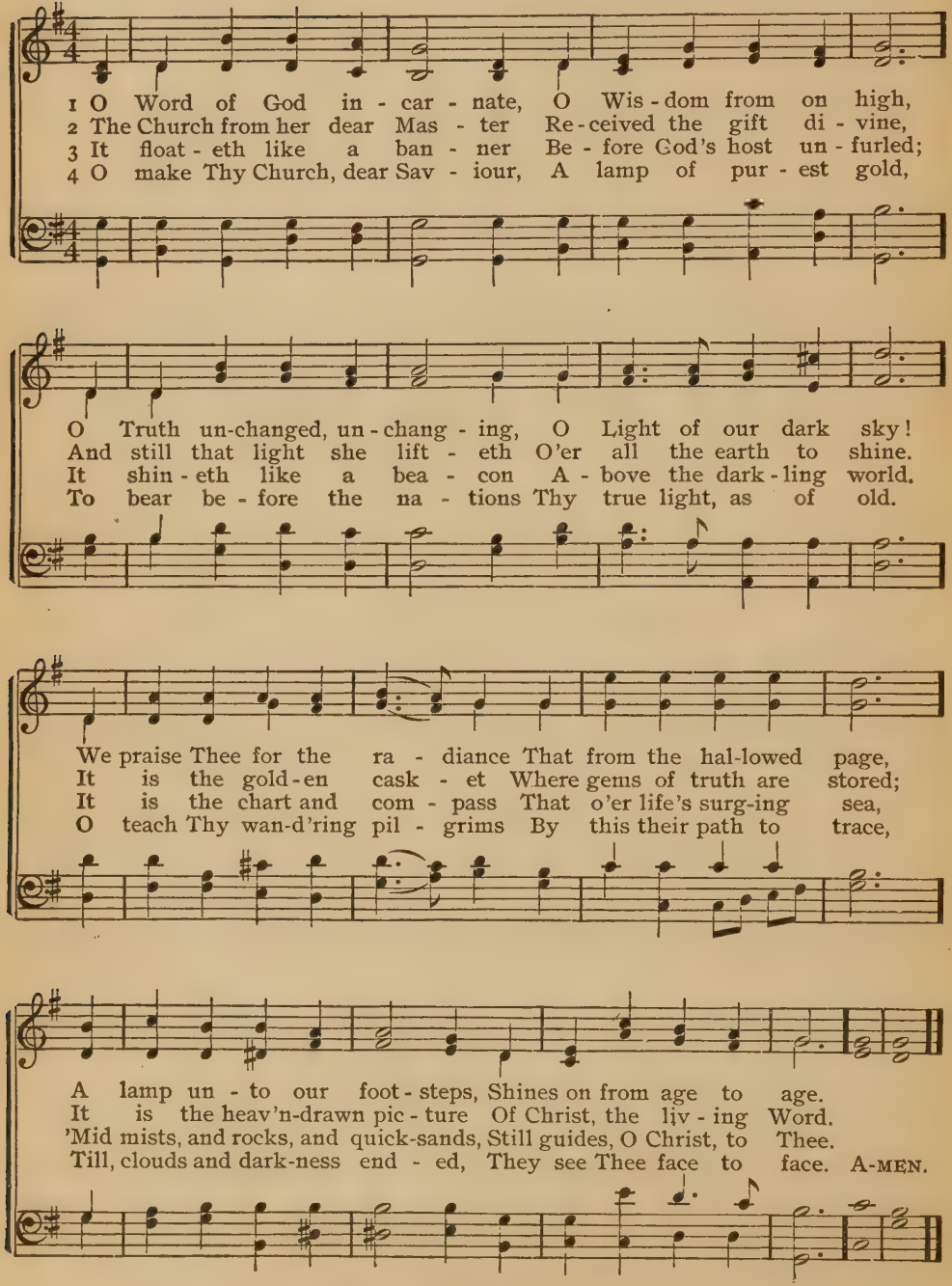
122 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord

ISAAC WATTS UXBRIDGE LOWELL MASON


1 The heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev -'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
2 Sun, moon, and stars con-vey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand:
3 Nor shall Thy spreading gos-pel rest, Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
4 Great Sun of right-eous-ness, a - rise, Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
5 Thy no-blest won-ders here we view, In souls re-newed, and sins for - giv'n:
But when our eyes be-hold Thy Word, We read Thy Name in fair-er lines.
So when Thy truth be-gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev'ry land.
Till Christ has all the na - tions blest That see the light, or feel the sun.
Thy gos-pel makes the sim-ple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make Thy Word my guide to heav'n. AMEN

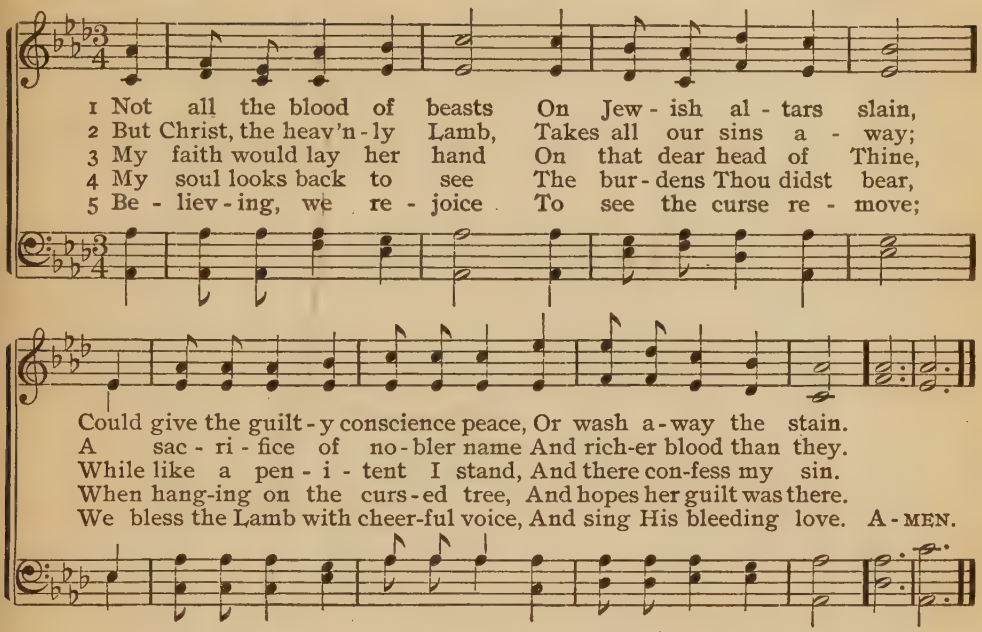
123 O Word of God incarnate

WILLIAM W. HOW — CHENIES — TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS


1 O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2 The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
3 It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled;
4 O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of pur - est gold,
O Truth un-changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky!
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world.
To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light, as of old.
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page,
It is the gold - en cask - et Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg-ing sea,
O teach Thy wan-d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,
A lamp un - to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and dark-ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A-MEN.

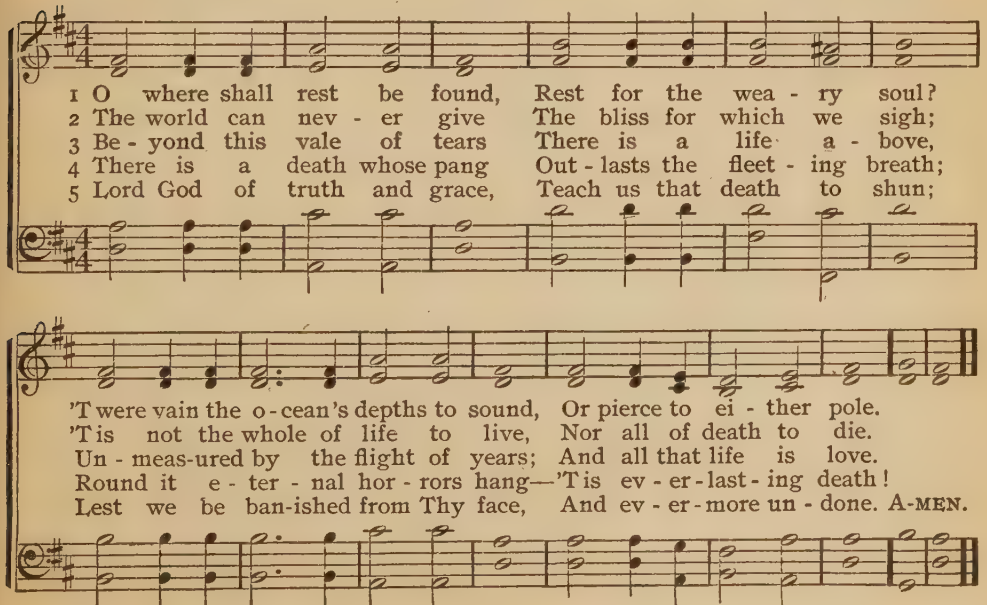
124 Not all the blood of beasts

ISAAC WATTS — LISBON — DANIEL READ


1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2 But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4 My soul looks back to see The bur - dens Thou didst bear,
5 Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;
Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich-er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
When hang-ing on the curs - ed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.
We bless the Lamb with cheer-ful voice, And sing His bleeding love. A - MEN.

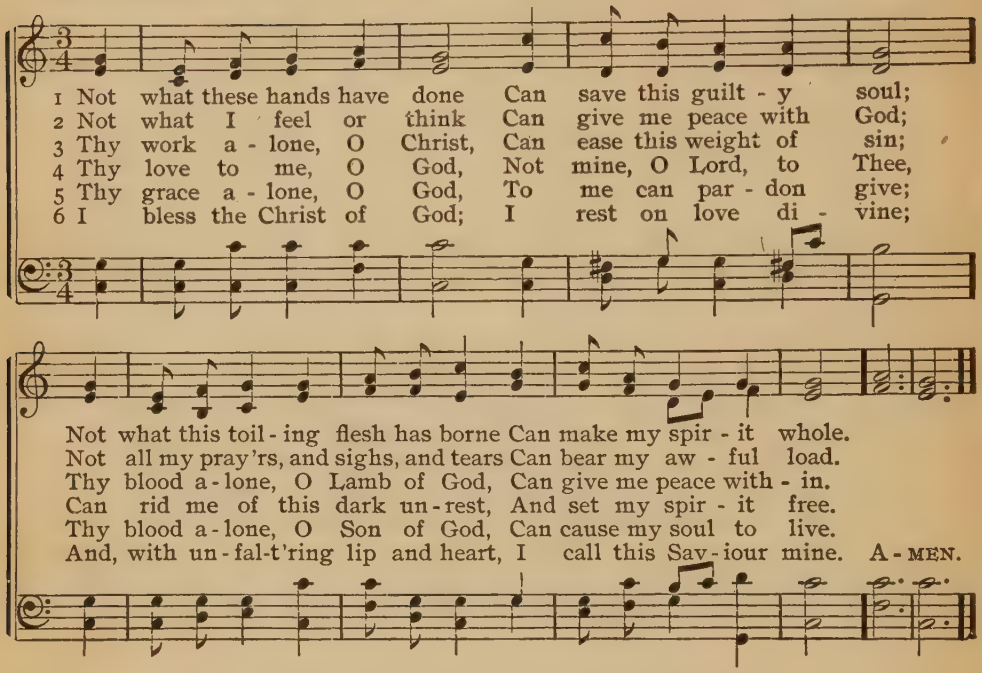
125 O where shall rest be found

JAMES MONTGOMERY — SHAWMUT — LOWELL MASON


1 O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2 The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3 Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4 There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
5 Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun;
'T were vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'T is not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
Round it e - ter - nal hor - rors hang—'T is ev - er - last - ing death!
Lest we be ban-ished from Thy face, And ev - er - more un - done. A - MEN.

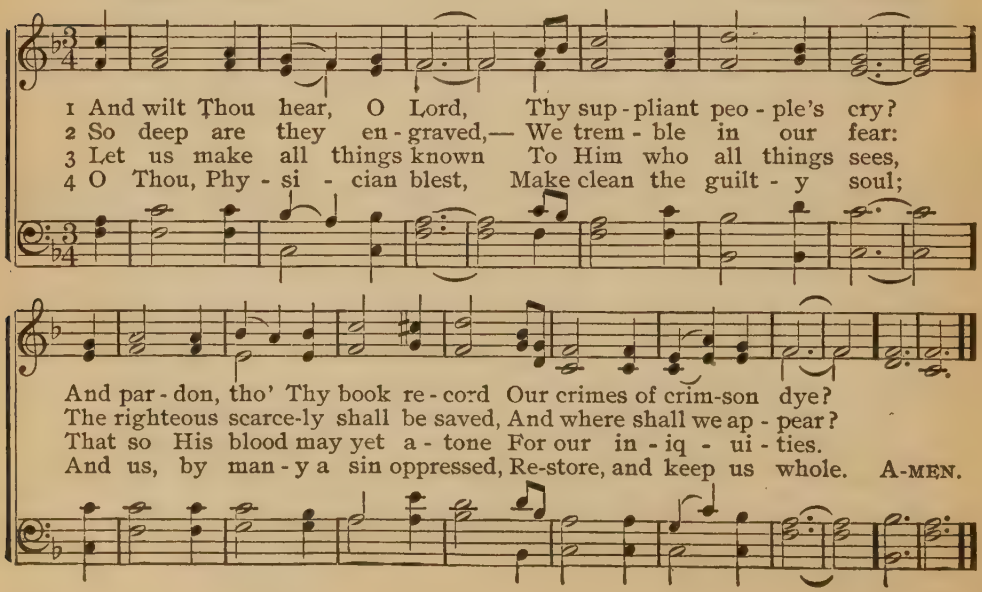
126 Not what these hands have done

HORATIUS BONAR — BOYLSTON — LOWELL MASON


1 Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;
2 Not what I feel or think Can give me peace with God;
3 Thy work a - lone, O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin;
4 Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
5 Thy grace a - lone, O God, To me can par - don give;
6 I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole.
Not all my pray'rs, and sighs, and tears Can bear my aw - ful load.
Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.
Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
Thy blood a - lone, O Son of God, Can cause my soul to live.
And, with un - fal-t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine. A - MEN.

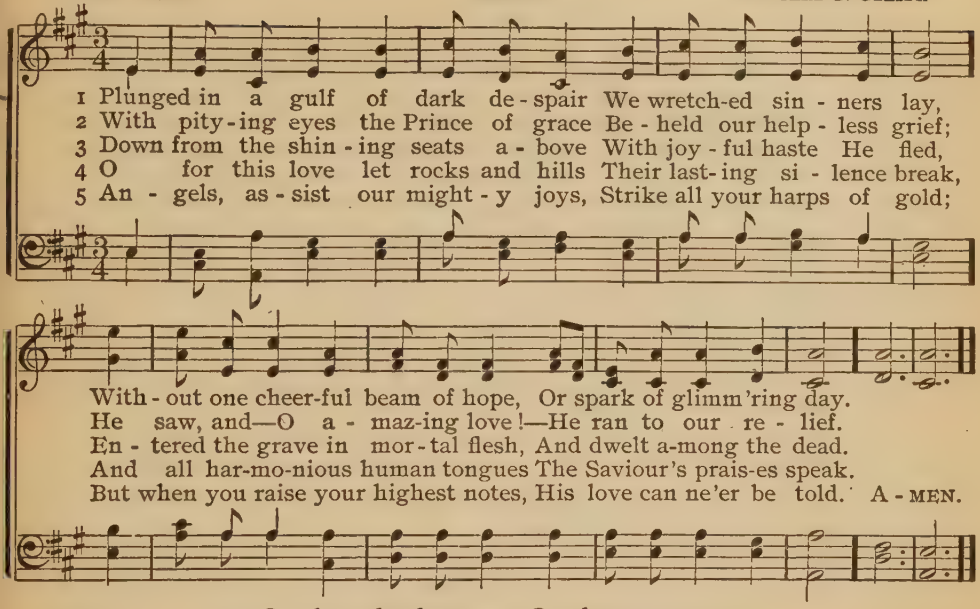
127 And wilt Thou hear, O Lord

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE — VIGIL — GIOVANNI PAISIELLO


1 And wilt Thou hear, O Lord, Thy sup - pliant peo - ple's cry?
2 So deep are they en - graved,— We trem - ble in our fear:
3 Let us make all things known To Him who all things sees,
4 O Thou, Phy - si - cian blest, Make clean the guilt - y soul;
And par - don, tho' Thy book re - cord Our crimes of crim-son dye?
The righteous scarce-ly shall be saved, And where shall we ap - pear?
That so His blood may yet a - tone For our in - iq - ui - ties.
And us, by man - y a sin oppressed, Re-store, and keep us whole. A-MEN.

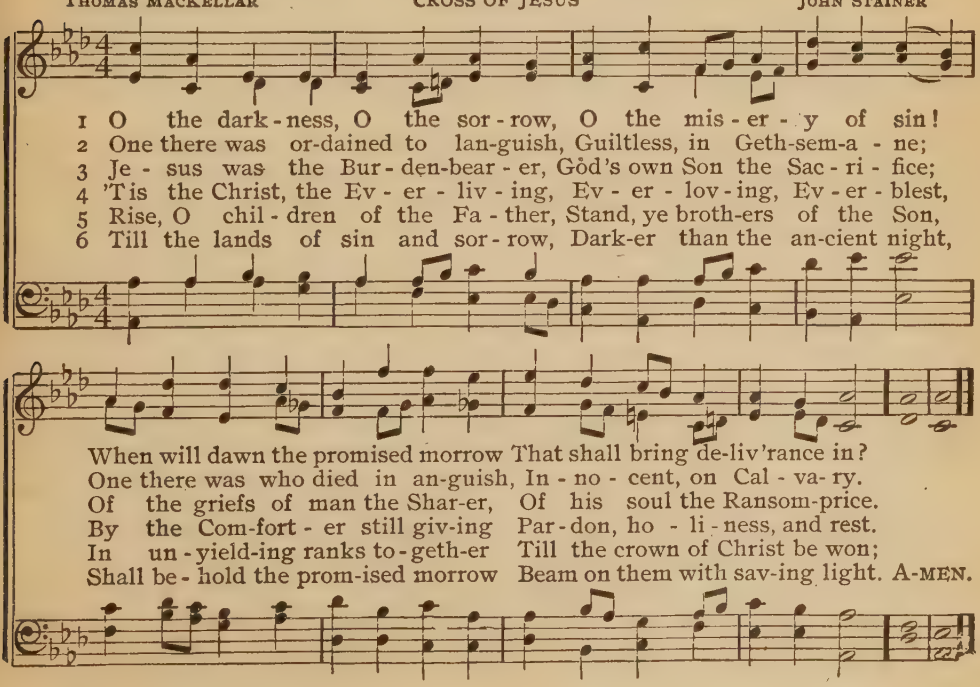
128 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair

ISAAC WATTS — AZMON — CARL G. GLASER


1 Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair We wretch-ed sin-ners lay,
2 With pity-ing eyes the Prince of grace Be-held our help-less grief;
3 Down from the shin-ing seats a-bove With joy-ful haste He fled,
4 O for this love let rocks and hills Their last-ing si-lence break,
5 An-gels, as-sist our might-y joys, Strike all your harps of gold;
With-out one cheer-ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
He saw, and—O a-maz-ing love!—He ran to our re-lief.
En-tered the grave in mor-tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.
And all har-mo-nious human tongues The Saviour's prais-es speak.
But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told. A-MEN.

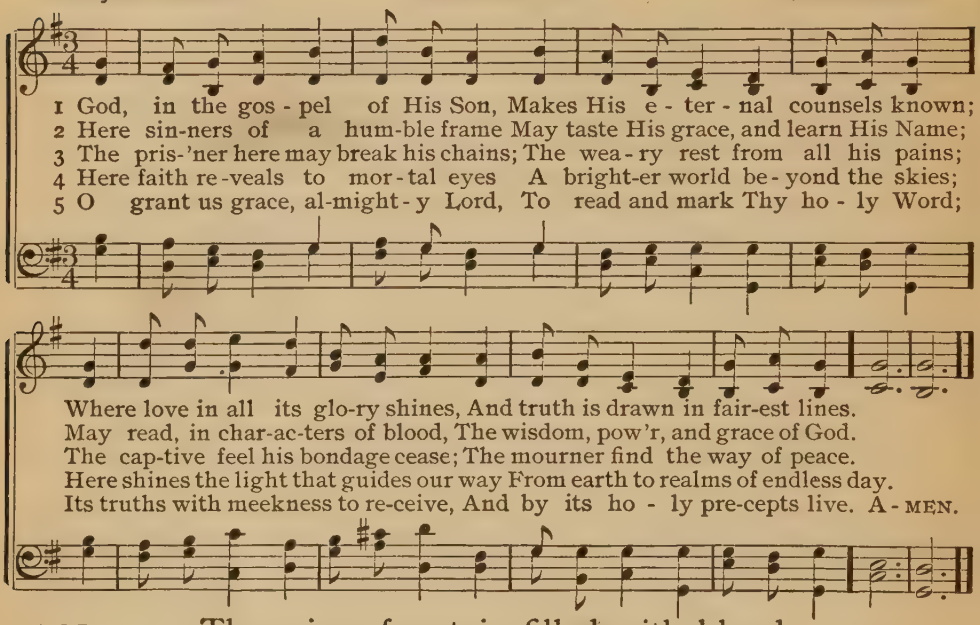
129 O the darkness, O the sorrow

THOMAS MACKELLAR — CROSS OF JESUS — JOHN STAINER


1 O the dark-ness, O the sor-row, O the mis-er-y of sin!
2 One there was or-dained to lan-guish, Guiltless, in Geth-sem-a-ne;
3 Je-sus was the Bur-den-bear-er, God's own Son the Sac-ri-fice;
4 'Tis the Christ, the Ev-er-liv-ing, Ev-er-lov-ing, Ev-er-blest,
5 Rise, O chil-dren of the Fa-ther, Stand, ye broth-ers of the Son,
6 Till the lands of sin and sor-row, Dark-er than the an-cient night,
When will dawn the promised morrow That shall bring de-liv'rance in?
One there was who died in an-guish, In-no-cent, on Cal-va-ry.
Of the griefs of man the Shar-er, Of his soul the Ransom-price.
By the Com-fort-er still giv-ing Par-don, ho-li-ness, and rest.
In un-yield-ing ranks to-geth-er Till the crown of Christ be won;
Shall be-hold the prom-ised morrow Beam on them with sav-ing light. A-MEN.

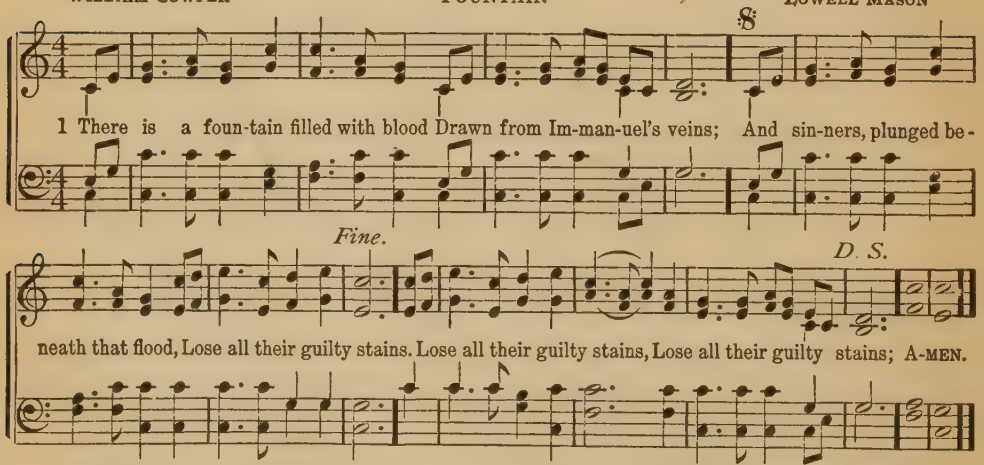
130 God, in the gospel of His Son

BENJAMIN BEDDOME — ROCKINGHAM NEW — LOWELL MASON


1 God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal counsels known;
2 Here sin-ners of a hum-ble frame May taste His grace, and learn His Name;
3 The pris-'ner here may break his chains; The wea - ry rest from all his pains;
4 Here faith re-veals to mor-tal eyes A bright-er world be - yond the skies;
5 O grant us grace, al-might - y Lord, To read and mark Thy ho - ly Word;
Where love in all its glo-ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.
May read, in char-ac-ters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.
The cap-tive feel his bondage cease; The mourner find the way of peace.
Here shines the light that guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
Its truths with meekness to re-ceive, And by its ho - ly pre-cepts live. A - MEN.

131 There is a fountain filled with blood

WILLIAM COWPER — FOUNTAIN — LOWELL MASON


1 There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-
Fine.
D. S.
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; A-MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as He,
Washed all my sins away.

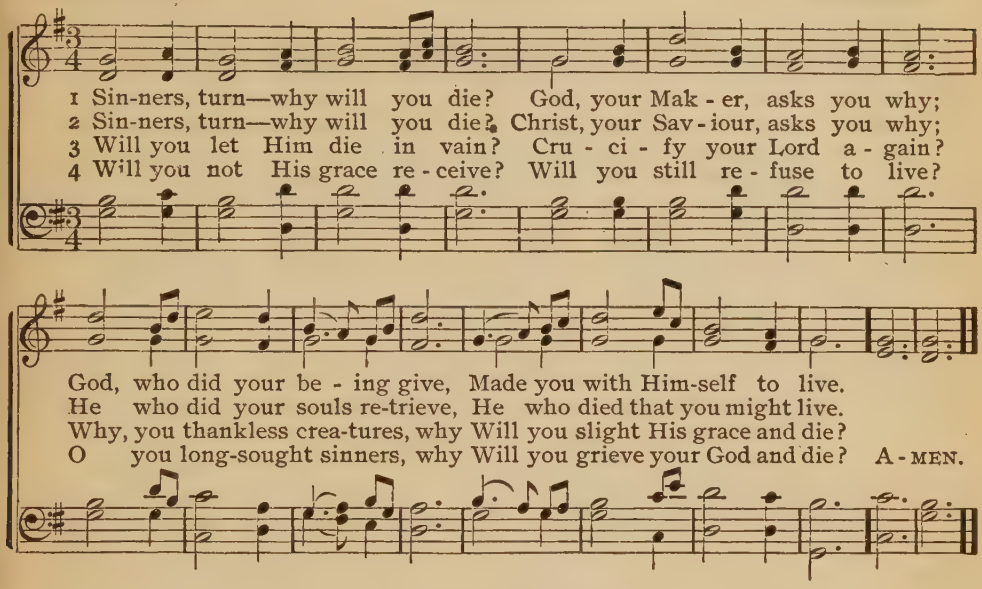
3 O Lamb of God, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save.

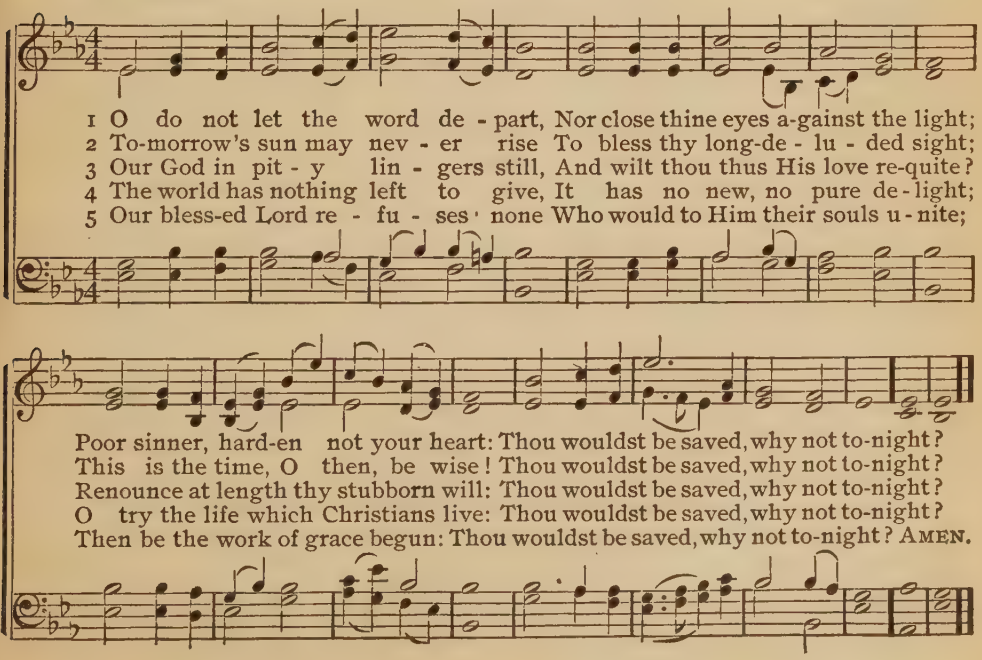
132 Sinners, turn—why will you die

CHARLES WESLEY COOKHAM American Tune


1 Sin-ners, turn—why will you die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;
2 Sin-ners, turn—why will you die? Christ, your Sav - iour, asks you why;
3 Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
4 Will you not His grace re - ceive? Will you still re - fuse to live?
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live.
He who did your souls re-trieve, He who died that you might live.
Why, you thankless crea-tures, why Will you slight His grace and die?
O you long-sought sinners, why Will you grieve your God and die? A - MEN.

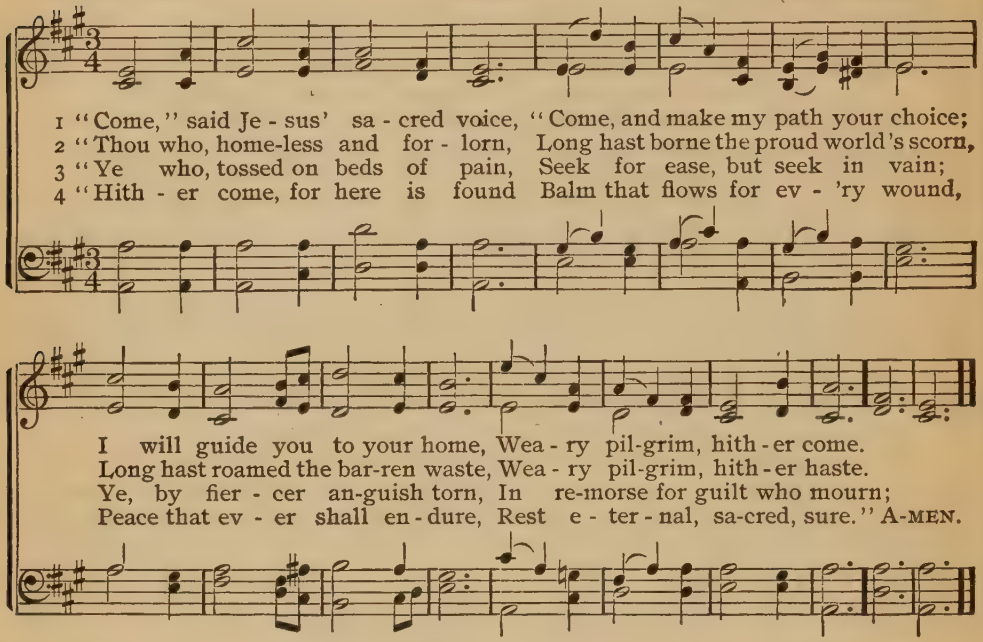
133 O do not let the word depart

MRS. ELIZABETH REED DUKE STREET JOHN HATTON


1 O do not let the word de - part, Nor close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2 To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long-de - lu - ded sight;
3 Our God in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4 The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
5 Our bless-ed Lord re - fu - ses none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sinner, hard-en not your heart: Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
This is the time, O then, be wise! Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will: Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
O try the life which Christians live: Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
Then be the work of grace begun: Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night? AMEN.

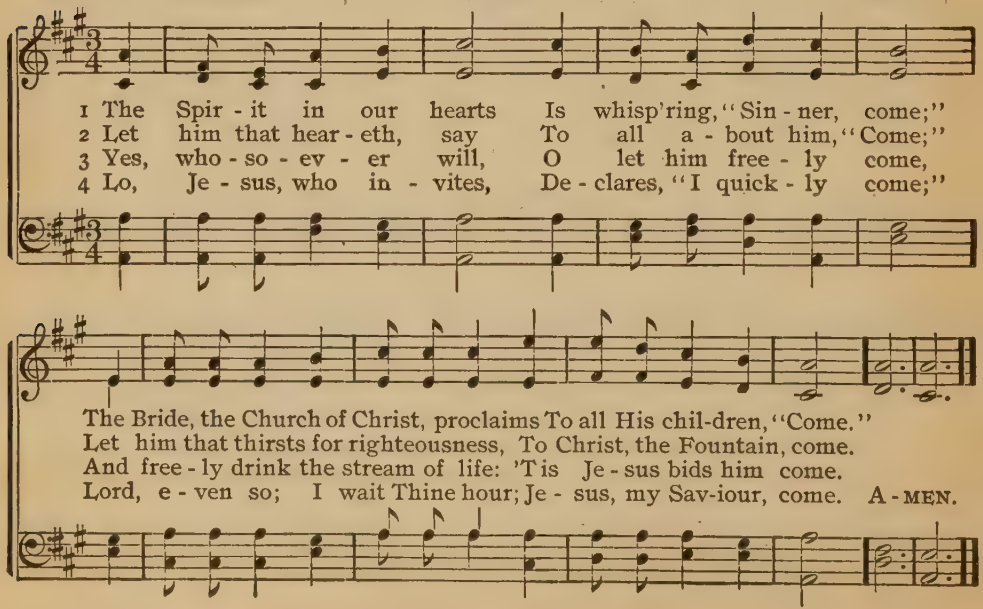
134 "Come," said Jesus' sacred voice

ANNA L. BARBAULD — HORTON — XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEB


1 "Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, "Come, and make my path your choice;
2 "Thou who, home-less and for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4 "Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil-grim, hith - er come.
Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Wea - ry pil-grim, hith - er haste.
Ye, by fier - cer an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa-cred, sure." A-MEN.

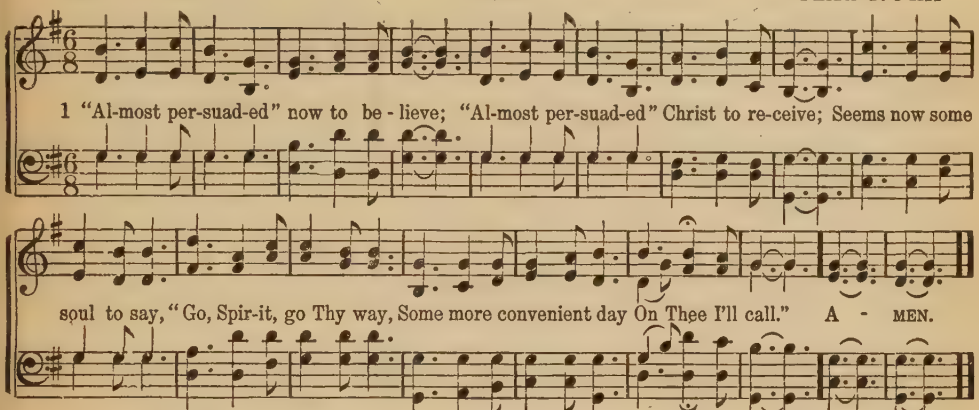
135 The Spirit in our hearts

HENRY U. ONDERDONK — LISBON — DANIEL READ


1 The Spir - it in our hearts Is whisp'ring, "Sin - ner, come;"
2 Let him that hear - eth, say To all a - bout him, "Come;"
3 Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O let him free - ly come,
4 Lo, Je - sus, who in - vites, De - clares, "I quick - ly come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His chil-dren, "Come."
Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the Fountain, come.
And free - ly drink the stream of life: 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
Lord, e - ven so; I wait Thine hour; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, come. A - MEN.

136 "Almost persuaded" now to believe

PHILIP P. BLISS BLISS PHILIP P. BLISS

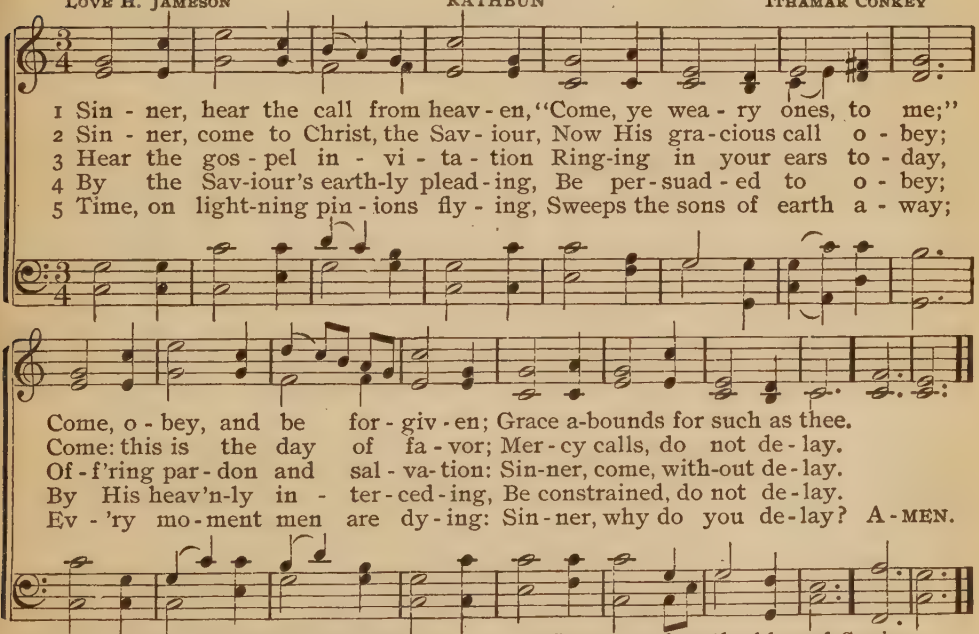

1 "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed" Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some
soul to say, "Go, Spir-it, go Thy way, Some more convenient day On Thee I'll call." A-MEN.

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here;
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost—*but lost!*"

137 Sinner, hear the call from heaven

LOVE H. JAMESON RATHBUN ITHAMAR CONKEY

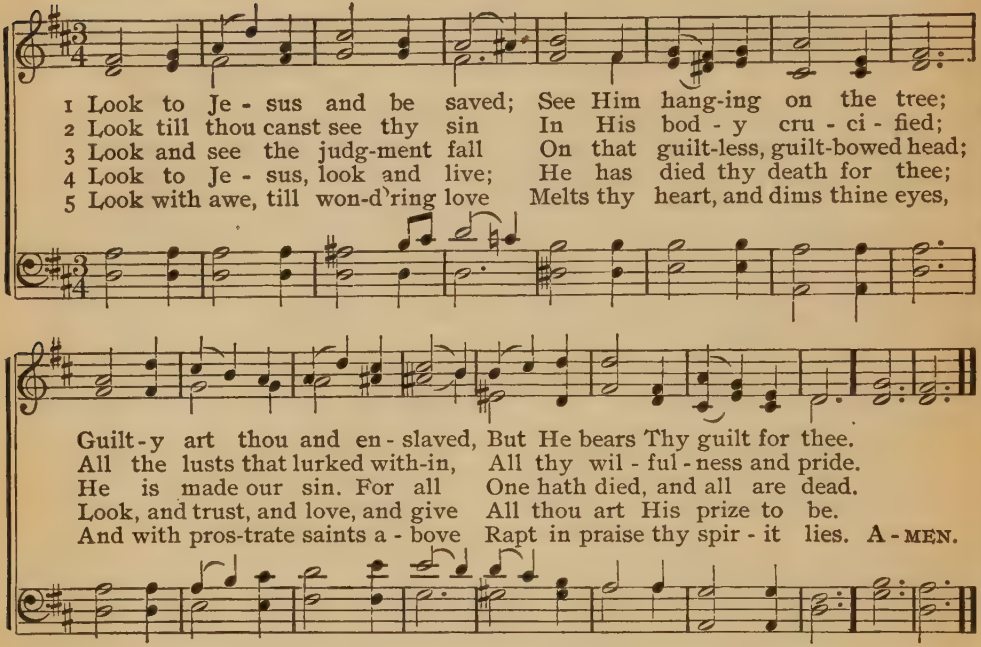

1 Sin-ner, hear the call from heav-en, "Come, ye wea-ry ones, to me;"
2 Sin-ner, come to Christ, the Sav-iour, Now His gra-cious call o-bey;
3 Hear the gos-pel in-vi-ta-tion Ring-ing in your ears to-day,
4 By the Sav-iour's earth-ly plead-ing, Be per-suad-ed to o-bey;
5 Time, on light-ning pin-ions fly-ing, Sweeps the sons of earth a-way;
Come, o-bey, and be for-giv-en; Grace a-bounds for such as thee.
Come: this is the day of fa-vor; Mer-cy calls, do not de-lay.
Of-f'ring par-don and sal-va-tion: Sin-ner, come, with-out de-lay.
By His heav'n-ly in-ter-ced-ing, Be constrained, do not de-lay.
Ev-'ry mo-ment men are dy-ing: Sin-ner, why do you de-lay? A-MEN.

6 Leave the path of sin and folly,
All the wiles of Satan flee;
All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Thou a child of God shalt be.

7 Come, confess the blessed Saviour,
He alone can make you free;
Come, and take the way to heaven,
Opened by the Lord for thee.

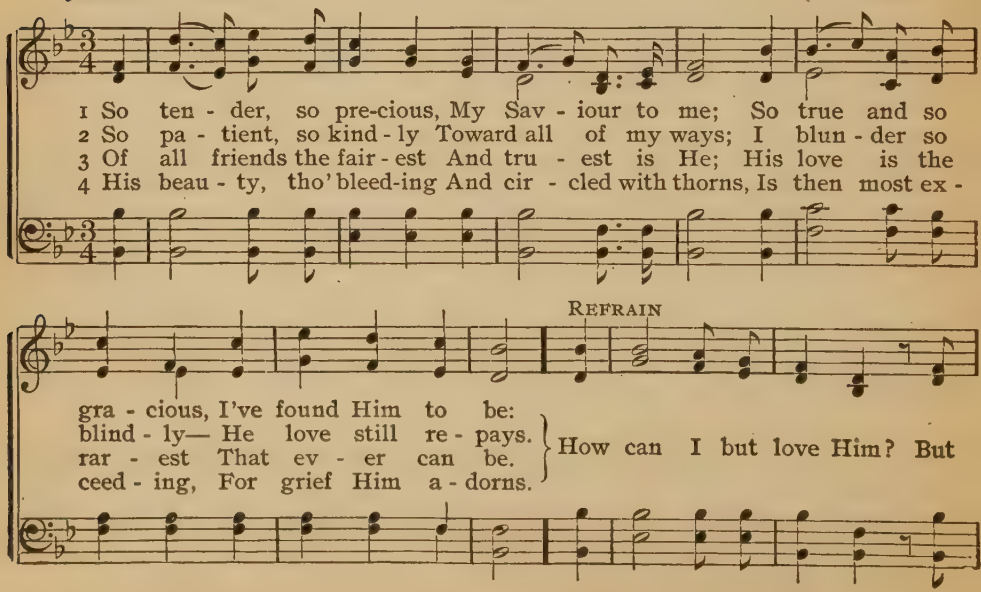
138 Look to Jesus and be saved

W. HAY AITKEN — MORLEY — THOMAS MORLEY

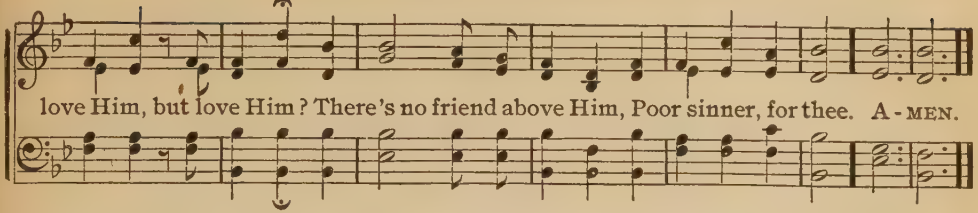

1 Look to Je - sus and be saved; See Him hang-ing on the tree;
2 Look till thou canst see thy sin In His bod - y cru - ci - fied;
3 Look and see the judg-ment fall On that guilt-less, guilt-bowed head;
4 Look to Je - sus, look and live; He has died thy death for thee;
5 Look with awe, till won-d'ring love Melts thy heart, and dims thine eyes,
Guilt-y art thou and en - slaved, But He bears Thy guilt for thee.
All the lusts that lurked with-in, All thy wil - ful - ness and pride.
He is made our sin. For all One hath died, and all are dead.
Look, and trust, and love, and give All thou art His prize to be.
And with pros-trate saints a - bove Rapt in praise thy spir - it lies. A - MEN.

139 So tender, so precious

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN — RANKIN — E. S. LORENZ

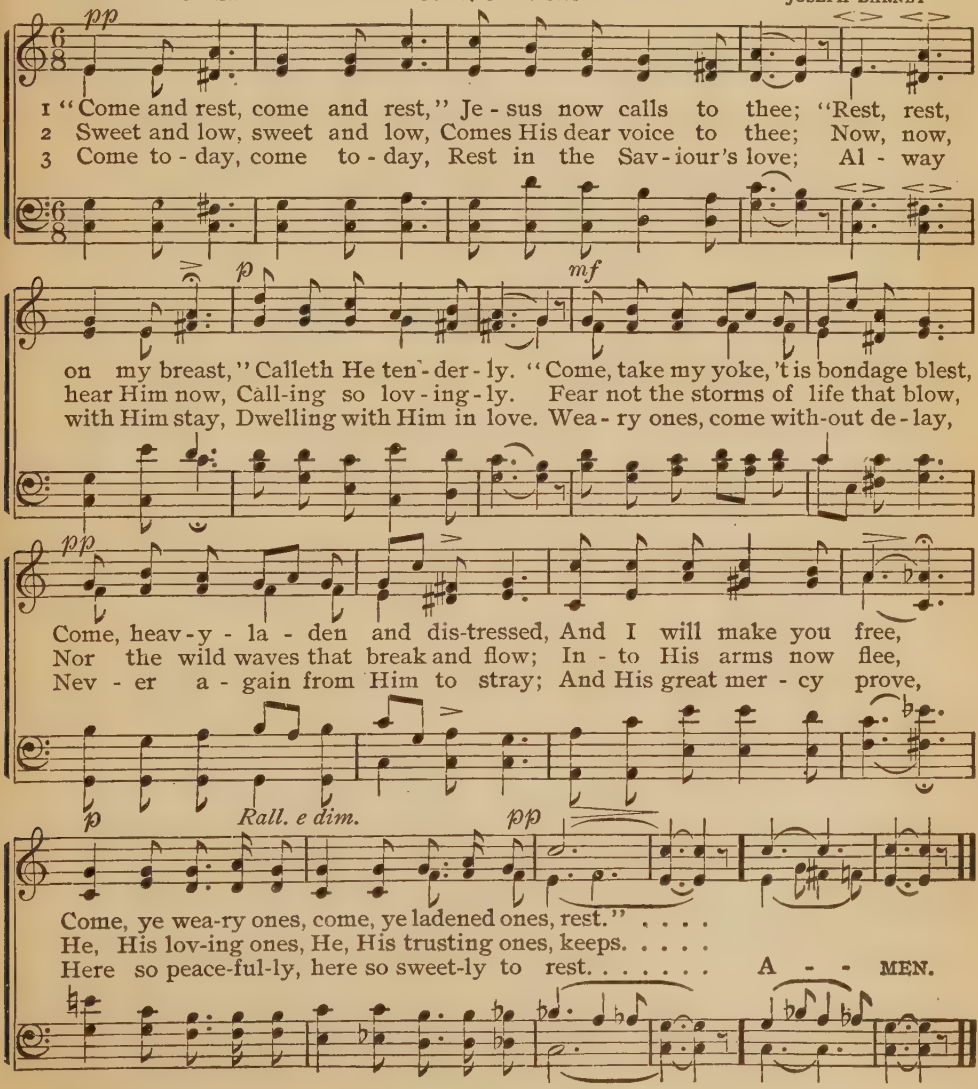

1 So ten - der, so pre-cious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so
2 So pa - tient, so kind - ly Toward all of my ways; I blun - der so
3 Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the
4 His beau - ty, tho' bleed-ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex -
REFRAIN
gra - cious, I've found Him to be:
blind - ly— He love still re - pays.
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief Him a - dorns.
How can I but love Him? But

So tender, so precious



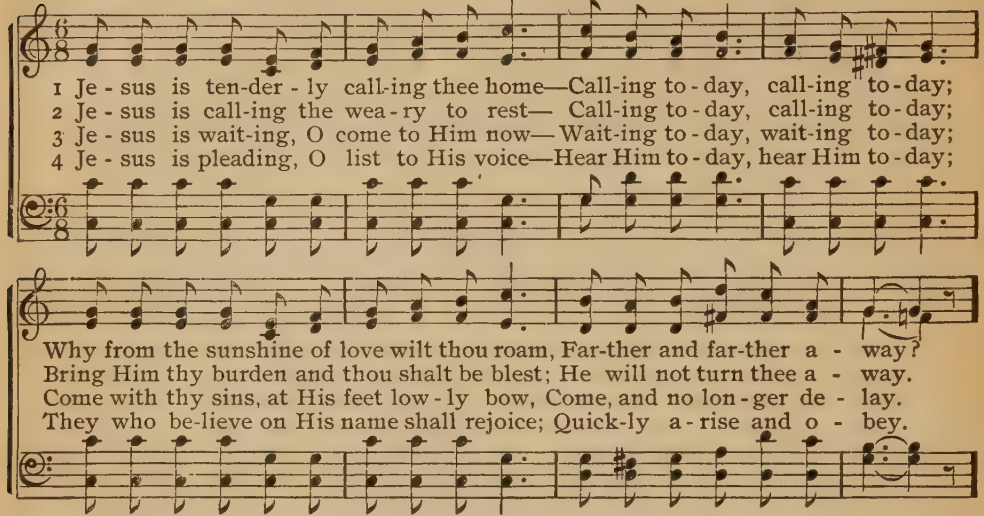
140 "Come and rest, come and rest"

PASCAL H. DUNCAN — COME UNTO ME — JOSEPH BARNBY

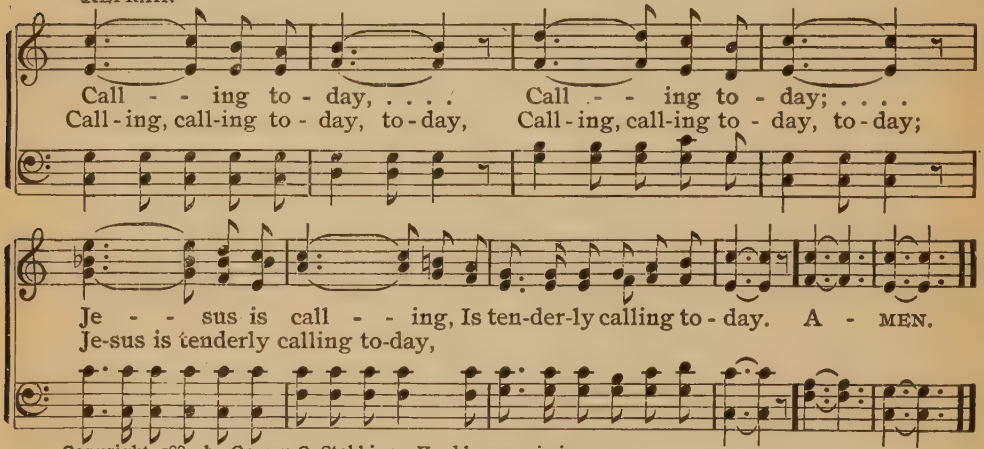

pp
1 "Come and rest, come and rest," Je-sus now calls to thee; "Rest, rest,
2 Sweet and low, sweet and low, Comes His dear voice to thee; Now, now,
3 Come to-day, come to-day, Rest in the Sav-iour's love; Al-way
p
mf
on my breast," Calleth He ten-der-ly. "Come, take my yoke, 't is bondage blest,
hear Him now, Call-ing so lov-ing-ly. Fear not the storms of life that blow,
with Him stay, Dwelling with Him in love. Wea-ry ones, come with-out de-lay,
pp
Come, heav-y-la-den and dis-tressed, And I will make you free,
Nor the wild waves that break and flow; In-to His arms now flee,
Nev-er a-gain from Him to stray; And His great mer-cy prove,
p
Rall. e dim.
pp
Come, ye wea-ry ones, come, ye ladened ones, rest." . . . .
He, His lov-ing ones, He, His trusting ones, keeps. . . . .
Here so peace-ful-ly, here so sweet-ly to rest. . . . . A - - MEN.

141 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home

FANNY J. CROSBY STEBBINS GEORGE C. STEBBINS


1 Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
2 Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call-ing to - day;
3 Je - sus is wait-ing, O come to Him now—Wait-ing to - day, wait-ing to - day;
4 Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow, Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and o - bey.

REFRAIN


Call - - ing to - day, ... Call - - ing to - day; . . . .
Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day, Call - ing, call-ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - sus is call - - ing, Is ten-der-ly calling to - day. A - MEN.
Je-sus is tenderly calling to-day,

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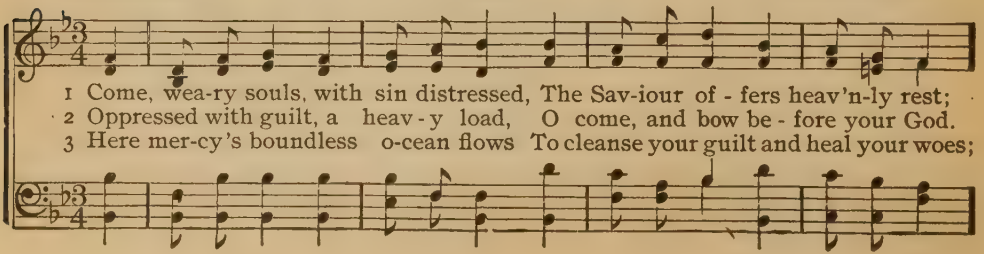
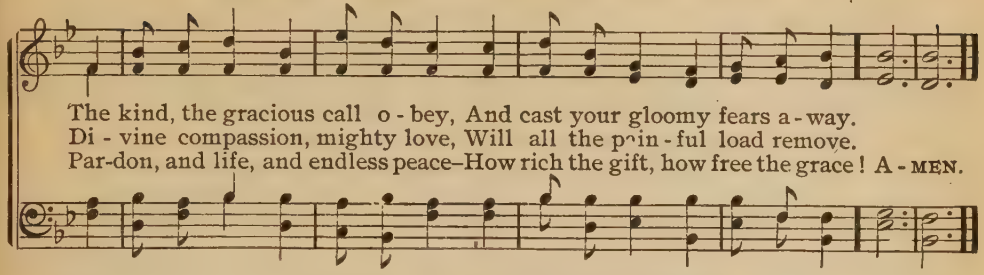
142 Come, weary souls, with sin distressed

ANNE STEELE HEBRON LOWELL MASON

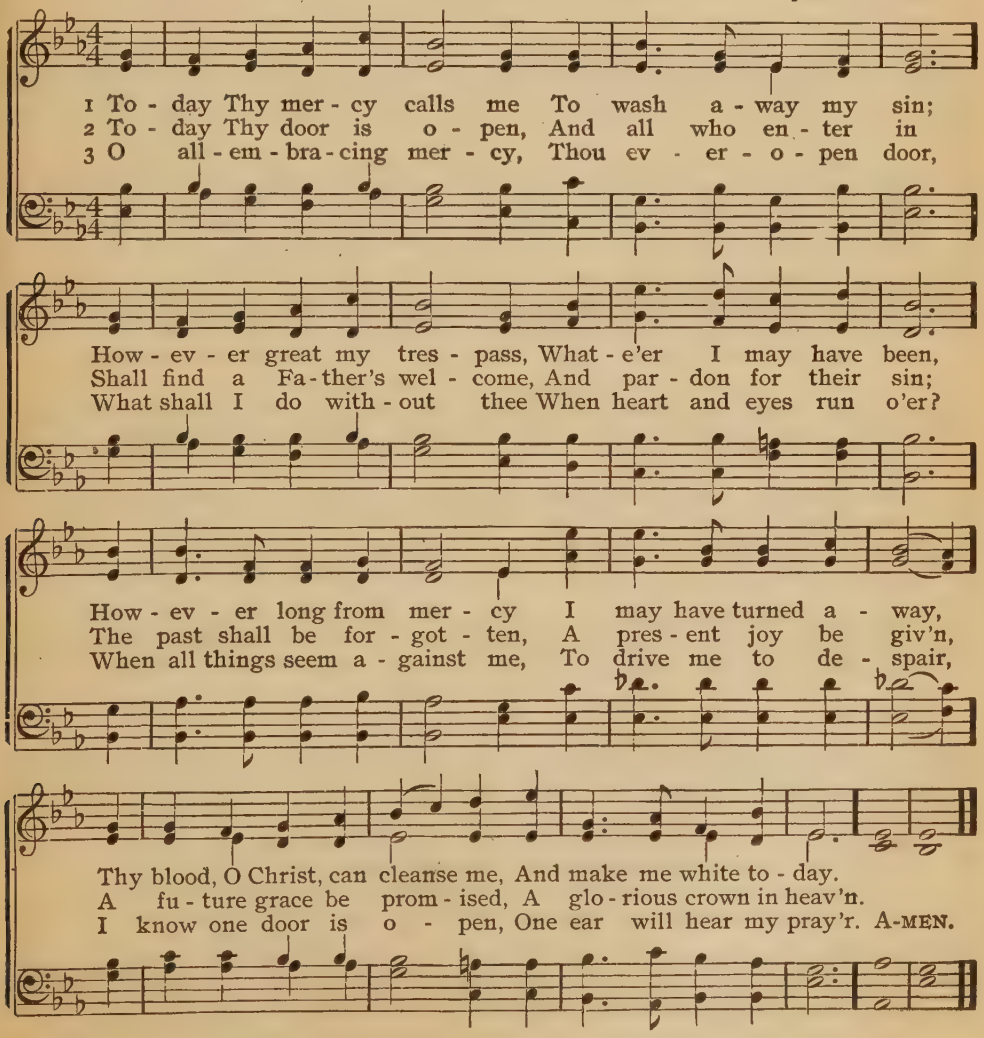

1 Come, wea-ry souls, with sin distressed, The Sav-iour of - fers heav'n-ly rest;
2 Oppressed with guilt, a heav - y load, O come, and bow be - fore your God.
3 Here mer-cy's boundless o-cean flows To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;

Come, weary souls, with sin distressed

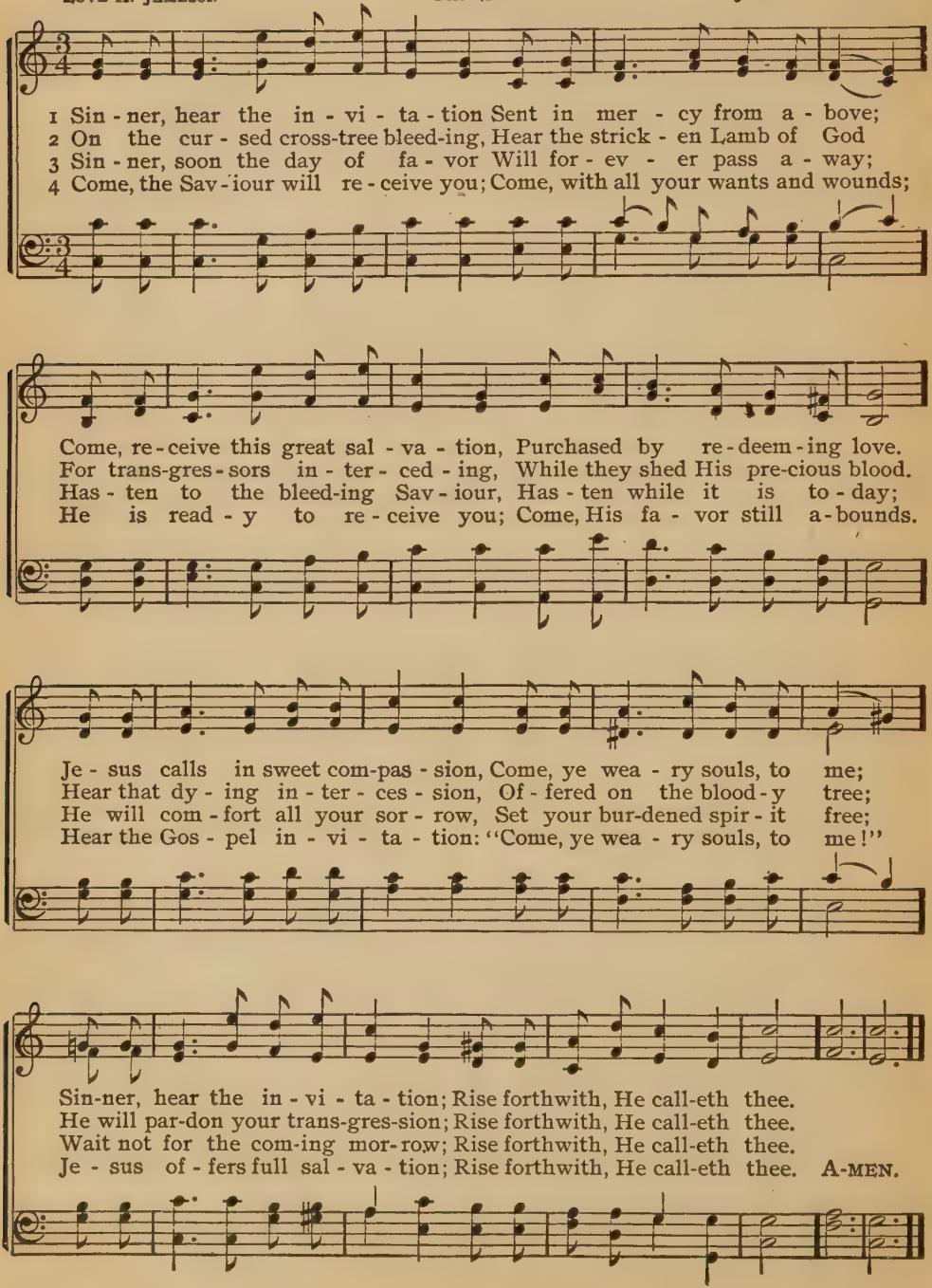

The kind, the gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
Di - vine compassion, mighty love, Will all the pain - ful load remove.
Par-don, and life, and endless peace–How rich the gift, how free the grace! A - MEN.

143 To-day Thy mercy calls me

OSWALD ALLEN. BLAIRGOWRIE JOHN B. DYKES

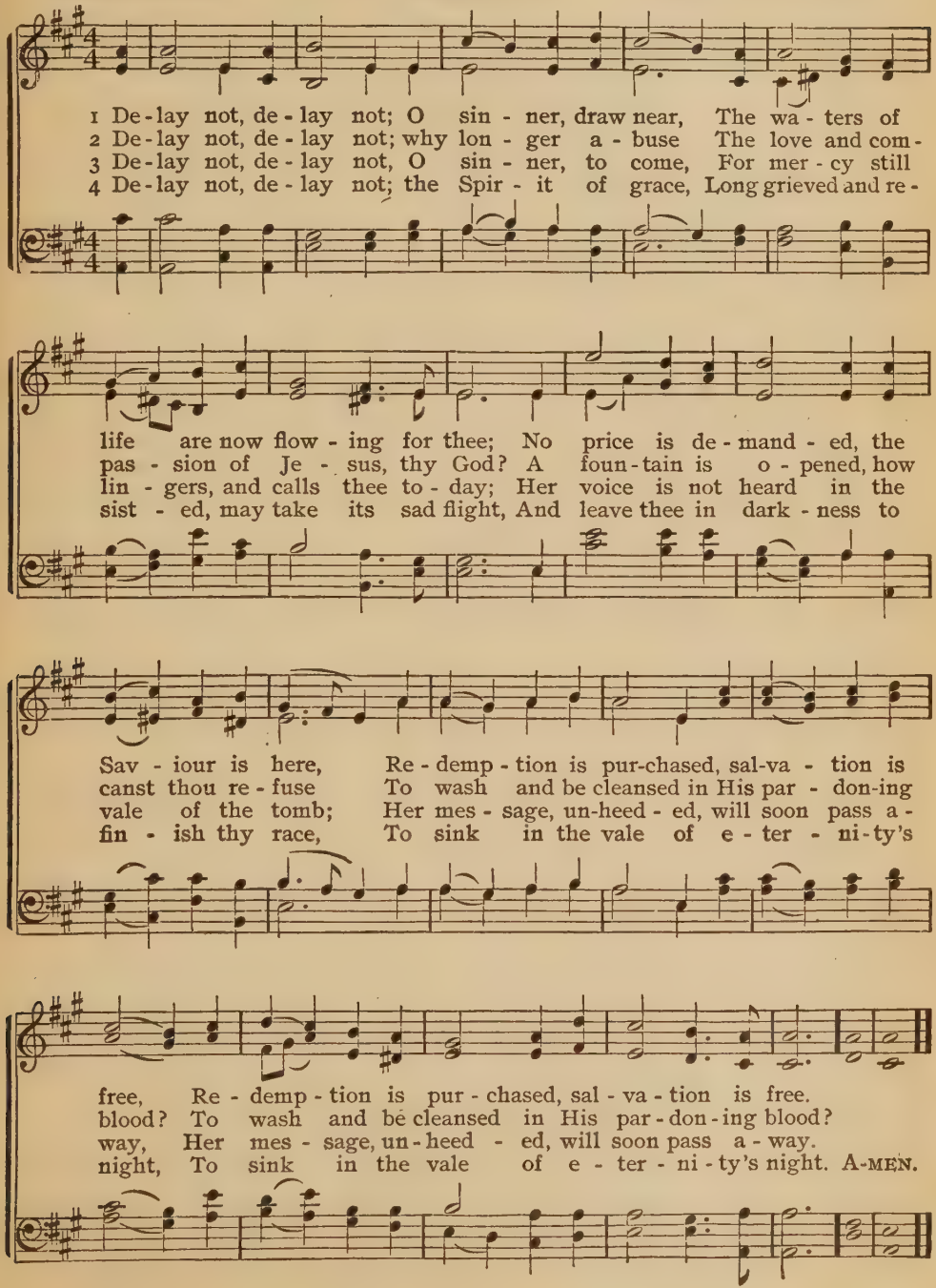

1 To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;
2 To - day Thy door is o - pen, And all who en - ter in
3 O all - em - bra - cing mer - cy, Thou ev - er - o - pen door,
How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
Shall find a Fa - ther's wel - come, And par - don for their sin;
What shall I do with - out thee When heart and eyes run o'er?
How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,
The past shall be for - got - ten, A pres - ent joy be giv'n,
When all things seem a - gainst me, To drive me to de - spair,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.
A fu - ture grace be prom - ised, A glo - rious crown in heav'n.
I know one door is o - pen, One ear will hear my pray'r. A-MEN.

144 Sinner, hear the invitation

LOVE H. JAMESON FABEN JOHN H. WILCOX

1 Sin - ner, hear the in - vi - ta - tion Sent in mer - cy from a - bove;
2 On the cur - sed cross-tree bleed-ing, Hear the strick - en Lamb of God
3 Sin - ner, soon the day of fa - vor Will for - ev - er pass a - way;
4 Come, the Sav - iour will re - ceive you; Come, with all your wants and wounds;
Come, re - ceive this great sal - va - tion, Purchased by re - deem - ing love.
For trans-gres - sors in - ter - ced - ing, While they shed His pre-cious blood.
Has - ten to the bleed-ing Sav - iour, Has - ten while it is to - day;
He is read - y to re - ceive you; Come, His fa - vor still a - bounds.
Je - sus calls in sweet com-pas - sion, Come, ye wea - ry souls, to me;
Hear that dy - ing in - ter - ces - sion, Of - fered on the blood - y tree;
He will com - fort all your sor - row, Set your bur-dened spir - it free;
Hear the Gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion: "Come, ye wea - ry souls, to me!"
Sin-ner, hear the in - vi - ta - tion; Rise forthwith, He call-eth thee.
He will par-don your trans-gres-sion; Rise forthwith, He call-eth thee.
Wait not for the com-ing mor-row; Rise forthwith, He call-eth thee.
Je - sus of - fers full sal - va - tion; Rise forthwith, He call-eth thee. A-MEN.

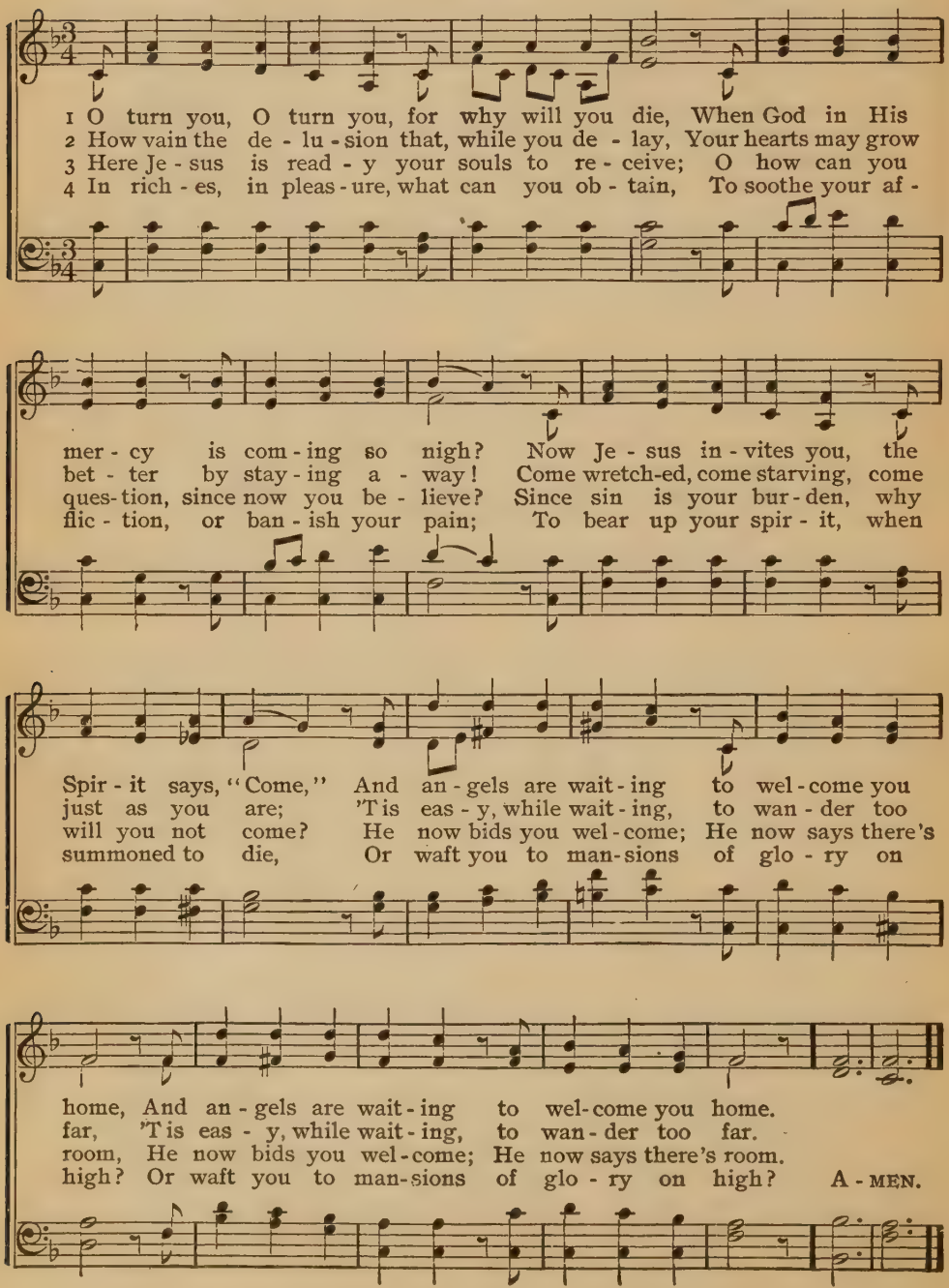
145 Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw near

THOMAS HASTINGS ADESTE FIDELES MARCANTOINE PORTAGALLO


1 De-lay not, de-lay not; O sin-ner, draw near, The wa-ters of life are now flow-ing for thee; No price is de-mand-ed, the Sav-iour is here, Re-demp-tion is pur-chased, sal-va-tion is free, Re-demp-tion is pur-chased, sal-va-tion is free.
2 De-lay not, de-lay not; why lon-ger a-buse The love and com-pas-sion of Je-sus, thy God? A foun-tain is o-pened, how canst thou re-fuse To wash and be cleansed in His par-don-ing blood? To wash and be cleansed in His par-don-ing blood?
3 De-lay not, de-lay not, O sin-ner, to come, For mer-cy still lin-gers, and calls thee to-day; Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her mes-sage, un-heed-ed, will soon pass a-way. Her mes-sage, un-heed-ed, will soon pass a-way.
4 De-lay not, de-lay not; the Spir-it of grace, Long grieved and re-sist-ed, may take its sad flight, And leave thee in dark-ness to fin-ish thy race, To sink in the vale of e-ter-ni-ty's night. To sink in the vale of e-ter-ni-ty's night. A-MEN.

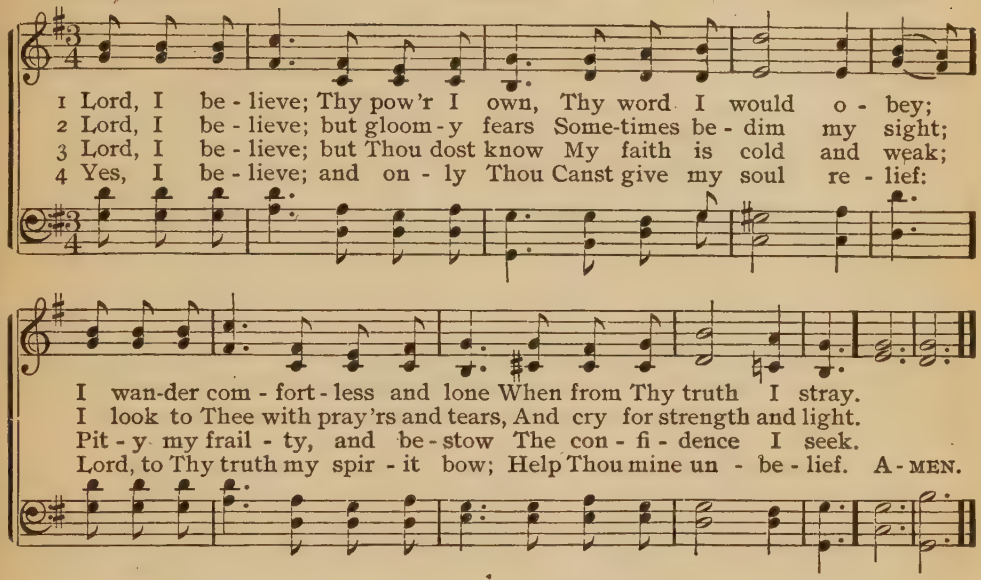
146 O turn you, O turn you, for why will you die

JOSIAH HOPKINS TYLER THOMAS KOSCHAT


1 O turn you, O turn you, for why will you die, When God in His
2 How vain the de - lu - sion that, while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow
3 Here Je - sus is read - y your souls to re - ceive; O how can you
4 In rich - es, in pleas - ure, what can you ob - tain, To soothe your af -
mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, the
bet - ter by stay - ing a - way! Come wretch-ed, come starving, come
ques - tion, since now you be - lieve? Since sin is your bur - den, why
flic - tion, or ban - ish your pain; To bear up your spir - it, when
Spir - it says, "Come," And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you
just as you are; 'T is eas - y, while wait - ing, to wan - der too
will you not come? He now bids you wel - come; He now says there's
summoned to die, Or waft you to man - sions of glo - ry on
home, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
far, 'T is eas - y, while wait - ing, to wan - der too far.
room, He now bids you wel - come; He now says there's room.
high? Or waft you to man - sions of glo - ry on high? A - MEN.

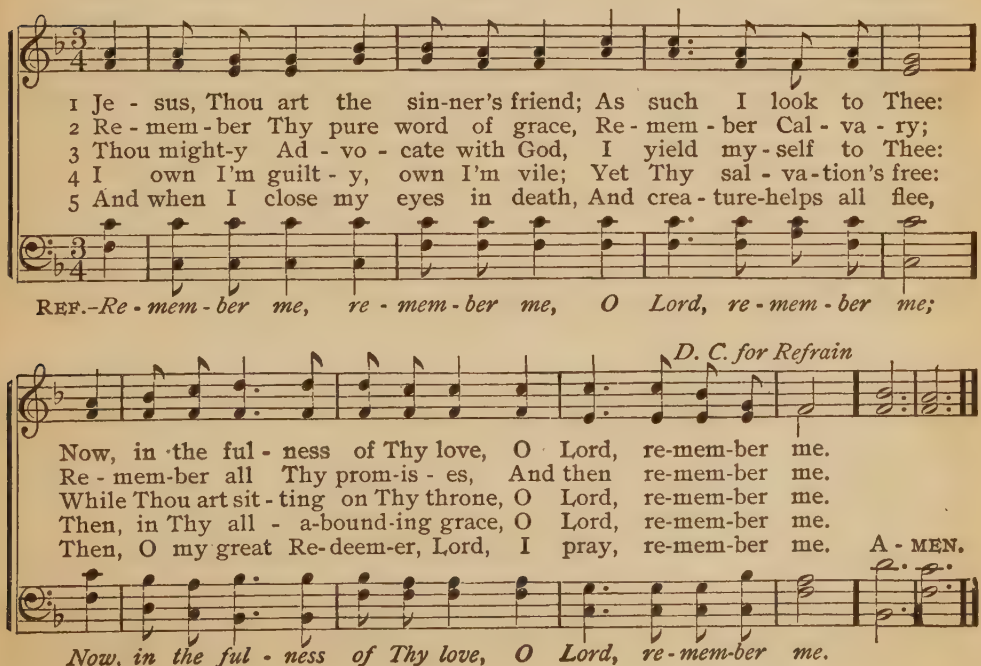
147 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own

JOHN R. WREFORD — LAMBETH — SAMUEL WEBBE


1 Lord, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;
2 Lord, I be - lieve; but gloom - y fears Some-times be - dim my sight;
3 Lord, I be - lieve; but Thou dost know My faith is cold and weak;
4 Yes, I be - lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief:
I wan-der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray.
I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
Pit - y my frail - ty, and be - stow The con - fi - dence I seek.
Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow; Help Thou mine un - be - lief. A - MEN.

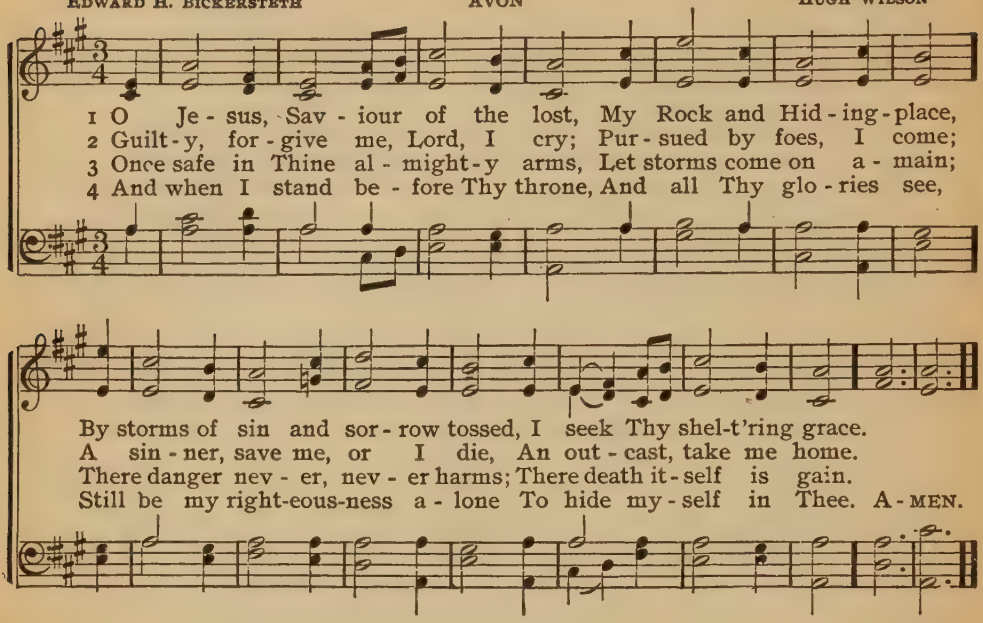
148 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend

RICHARD BURNHAM — HULL — ASA HULL


1 Je - sus, Thou art the sin-ner's friend; As such I look to Thee:
2 Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
3 Thou might-y Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield my - self to Thee:
4 I own I'm guilt - y, own I'm vile; Yet Thy sal - va - tion's free:
5 And when I close my eyes in death, And crea - ture-helps all flee,
REF.–Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me;
D. C. for Refrain
Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Re - mem-ber all Thy prom-is - es, And then re-mem-ber me.
While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Then, in Thy all - a-bound-ing grace, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Then, O my great Re-deem-er, Lord, I pray, re-mem-ber me. A - MEN.
Now, in the ful - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.

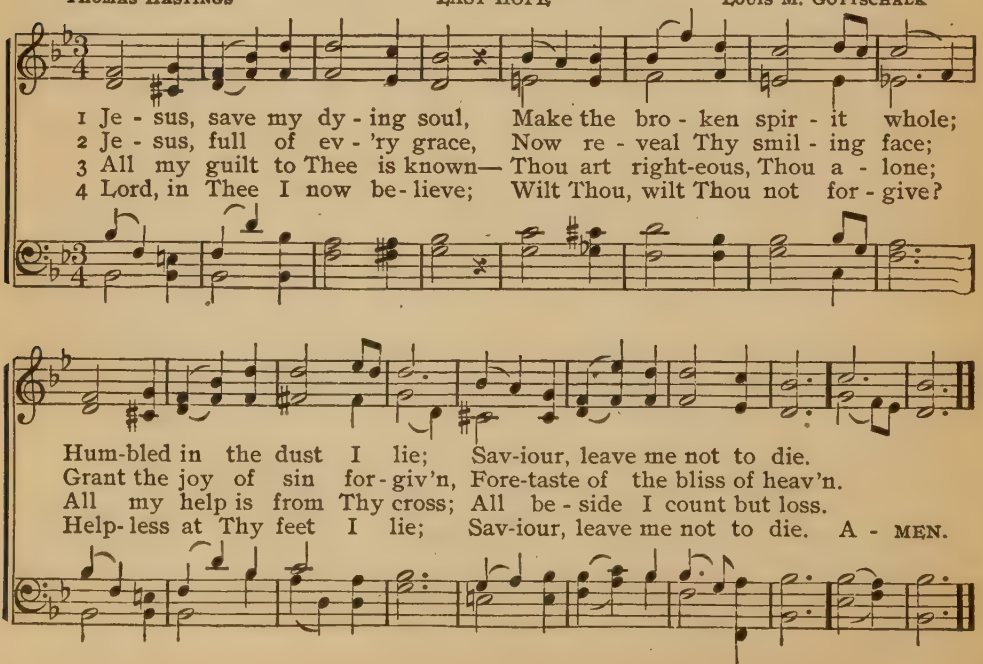
149 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH — AVON — HUGH WILSON

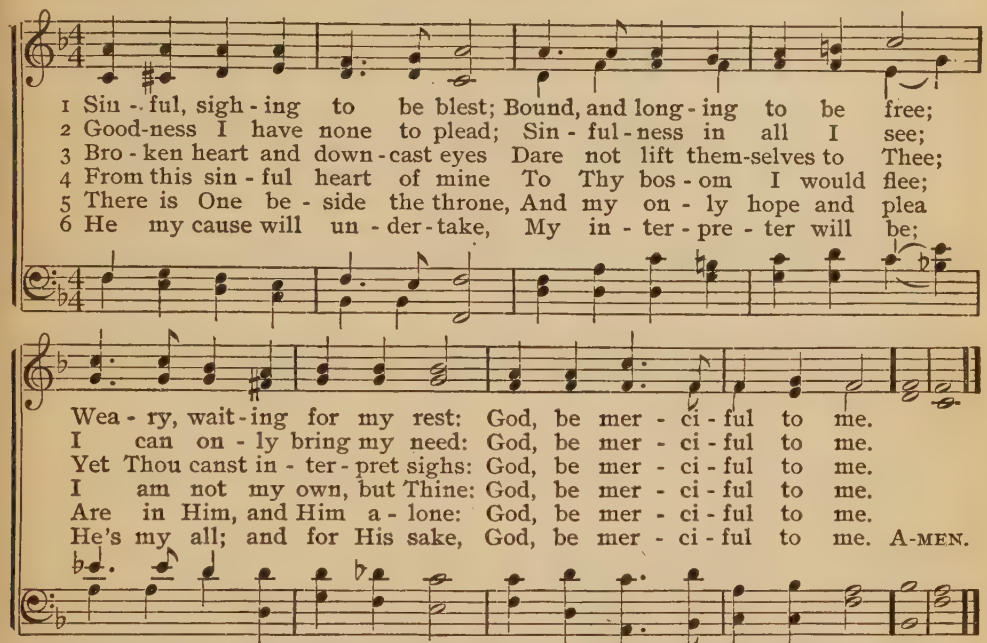

1 O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing - place,
2 Guilt - y, for - give me, Lord, I cry; Pur - sued by foes, I come;
3 Once safe in Thine al - might - y arms, Let storms come on a - main;
4 And when I stand be - fore Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ries see,
By storms of sin and sor - row tossed, I seek Thy shel-t'ring grace.
A sin - ner, save me, or I die, An out - cast, take me home.
There danger nev - er, nev - er harms; There death it - self is gain.
Still be my right-eous-ness a - lone To hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

150 Jesus, save my dying soul

THOMAS HASTINGS — LAST HOPE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1 Je - sus, save my dy - ing soul, Make the bro - ken spir - it whole;
2 Je - sus, full of ev - 'ry grace, Now re - veal Thy smil - ing face;
3 All my guilt to Thee is known— Thou art right-eous, Thou a - lone;
4 Lord, in Thee I now be - lieve; Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not for - give?
Hum-bled in the dust I lie; Sav-iour, leave me not to die.
Grant the joy of sin for - giv'n, Fore-taste of the bliss of heav'n.
All my help is from Thy cross; All be - side I count but loss.
Help - less at Thy feet I lie; Sav-iour, leave me not to die. A - MEN.

151 Sinful, sighing to be blest

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — WOODMAN — HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

1 Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;
2 Good-ness I have none to plead; Sin - ful - ness in all I see;
3 Bro - ken heart and down - cast eyes Dare not lift them-selves to Thee;
4 From this sin - ful heart of mine To Thy bos - om I would flee;
5 There is One be - side the throne, And my on - ly hope and plea
6 He my cause will un - der - take, My in - ter - pre - ter will be;
Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest: God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
I can on - ly bring my need: God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
Yet Thou canst in - ter - pret sighs: God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
I am not my own, but Thine: God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
Are in Him, and Him a - lone: God, be mer - ci - ful to me.
He's my all; and for His sake, God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A-MEN.

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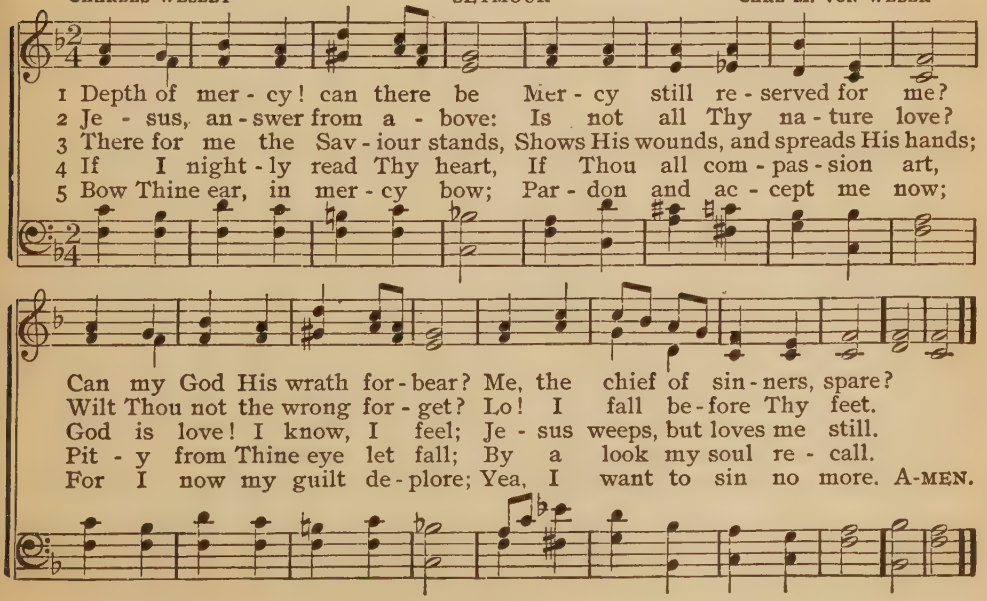
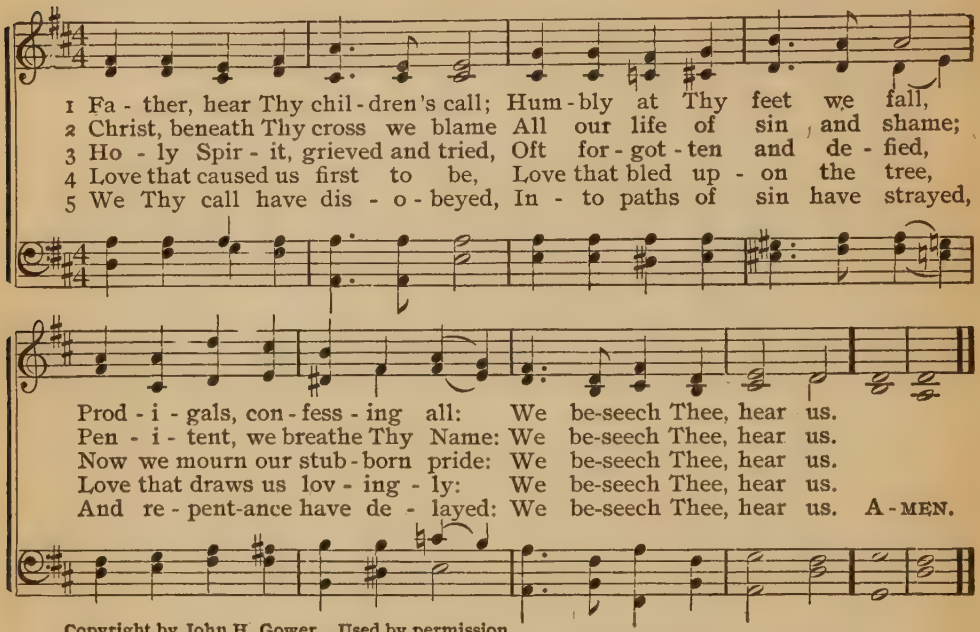
152 Depth of mercy! can there be

CHARLES WESLEY — SEYMOUR — CARL M. VON WEBER

1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2 Je - sus, an - swer from a - bove: Is not all Thy na - ture love?
3 There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
4 If I night - ly read Thy heart, If Thou all com - pas - sion art,
5 Bow Thine ear, in mer - cy bow; Par - don and ac - cept me now;
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Wilt Thou not the wrong for - get? Lo! I fall be - fore Thy feet.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.
Pit - y from Thine eye let fall; By a look my soul re - call.
For I now my guilt de - plore; Yea, I want to sin no more. A-MEN.

153 Father, hear Thy children's call

THOMAS B. POLLOCK — GOWER'S LITANY — JOHN H. GOWER


1 Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call; Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,
2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame;
3 Ho - ly Spir - it, grieved and tried, Oft for - got - ten and de - fied,
4 Love that caused us first to be, Love that bled up - on the tree,
5 We Thy call have dis - o - beyed, In - to paths of sin have strayed,
Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Pen - i - tent, we breathe Thy Name: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Now we mourn our stub - born pride: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Love that draws us lov - ing - ly: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
And re - pent-ance have de - layed: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.

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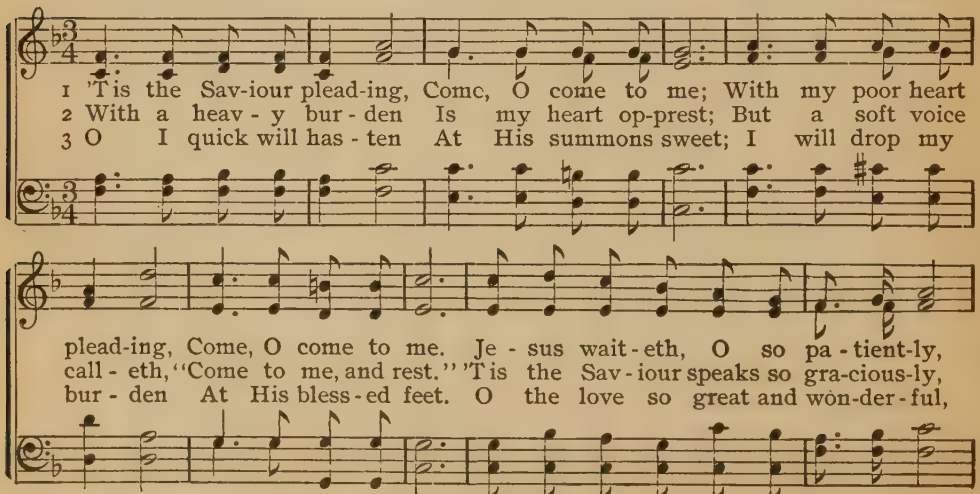
6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure;
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure;
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Thou who hearest each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

154 'Tis the Saviour pleading

PALMER HARTSOUGH — FILLMORE — JAMES H. FILLMORE


1 'Tis the Sav-iour plead-ing, Come, O come to me; With my poor heart
2 With a heav - y bur - den Is my heart op-prest; But a soft voice
3 O I quick will has - ten At His summons sweet; I will drop my
plead-ing, Come, O come to me. Je - sus wait - eth, O so pa - tient-ly,
call - eth, "Come to me, and rest." 'Tis the Sav - iour speaks so gra-cious-ly,
bur - den At His bless - ed feet. O the love so great and won-der - ful,

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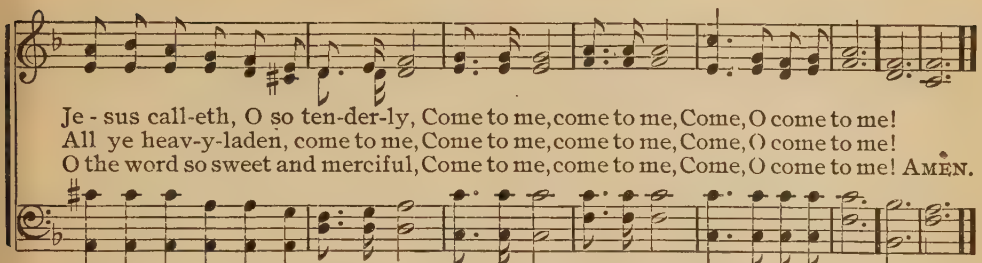
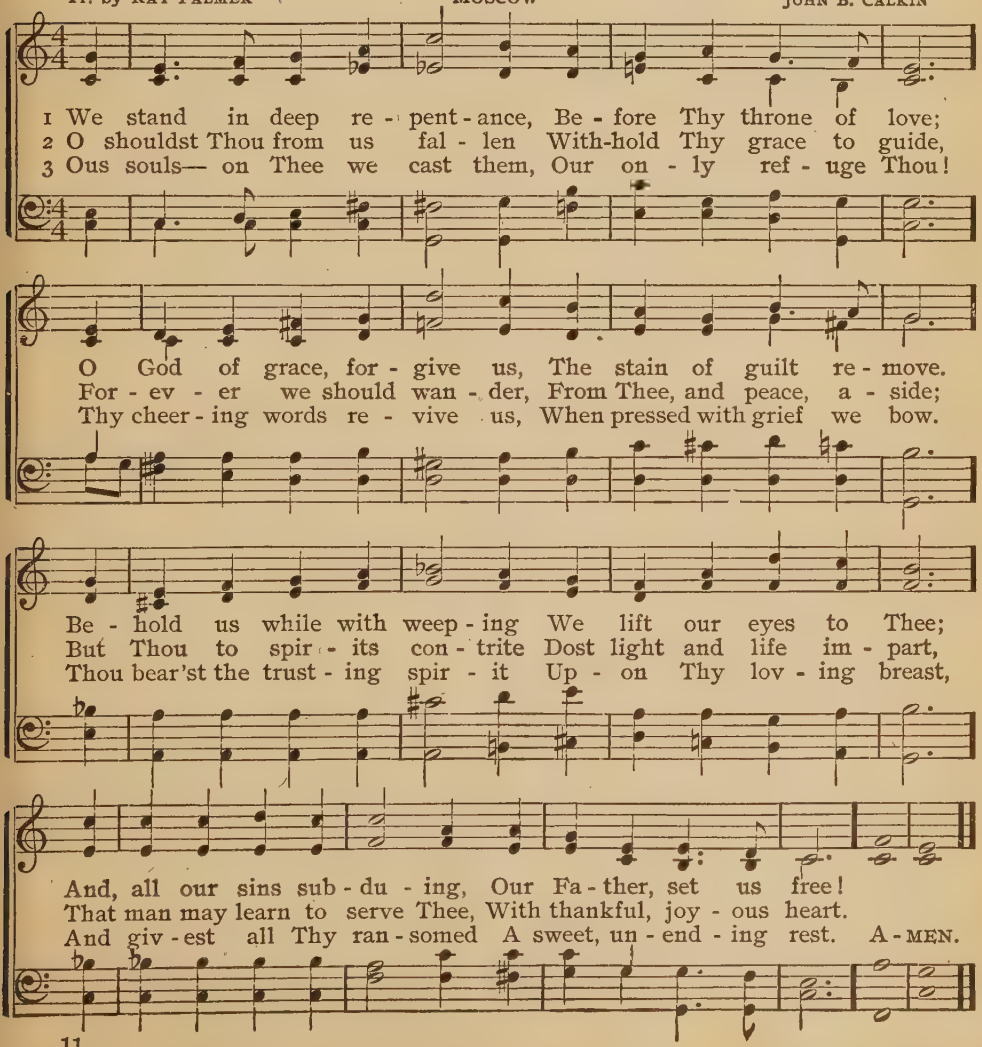
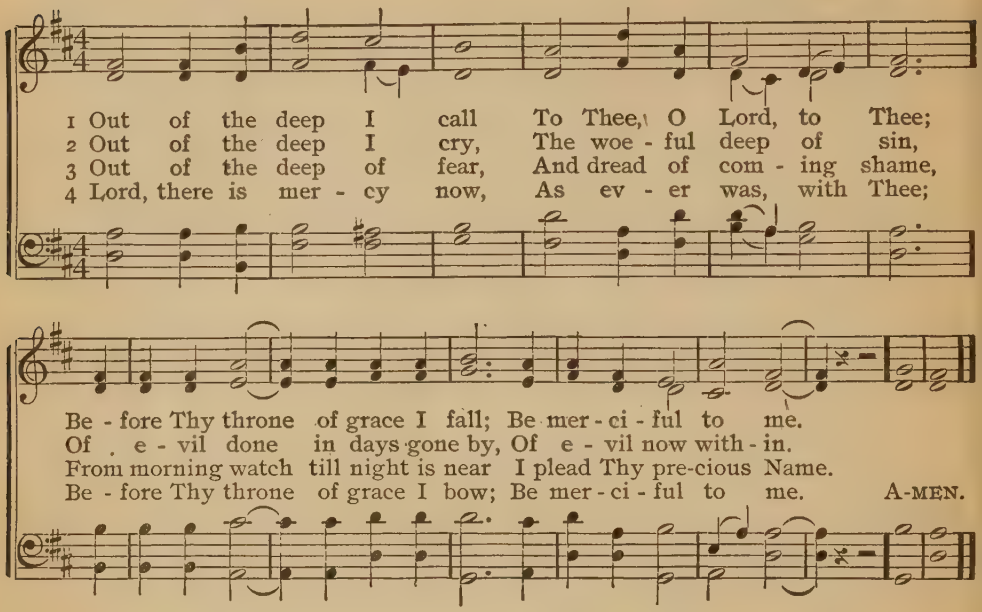
'Tis the Saviour pleading


Je - sus call-eth, O so ten-der-ly, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me!
All ye heav-y-laden, come to me, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me!
O the word so sweet and merciful, Come to me, come to me, Come, O come to me! AMEN.

155 We stand in deep repentance

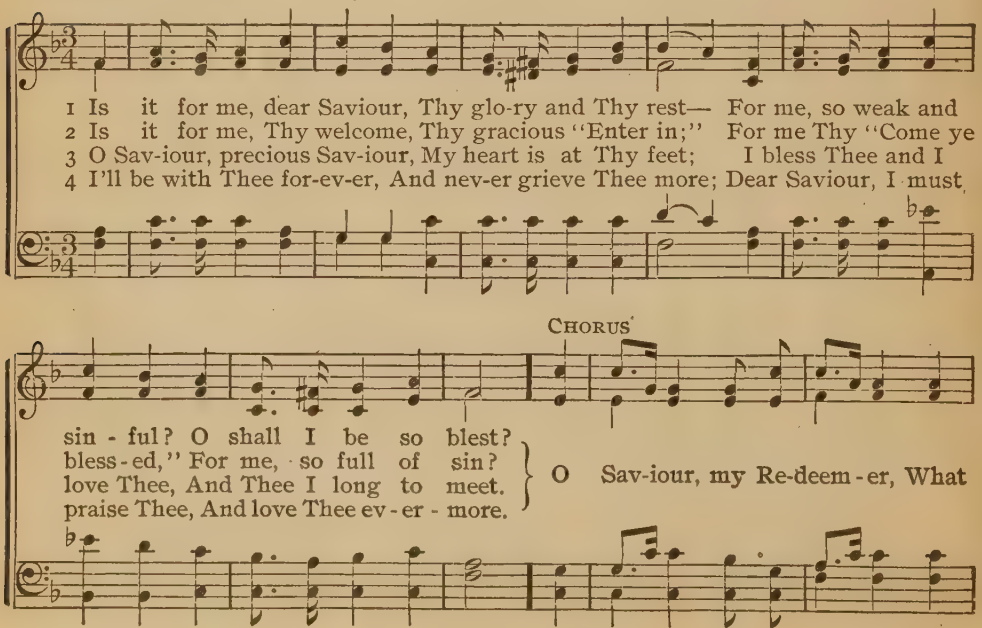
Tr. by RAY PALMER — MOSCOW — JOHN B. CALKIN

1 We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;
2 O shouldst Thou from us fal - len With-hold Thy grace to guide,
3 Ous souls— on Thee we cast them, Our on - ly ref - uge Thou!
O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move.
For - ev - er we should wan - der, From Thee, and peace, a - side;
Thy cheer - ing words re - vive us, When pressed with grief we bow.
Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;
But Thou to spir - its con - trite Dost light and life im - part,
Thou bear'st the trust - ing spir - it Up - on Thy lov - ing breast,
And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free!
That man may learn to serve Thee, With thankful, joy - ous heart.
And giv - est all Thy ran - somed A sweet, un - end - ing rest. A - MEN.

156 Out of the deep I call

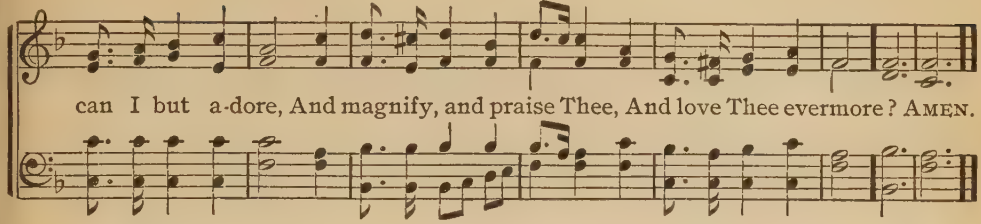
HENRY W. BAKER — OWEN — JOSEPH E. SWEETSER

1 Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
2 Out of the deep I cry, The woe - ful deep of sin,
3 Out of the deep of fear, And dread of com - ing shame,
4 Lord, there is mer - cy now, As ev - er was, with Thee;
Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me.
Of e - vil done in days gone by, Of e - vil now with - in.
From morning watch till night is near I plead Thy pre-cious Name.
Be - fore Thy throne of grace I bow; Be mer - ci - ful to me. A-MEN.

157 Is it for me, dear Saviour

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — O'KANE — TULLIUS C. O'KANE

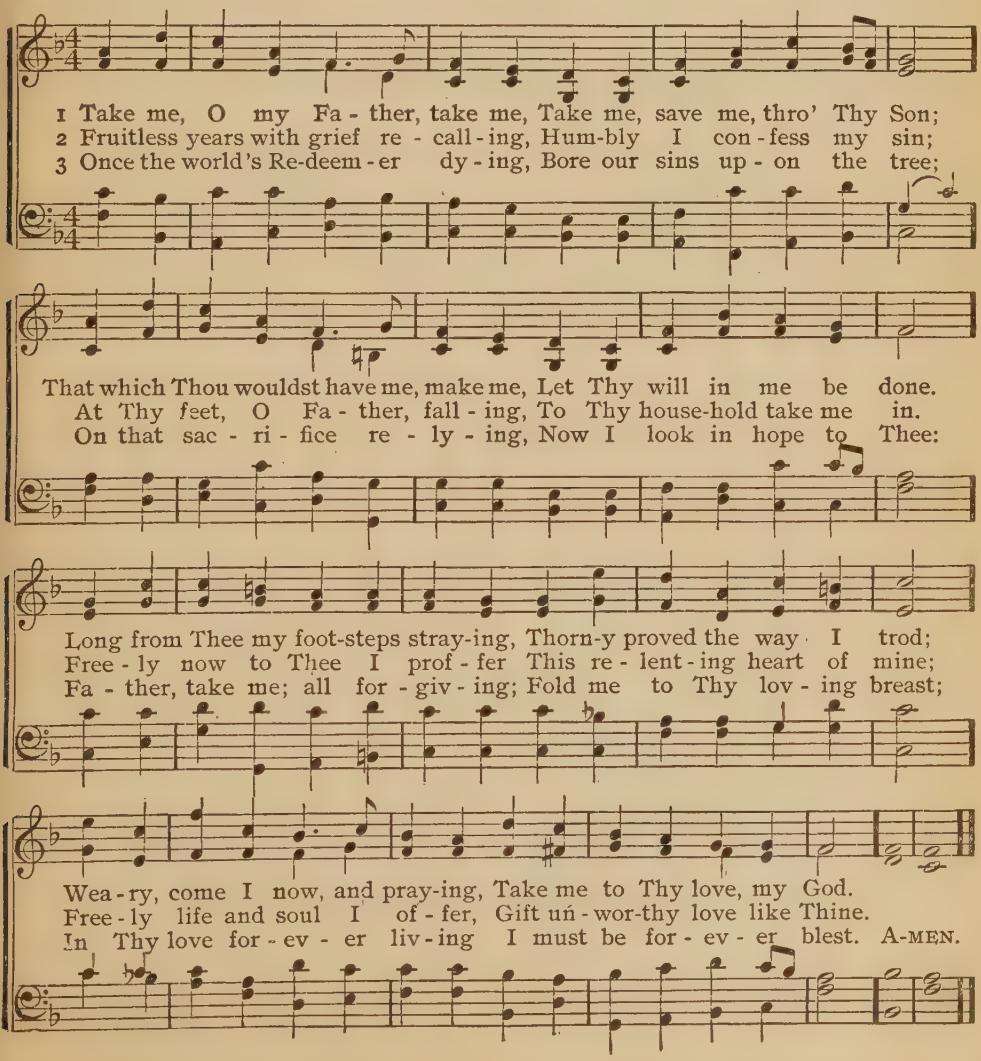

1 Is it for me, dear Saviour, Thy glo-ry and Thy rest— For me, so weak and
2 Is it for me, Thy welcome, Thy gracious "Enter in;" For me Thy "Come ye
3 O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, My heart is at Thy feet; I bless Thee and I
4 I'll be with Thee for-ev-er, And nev-er grieve Thee more; Dear Saviour, I must
CHORUS
sin - ful? O shall I be so blest?
bless - ed," For me, so full of sin?
love Thee, And Thee I long to meet.
praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more.
O Sav-iour, my Re-deem - er, What

Is it for me, dear Saviour



158 Take me, O my Father, take me

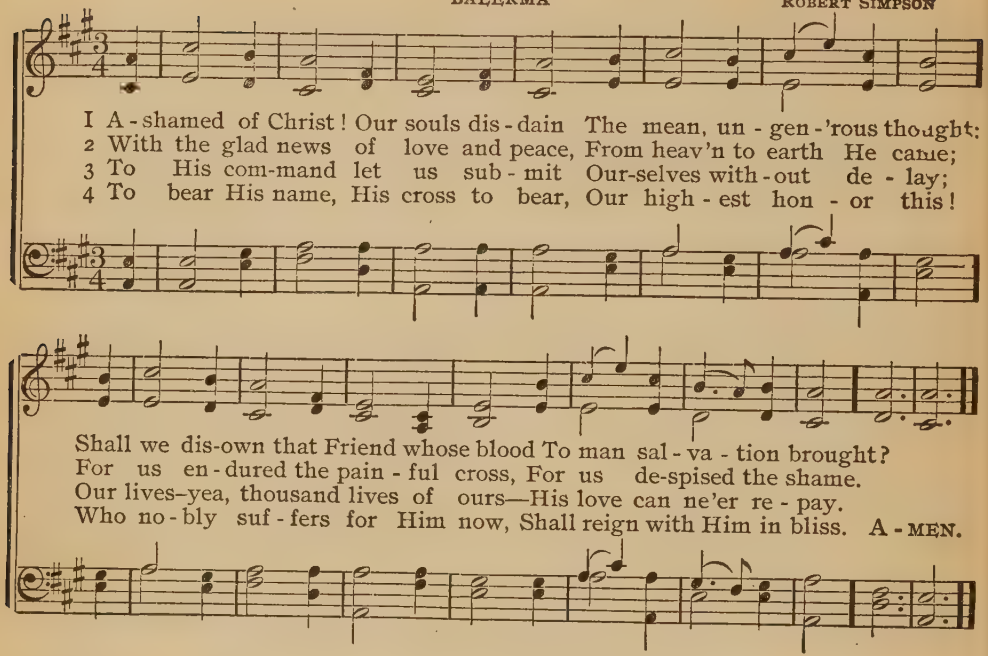
RAY PALMER SMART HENRY SMART


1 Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me, Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;
2 Fruitless years with grief re - call - ing, Hum-bly I con - fess my sin;
3 Once the world's Re-deem - er dy - ing, Bore our sins up - on the tree;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.
At Thy feet, O Fa - ther, fall - ing, To Thy house-hold take me in.
On that sac - ri - fice re - ly - ing, Now I look in hope to Thee:
Long from Thee my foot-steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;
Free - ly now to Thee I prof - fer This re - lent - ing heart of mine;
Fa - ther, take me; all for - giv - ing; Fold me to Thy lov - ing breast;
Wea - ry, come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God.
Free - ly life and soul I of - fer, Gift un - wor-thy love like Thine.
In Thy love for - ev - er liv - ing I must be for - ev - er blest. A-MEN.

159 Ashamed of Christ! Our souls disdain

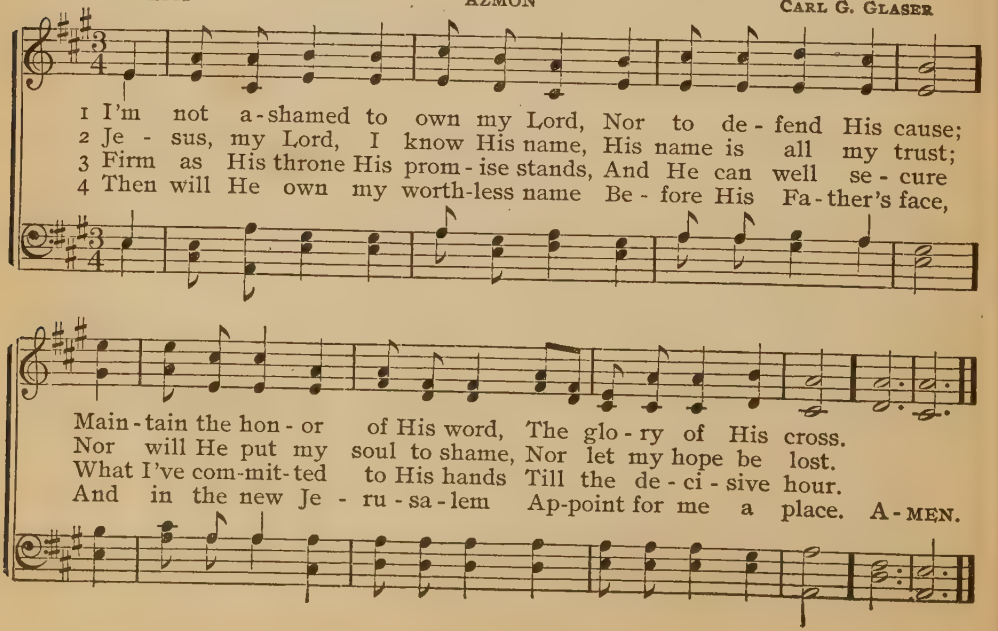
* * *

BALERMA — ROBERT SIMPSON


1 A-shamed of Christ! Our souls dis-dain The mean, un-gen-'rous thought:
2 With the glad news of love and peace, From heav'n to earth He came;
3 To His com-mand let us sub-mit Our-selves with-out de-lay;
4 To bear His name, His cross to bear, Our high-est hon-or this!
Shall we dis-own that Friend whose blood To man sal-va-tion brought?
For us en-dured the pain-ful cross, For us de-spised the shame.
Our lives–yea, thousand lives of ours—His love can ne'er re-pay.
Who no-bly suf-fers for Him now, Shall reign with Him in bliss. A-MEN.

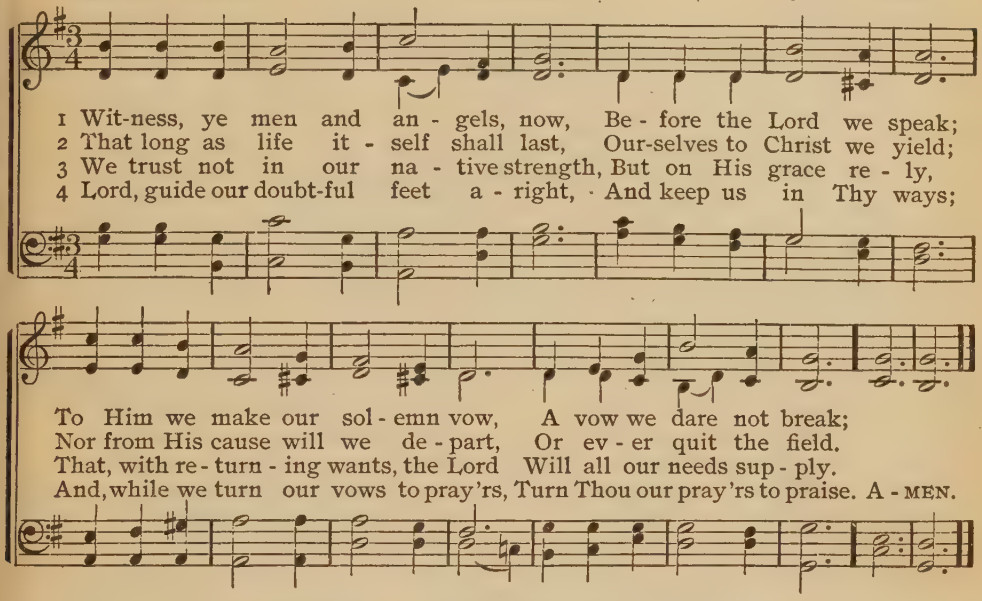
160 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord

ISAAC WATTS — AZMON — CARL G. GLASER


1 I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause;
2 Je-sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
3 Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se-cure
4 Then will He own my worth-less name Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,
Main-tain the hon-or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to His hands Till the de-ci-sive hour.
And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem Ap-point for me a place. A-MEN.

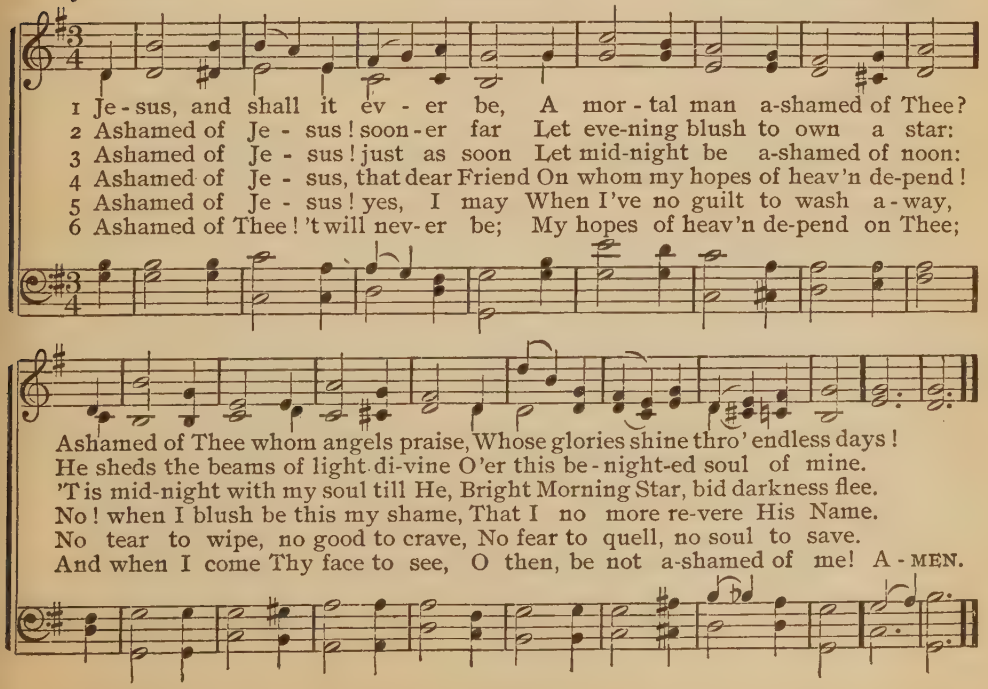
161 Witness, ye men and angels, now

BENJAMIN BEDDOME ST. AGNES JOHN B. DYKES


1 Wit-ness, ye men and an - gels, now, Be - fore the Lord we speak;
2 That long as life it - self shall last, Our-selves to Christ we yield;
3 We trust not in our na - tive strength, But on His grace re - ly,
4 Lord, guide our doubt-ful feet a - right, And keep us in Thy ways;
To Him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break;
Nor from His cause will we de - part, Or ev - er quit the field.
That, with re - turn - ing wants, the Lord Will all our needs sup - ply.
And, while we turn our vows to pray'rs, Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise. A - MEN.

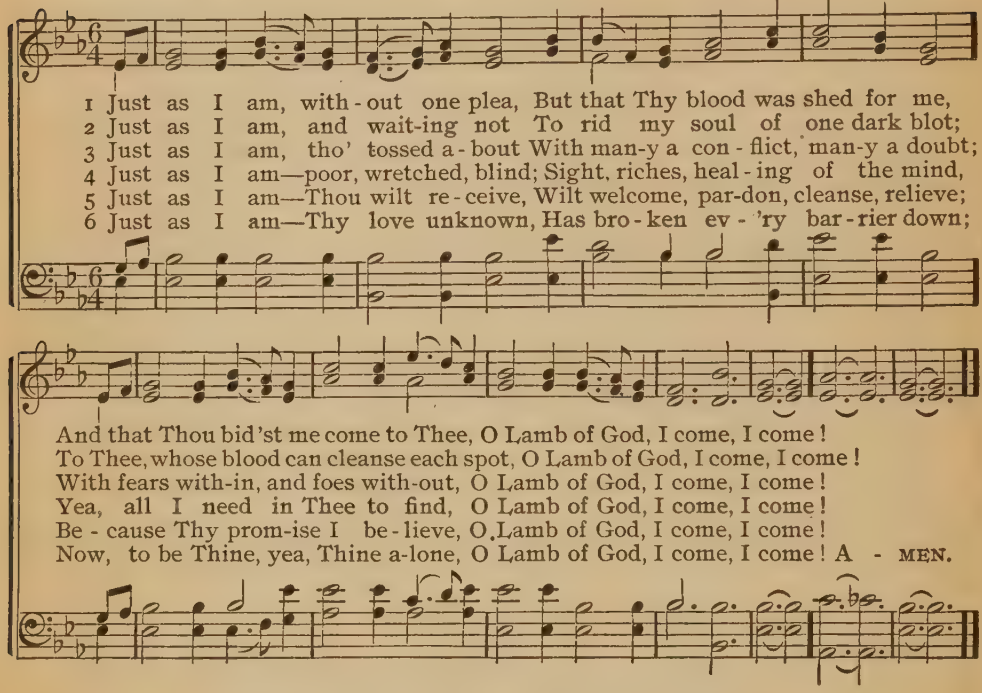
162 Jesus, and shall it ever be

JOSEPH GRIGG BROOKFIELD THOMAS B. SOUTHGATE


1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2 Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star:
3 Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon:
4 Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
5 Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
6 Ashamed of Thee! 't will nev-er be; My hopes of heav'n de-pend on Thee;
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine.
'T is mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His Name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And when I come Thy face to see, O then, be not a-shamed of me! A - MEN.

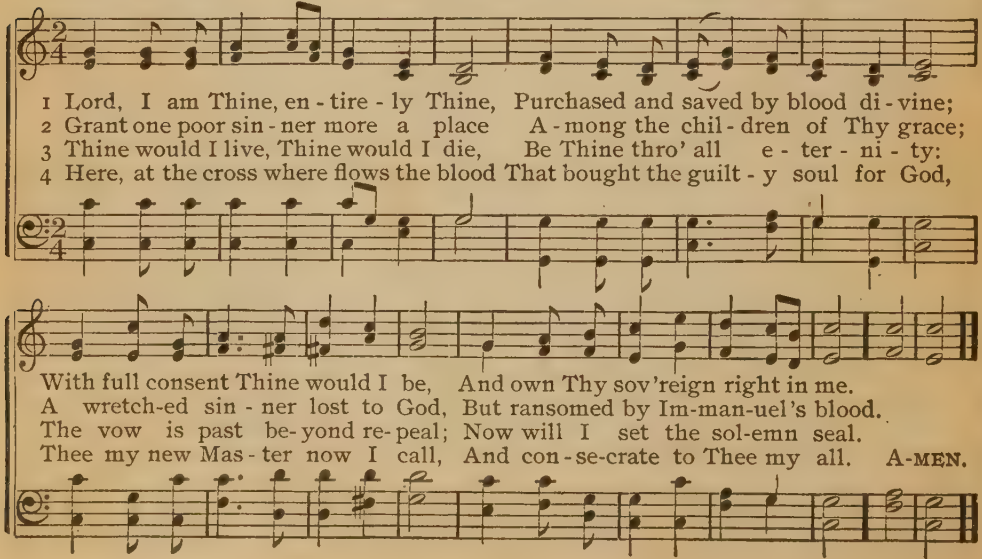
163 Just as I am, without one plea

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT WOODWORTH WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3 Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt;
4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown, Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A-MEN.

164 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine

SAMUEL DAVIES ZEPHYR WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

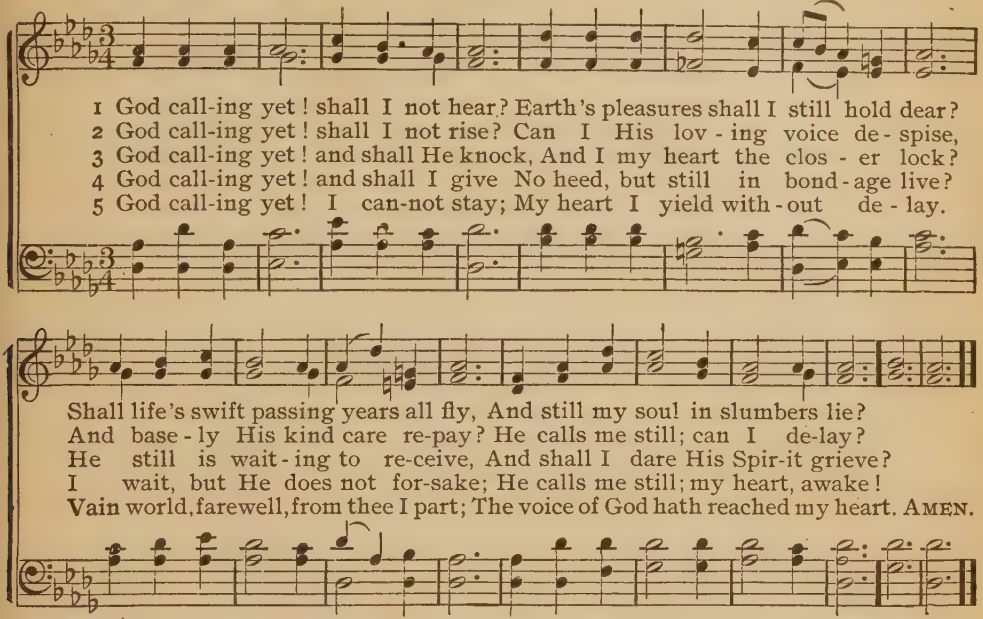

1 Lord, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2 Grant one poor sin-ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty:
4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood That bought the guilt-y soul for God,
With full consent Thine would I be, And own Thy sov'reign right in me.
A wretch-ed sin-ner lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is past be-yond re-peal; Now will I set the sol-emn seal.
Thee my new Mas-ter now I call, And con-se-crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.

165 God calling yet! shall I not hear

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN
Tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER

CLOLATA

W. ST. CLAIR PALMER

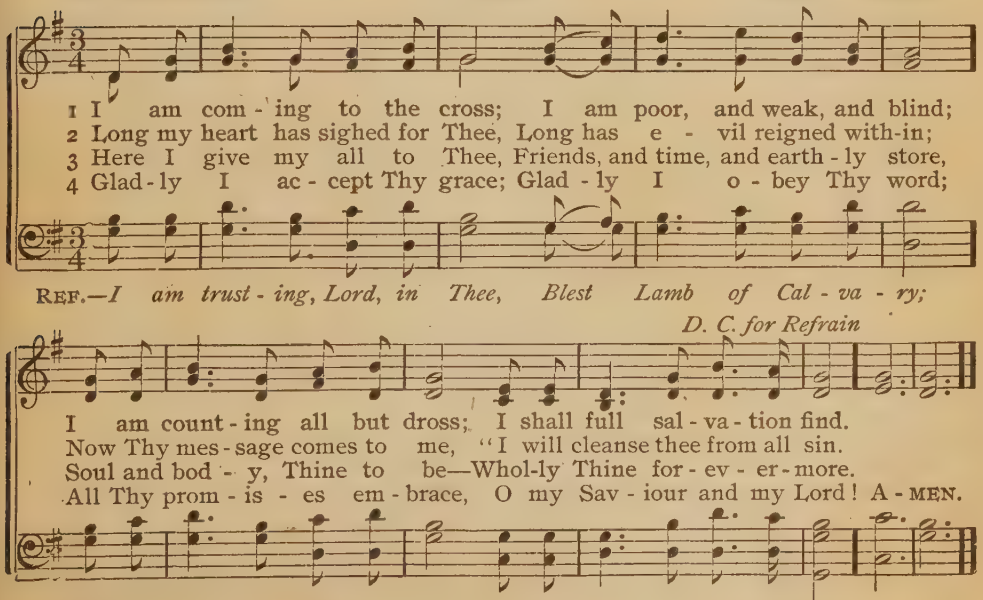

1 God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2 God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3 God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4 God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
5 God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay.
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, awake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. AMEN.

166 I am coming to the cross

WILLIAM McDONALD

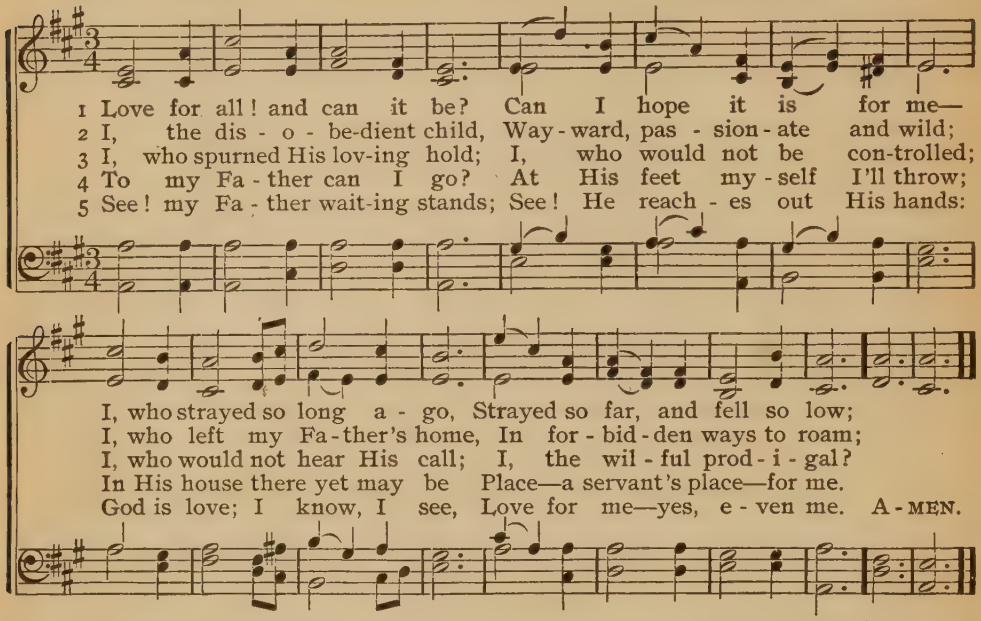
DUNGAN

WILLIAM G. FISCHER


1 I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e-vil reigned with-in;
3 Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store,
4 Glad-ly I ac-cept Thy grace; Glad-ly I o-bey Thy word;
REF.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry;
D. C. for Refrain
I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
Now Thy mes-sage comes to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin.
Soul and bod-y, Thine to be—Whol-ly Thine for-ev-er-more.
All Thy prom-is-es em-brace, O my Sav-iour and my Lord! A-MEN.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Seek-ing Thy sal-va-tion now.

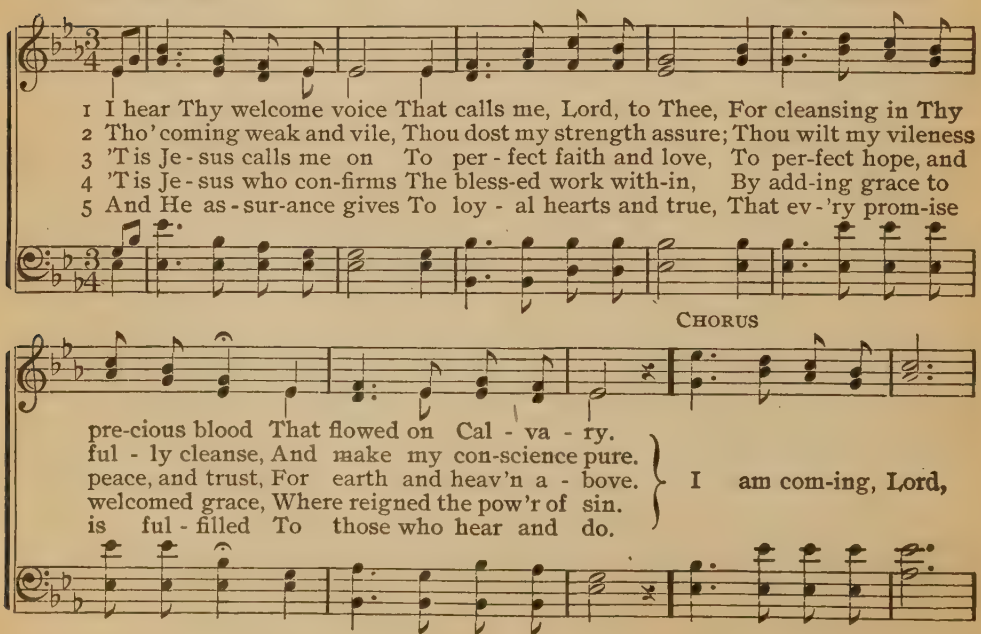
167 Love for all! and can it be

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — HORTON — XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE

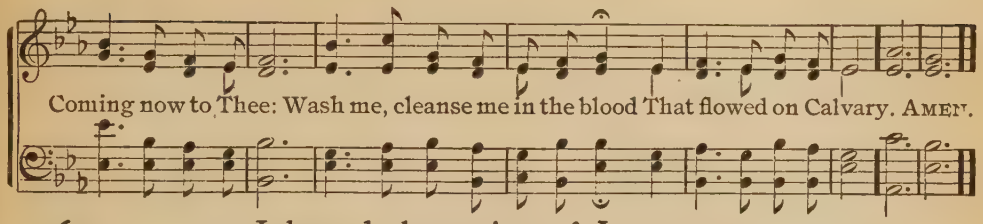

1 Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2 I, the dis - o - be-dient child, Way - ward, pas - sion - ate and wild;
3 I, who spurned His lov-ing hold; I, who would not be con-trolled;
4 To my Fa - ther can I go? At His feet my - self I'll throw;
5 See! my Fa - ther wait-ing stands; See! He reach - es out His hands:
I, who strayed so long a - go, Strayed so far, and fell so low;
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for - bid - den ways to roam;
I, who would not hear His call; I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal?
In His house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me. A - MEN.

168 I hear Thy welcome voice

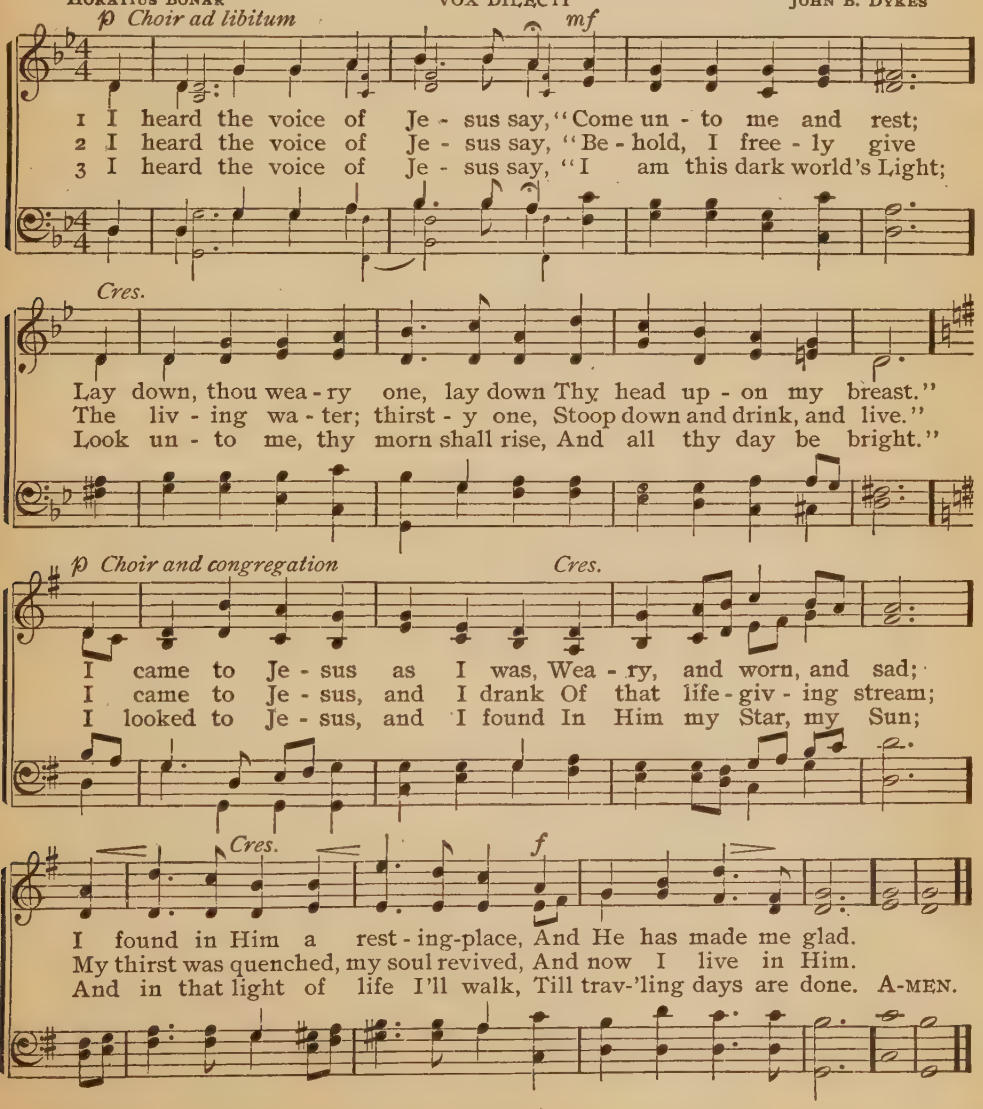
LEWIS HARTSOUGH — CRAMBLETT — LEWIS HARTSOUGH


1 I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2 Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou wilt my vileness
3 'T is Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4 'T is Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to
5 And He as - sur-ance gives To loy - al hearts and true, That ev - 'ry prom-ise
CHORUS
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, And make my con-science pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
is ful - filled To those who hear and do.
I am com-ing, Lord,

I hear Thy welcome voice

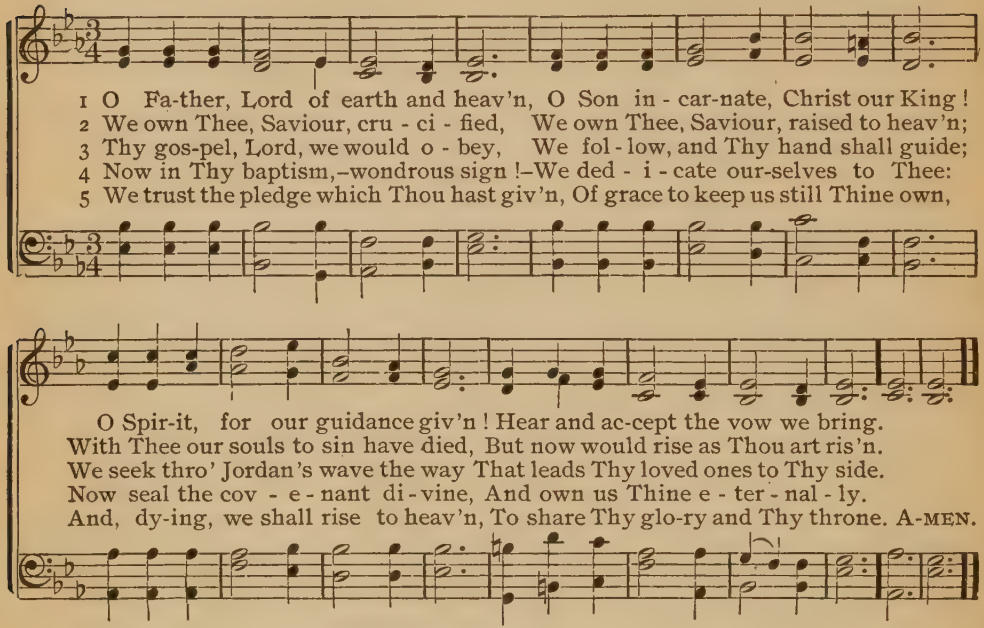


169 I heard the voice of Jesus say

HORATIUS BONAR VOX DILECTI JOHN B. DYKES

p Choir ad libitum
mf
1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Cres.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
p Choir and congregation
Cres.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
Cres.
f
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling days are done. A-MEN.

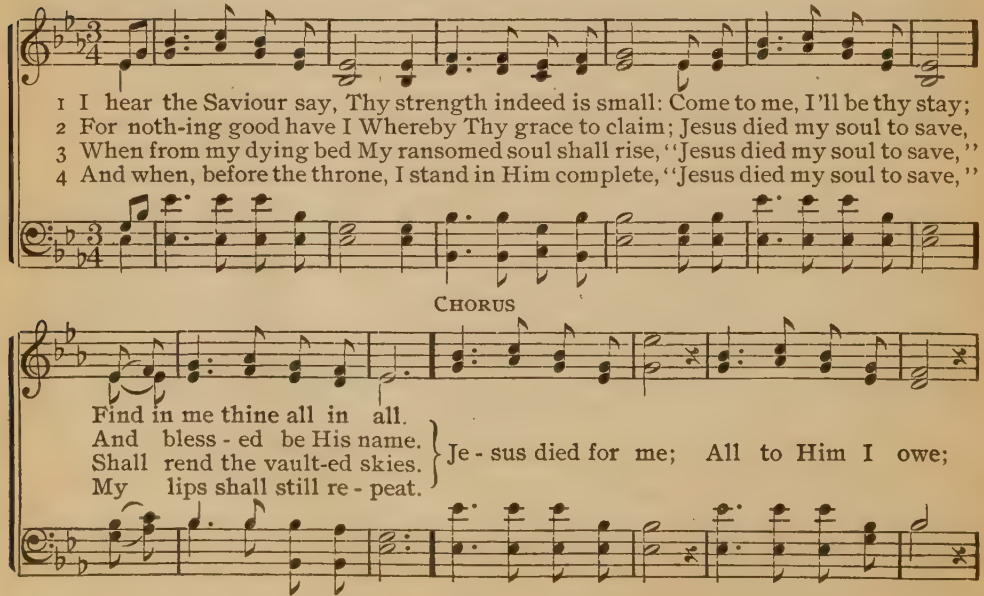
170 O Father, Lord of earth and heaven

J. W. WILLMARTH SAXBY TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

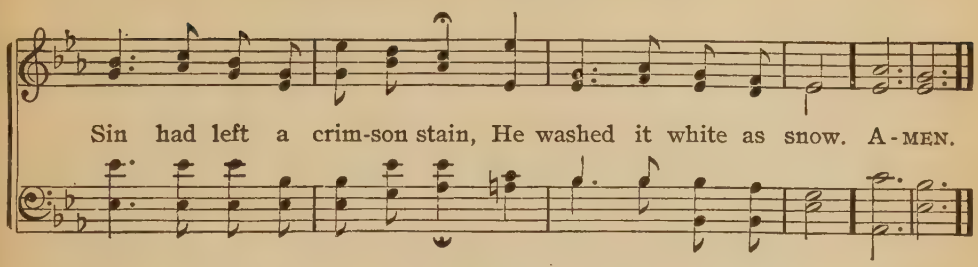

1 O Fa-ther, Lord of earth and heav'n, O Son in - car-nate, Christ our King!
2 We own Thee, Saviour, cru - ci - fied, We own Thee, Saviour, raised to heav'n;
3 Thy gos-pel, Lord, we would o - bey, We fol - low, and Thy hand shall guide;
4 Now in Thy baptism,–wondrous sign!–We ded - i - cate our-selves to Thee:
5 We trust the pledge which Thou hast giv'n, Of grace to keep us still Thine own,
O Spir-it, for our guidance giv'n! Hear and ac-cept the vow we bring.
With Thee our souls to sin have died, But now would rise as Thou art ris'n.
We seek thro' Jordan's wave the way That leads Thy loved ones to Thy side.
Now seal the cov - e - nant di - vine, And own us Thine e - ter - nal - ly.
And, dy-ing, we shall rise to heav'n, To share Thy glo-ry and Thy throne. A-MEN.

171 I hear the Saviour say

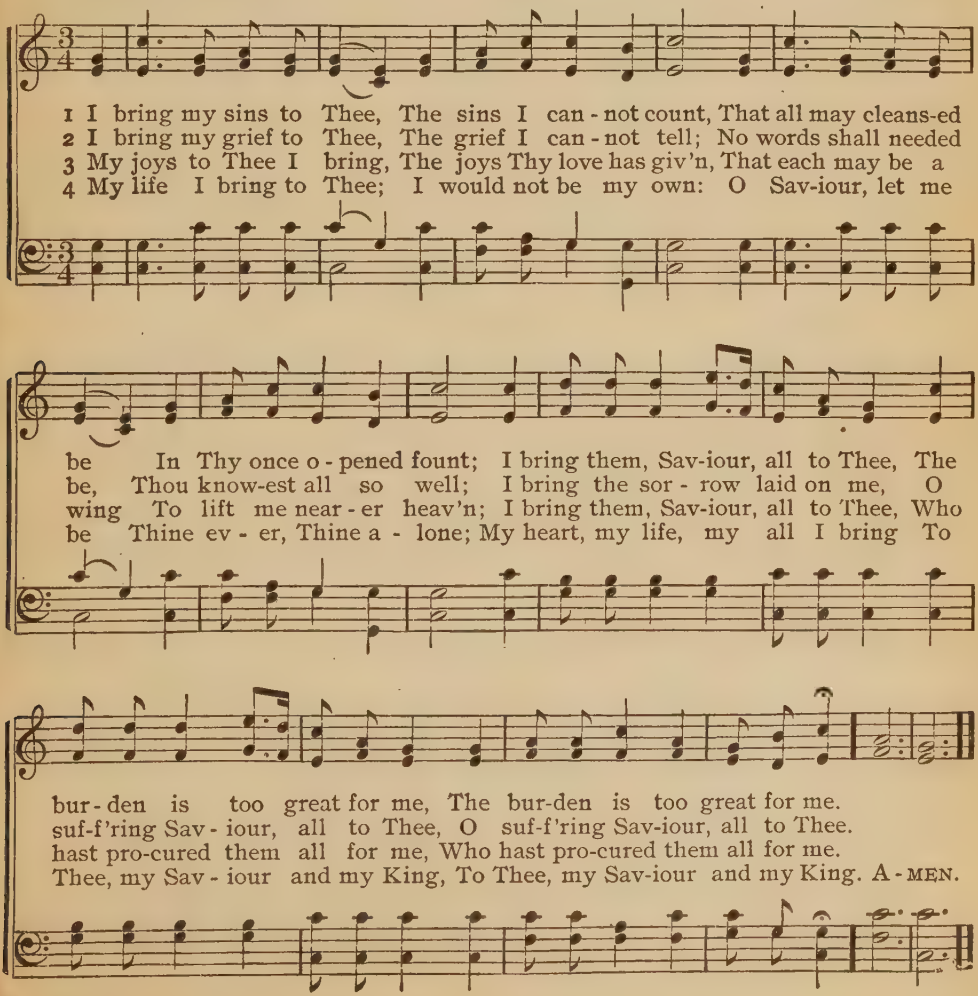
ELVINA M. HALL, alt. RICHARDSON JOHN T. GRAPE


1 I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small: Come to me, I'll be thy stay;
2 For noth-ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim; Jesus died my soul to save,
3 When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my soul to save,"
4 And when, before the throne, I stand in Him complete, "Jesus died my soul to save,"
CHORUS
Find in me thine all in all.
And bless - ed be His name.
Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
My lips shall still re - peat.
Je - sus died for me; All to Him I owe;

I hear the Saviour say

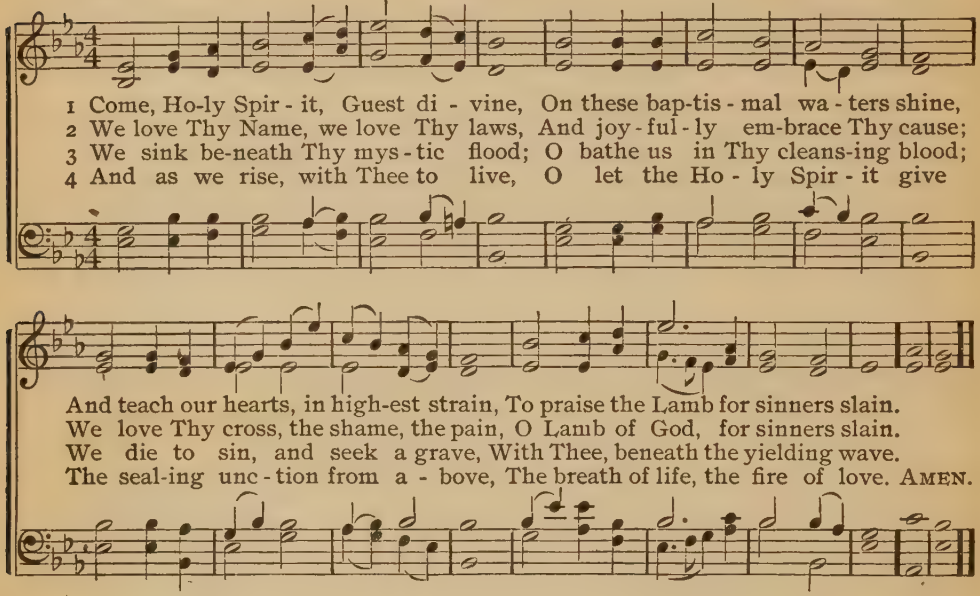


172 I bring my sins to Thee

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL POWER PHILIP P. BLISS

1 I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That all may cleans-ed
2 I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No words shall needed
3 My joys to Thee I bring, The joys Thy love has giv'n, That each may be a
4 My life I bring to Thee; I would not be my own: O Sav-iour, let me
be In Thy once o-pened fount; I bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee, The
be, Thou know-est all so well; I bring the sor-row laid on me, O
wing To lift me near-er heav'n; I bring them, Sav-iour, all to Thee, Who
be Thine ev-er, Thine a-lone; My heart, my life, my all I bring To
bur-den is too great for me, The bur-den is too great for me.
suf-f'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee, O suf-f'ring Sav-iour, all to Thee.
hast pro-cured them all for me, Who hast pro-cured them all for me.
Thee, my Sav-iour and my King, To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King. A-MEN.

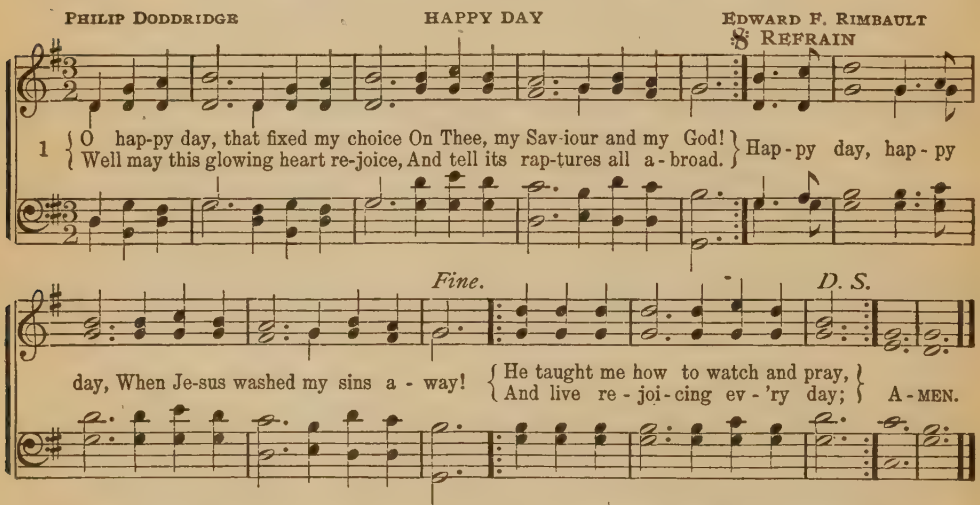
173 Come, Holy Spirit, Guest divine

ADONIRAM JUDSON — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON


1 Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, Guest di - vine, On these bap-tis - mal wa - ters shine,
2 We love Thy Name, we love Thy laws, And joy - ful - ly em-brace Thy cause;
3 We sink be-neath Thy mys - tic flood; O bathe us in Thy cleans-ing blood;
4 And as we rise, with Thee to live, O let the Ho - ly Spir - it give
And teach our hearts, in high-est strain, To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
We die to sin, and seek a grave, With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.
The seal-ing unc - tion from a - bove, The breath of life, the fire of love. AMEN.

174 O happy day, that fixed my choice

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — HAPPY DAY — EDWARD F. RIMBAULT & REFRAIN


1 O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.
Hap - py day, hap - py
Fine.
D. S.
day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re - joi - cing ev - 'ry day;
A - MEN.

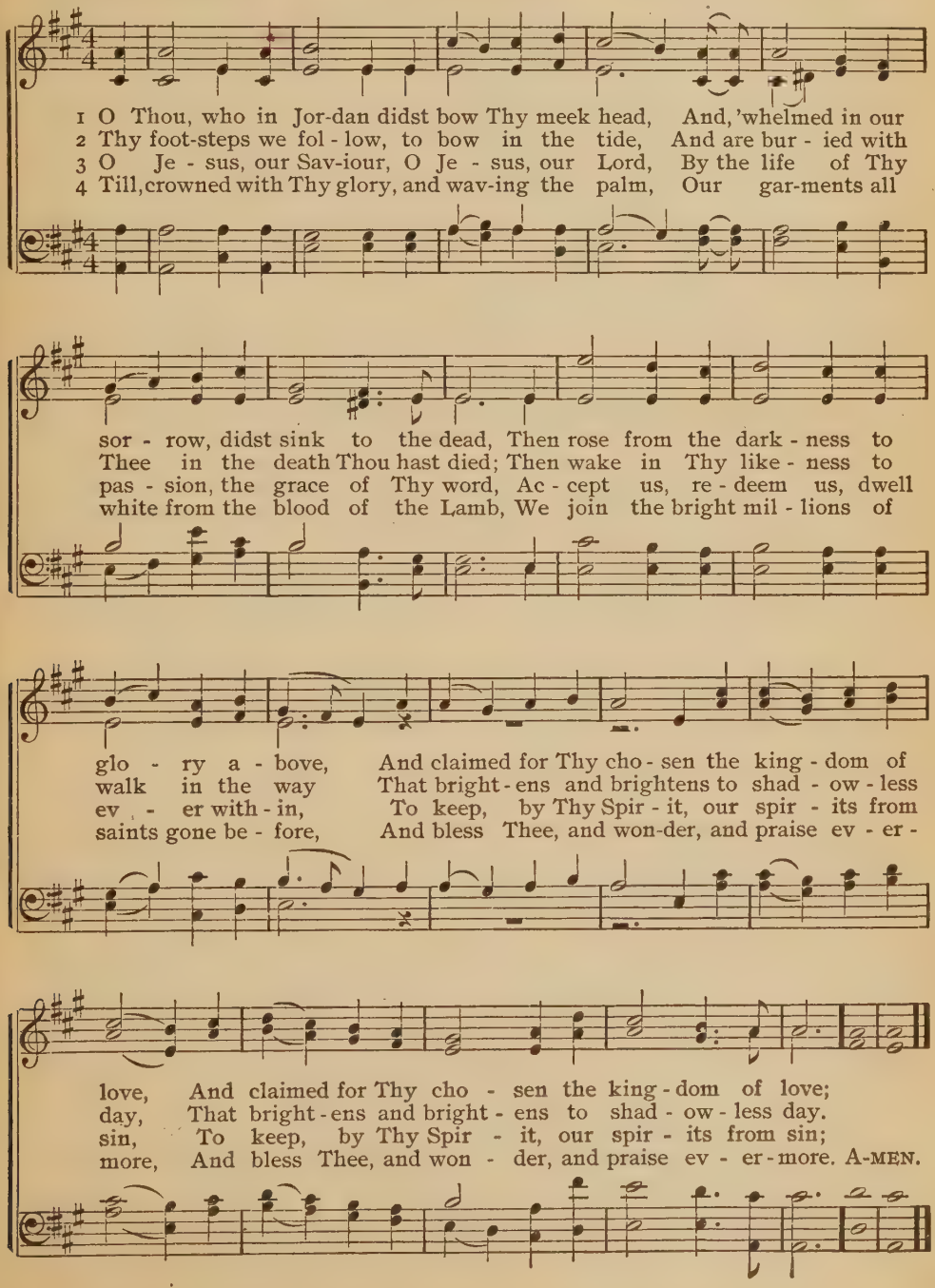
2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

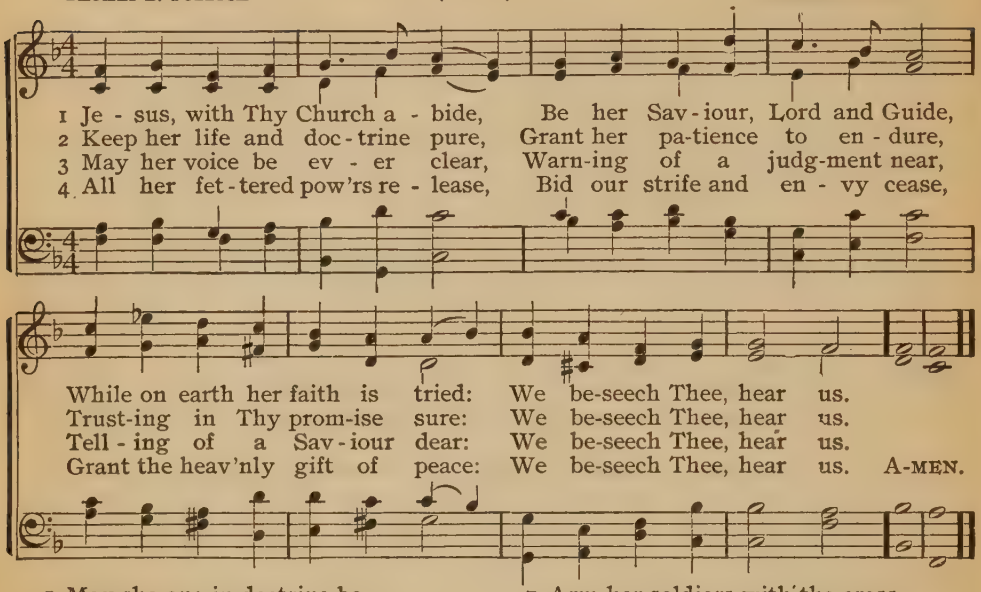
175 O Thou, who in Jordan didst bow Thy meek head

GEORGE W. BETHUNE ADESTE FIDELES MARCANTOINE PORTAGALLO


1 O Thou, who in Jor-dan didst bow Thy meek head, And, 'whelmed in our
2 Thy foot-steps we fol - low, to bow in the tide, And are bur - ied with
3 O Je - sus, our Sav-iour, O Je - sus, our Lord, By the life of Thy
4 Till, crowned with Thy glory, and wav-ing the palm, Our gar-ments all
sor - row, didst sink to the dead, Then rose from the dark - ness to
Thee in the death Thou hast died; Then wake in Thy like - ness to
pas - sion, the grace of Thy word, Ac - cept us, re - deem us, dwell
white from the blood of the Lamb, We join the bright mil - lions of
glo - ry a - bove, And claimed for Thy cho - sen the king - dom of
walk in the way That bright - ens and brightens to shad - ow - less
ev - er with - in, To keep, by Thy Spir - it, our spir - its from
saints gone be - fore, And bless Thee, and won-der, and praise ev - er -
love, And claimed for Thy cho - sen the king - dom of love;
day, That bright - ens and bright - ens to shad - ow - less day.
sin, To keep, by Thy Spir - it, our spir - its from sin;
more, And bless Thee, and won - der, and praise ev - er - more. A-MEN.

176 Jesus, with Thy Church abide

THOMAS B. POLLOCK — CLAY'S LITANY — FREDERIC H. CLAY


1 Je - sus, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav - iour, Lord and Guide,
2 Keep her life and doc - trine pure, Grant her pa-tience to en - dure,
3 May her voice be ev - er clear, Warn-ing of a judg-ment near,
4 All her fet - tered pow'rs re - lease, Bid our strife and en - vy cease,
While on earth her faith is tried: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Trust-ing in Thy prom-ise sure: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Tell - ing of a Sav - iour dear: We be-seech Thee, hear us.
Grant the heav'nly gift of peace: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A-MEN.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

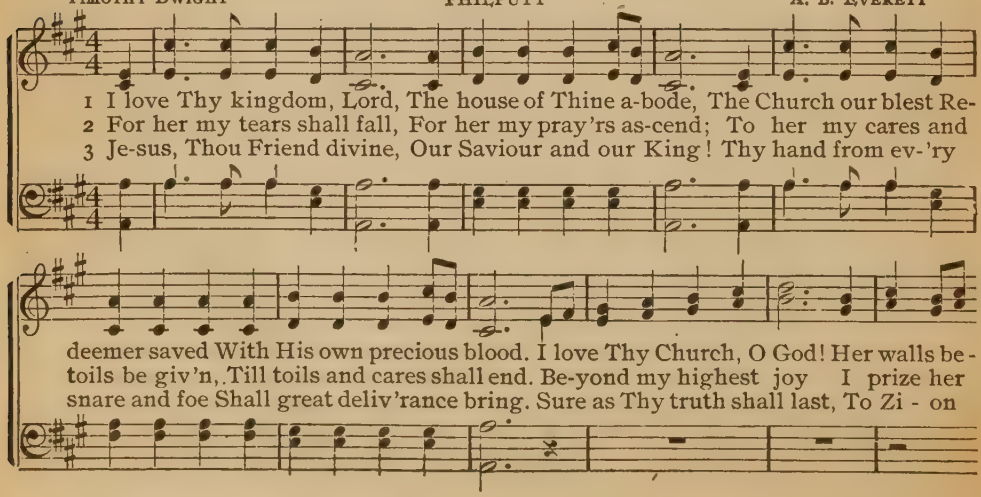
6 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

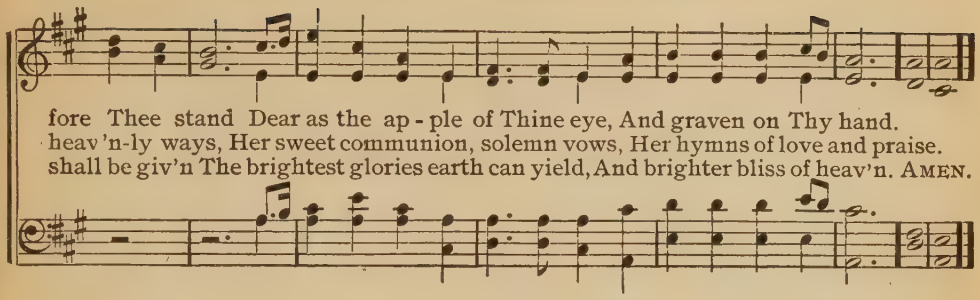
8 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

177 I love Thy kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT — PHILPUTT — A. B. EVERETT

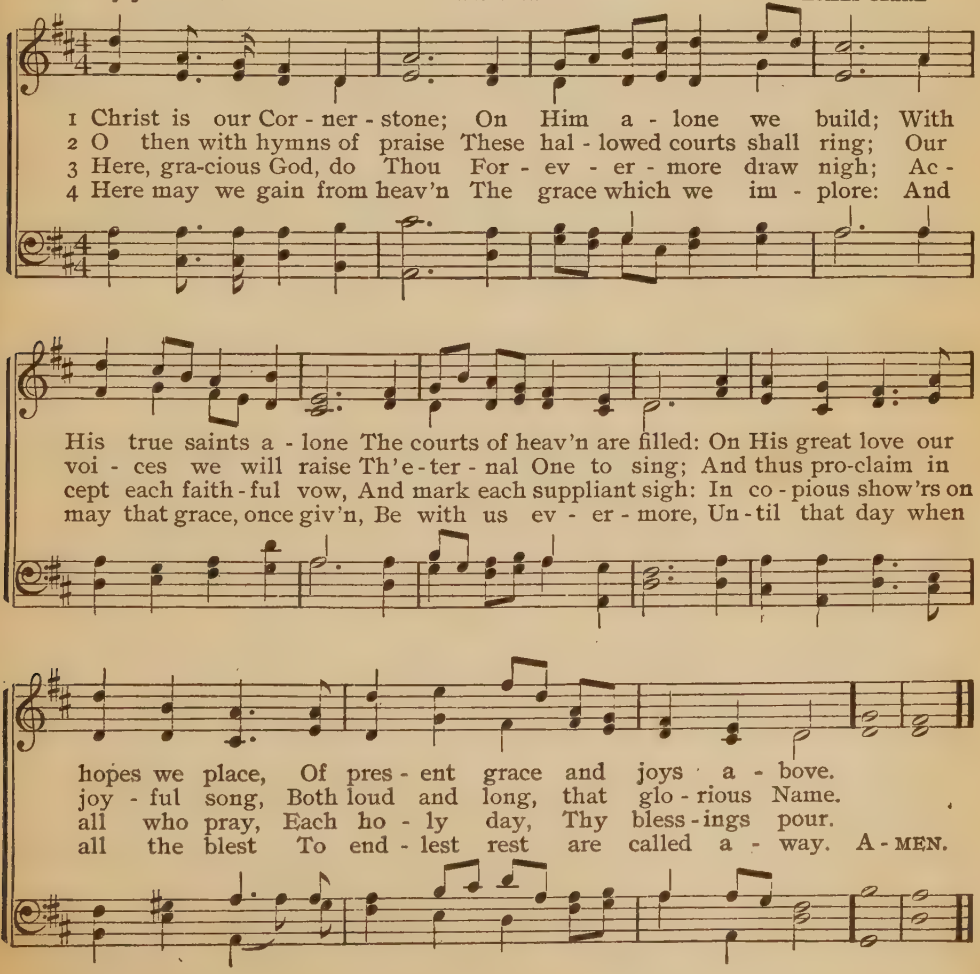

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The Church our blest Re-
2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my cares and
3 Je-sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King! Thy hand from ev-'ry
deemer saved With His own precious blood. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-
toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end. Be-yond my highest joy I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

I love Thy kingdom, Lord


fore Thee stand Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n. AMEN.

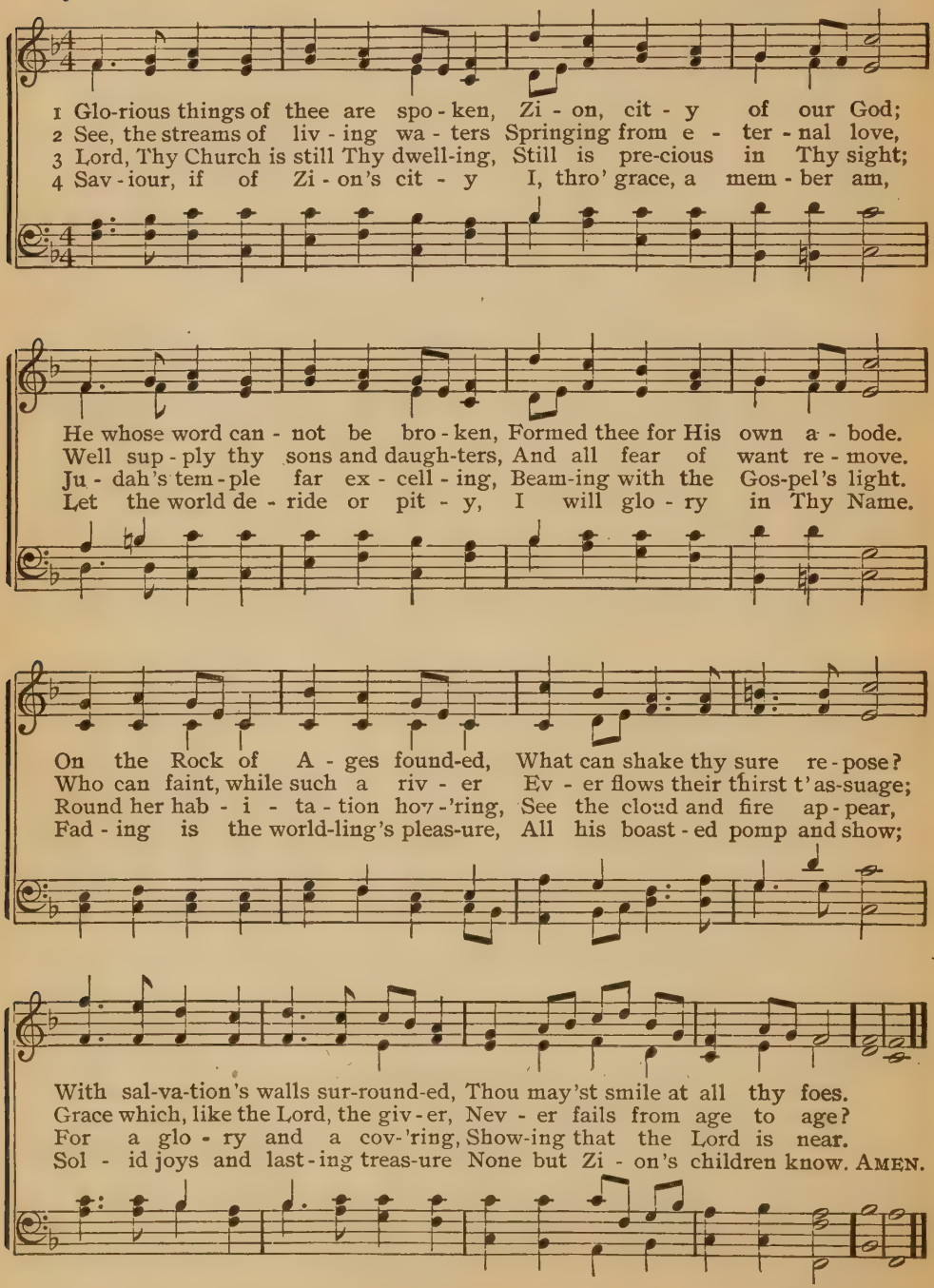
178 Christ is our Corner-stone

Tr. by JOHN CHANDLER — WARSAW — THOMAS CLARK

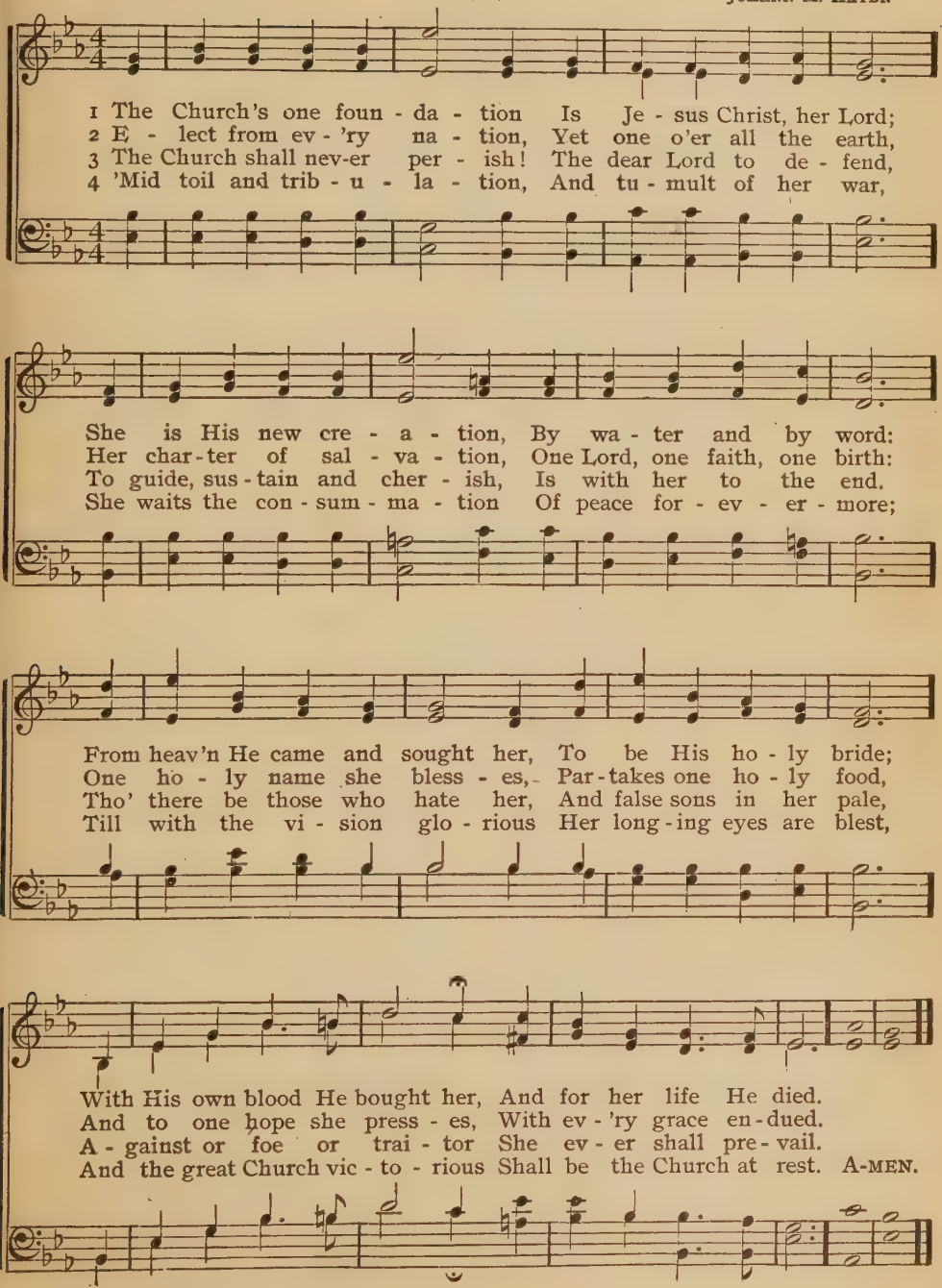

1 Christ is our Cor - ner - stone; On Him a - lone we build; With
2 O then with hymns of praise These hal - lowed courts shall ring; Our
3 Here, gra-cious God, do Thou For - ev - er - more draw nigh; Ac -
4 Here may we gain from heav'n The grace which we im - plore: And
His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled: On His great love our
voi - ces we will raise Th'e-ter - nal One to sing; And thus pro-claim in
cept each faith - ful vow, And mark each suppliant sigh: In co - pious show'rs on
may that grace, once giv'n, Be with us ev - er - more, Un - til that day when
hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove.
joy - ful song, Both loud and long, that glo - rious Name.
all who pray, Each ho - ly day, Thy bless - ings pour.
all the blest To end - lest rest are called a - way. A - MEN.

179 Glorious things of thee are spoken

JOHN NEWTON — AUSTRIA — FRANZ J. HAYDN

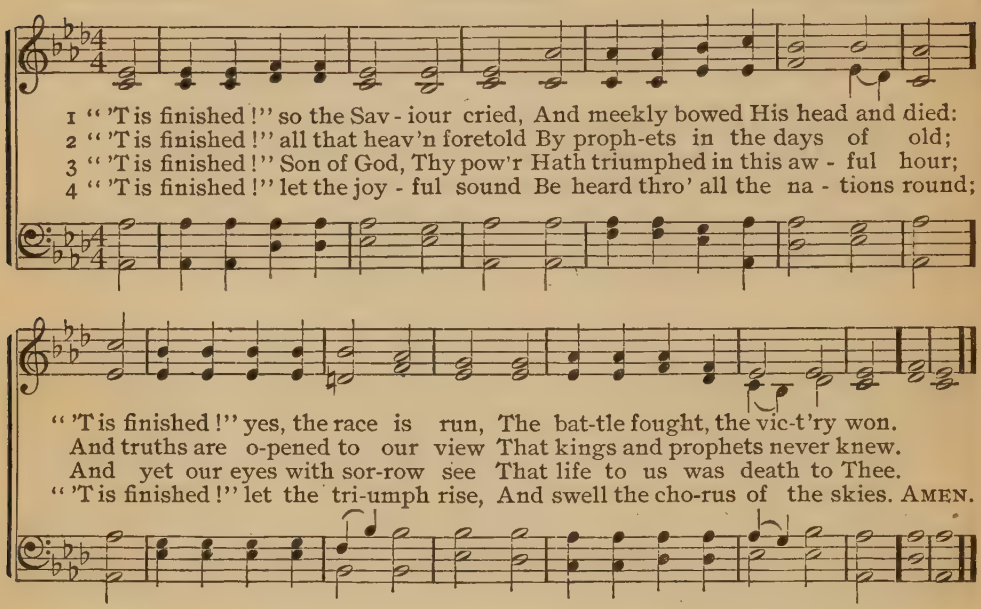

1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;
2 See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters Springing from e-ter-nal love,
3 Lord, Thy Church is still Thy dwell-ing, Still is pre-cious in Thy sight;
4 Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit-y I, thro' grace, a mem-ber am,
He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode.
Well sup-ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re-move.
Ju-dah's tem-ple far ex-cell-ing, Beam-ing with the Gos-pel's light.
Let the world de-ride or pit-y, I will glo-ry in Thy Name.
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst t'as-suage;
Round her hab-i-ta-tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,
Fad-ing is the world-ling's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age?
For a glo-ry and a cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near.
Sol-id joys and last-ing treas-ure None but Zi-on's children know. AMEN.

180 The Church's one Foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE — GREENLAND — JOHANN M. HAYDN

1 The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3 The Church shall nev-er per - ish! The dear Lord to de - fend,
4 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and by word:
Her char-ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth:
To guide, sus-tain and cher - ish, Is with her to the end.
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food,
Tho' there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long-ing eyes are blest,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en-dued.
A - gainst or foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A-MEN.

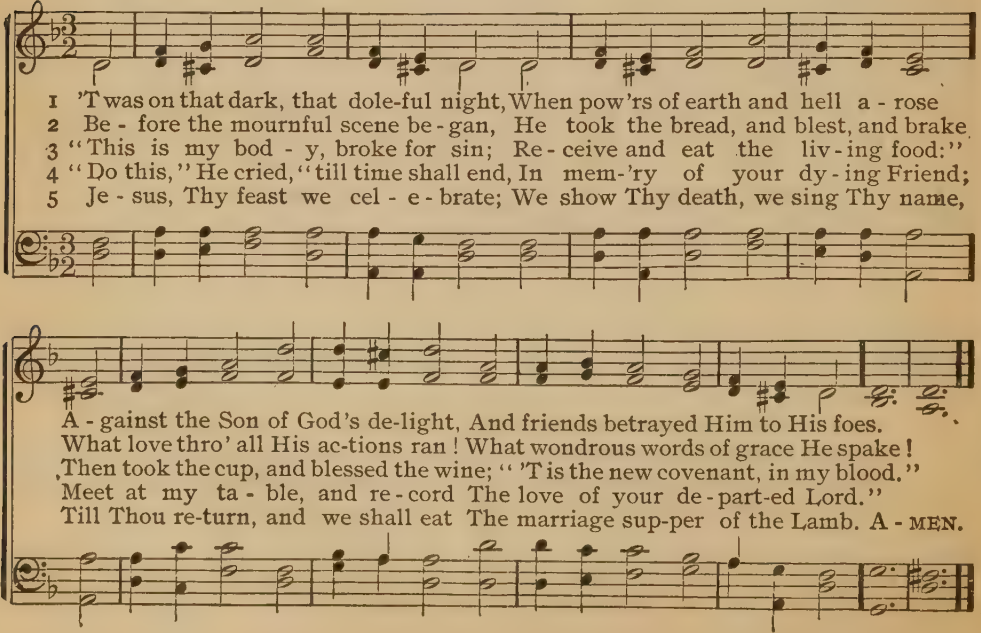
181 "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried

SAMUEL STENNETT — OLIVE'S BROW — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 "'Tis finished!" so the Sav - iour cried, And meekly bowed His head and died:
2 "'Tis finished!" all that heav'n foretold By proph-ets in the days of old;
3 "'Tis finished!" Son of God, Thy pow'r Hath triumphed in this aw - ful hour;
4 "'Tis finished!" let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na - tions round;
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.
And truths are o-pened to our view That kings and prophets never knew.
And yet our eyes with sor-row see That life to us was death to Thee.
"'Tis finished!" let the tri-umph rise, And swell the cho-rus of the skies. AMEN.

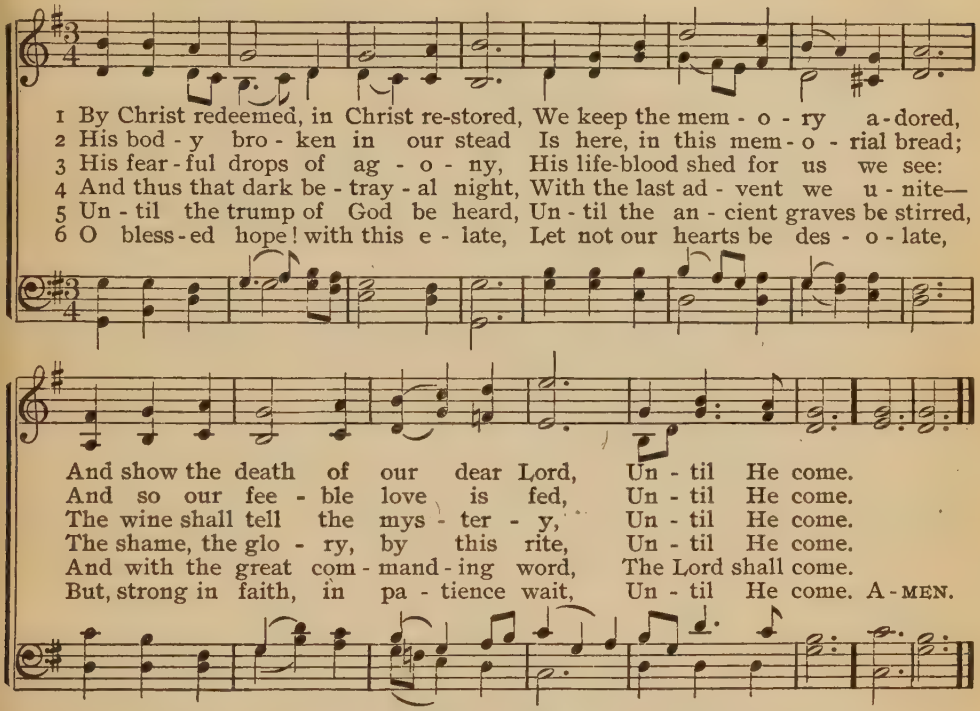
182 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night

ISAAC WATTS — WINDHAM — DANIEL READ


1 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose
2 Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest, and brake
3 "This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food:"
4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem-'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5 Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
A - gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine; "'Tis the new covenant, in my blood."
Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part-ed Lord."
Till Thou re-turn, and we shall eat The marriage sup-per of the Lamb. A - MEN.

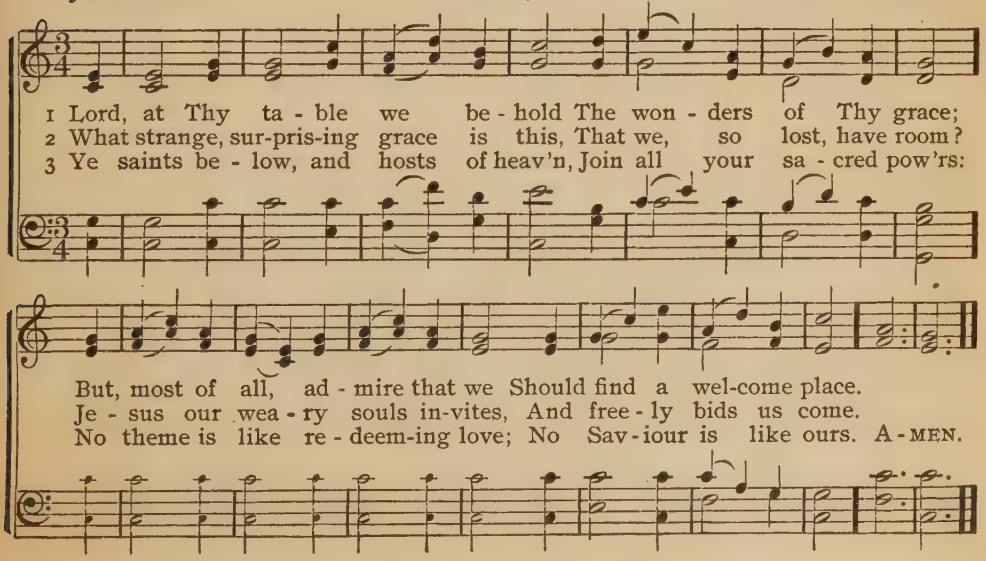
183 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored

GEORGE L. RAWSON — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,
2 His bod - y bro - ken in our stead Is here, in this mem - o - rial bread;
3 His fear - ful drops of ag - o - ny, His life-blood shed for us we see:
4 And thus that dark be - tray - al night, With the last ad - vent we u - nite—
5 Un - til the trump of God be heard, Un - til the an - cient graves be stirred,
6 O bless - ed hope! with this e - late, Let not our hearts be des - o - late,
And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.
And so our fee - ble love is fed, Un - til He come.
The wine shall tell the mys - ter - y, Un - til He come.
The shame, the glo - ry, by this rite, Un - til He come.
And with the great com - mand - ing word, The Lord shall come.
But, strong in faith, in pa - tience wait, Un - til He come. A - MEN.

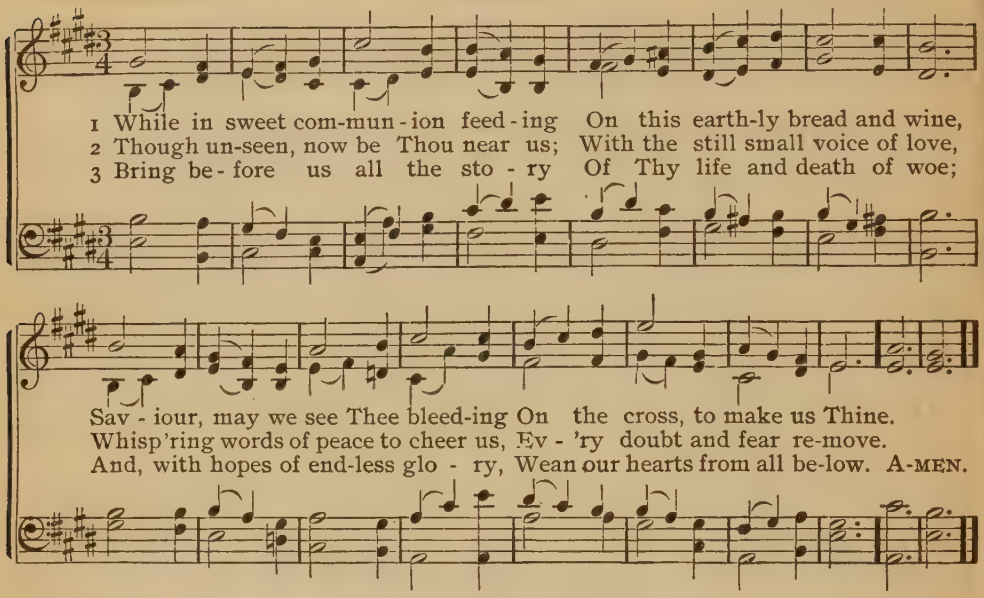
184 Lord, at Thy table we behold

JOSEPH STENNETT — CHIMES — LOWELL MASON


1 Lord, at Thy ta - ble we be - hold The won - ders of Thy grace;
2 What strange, sur-pris-ing grace is this, That we, so lost, have room?
3 Ye saints be - low, and hosts of heav'n, Join all your sa - cred pow'rs:
But, most of all, ad - mire that we Should find a wel-come place.
Je - sus our wea - ry souls in-vites, And free - ly bids us come.
No theme is like re - deem-ing love; No Sav - iour is like ours. A - MEN.

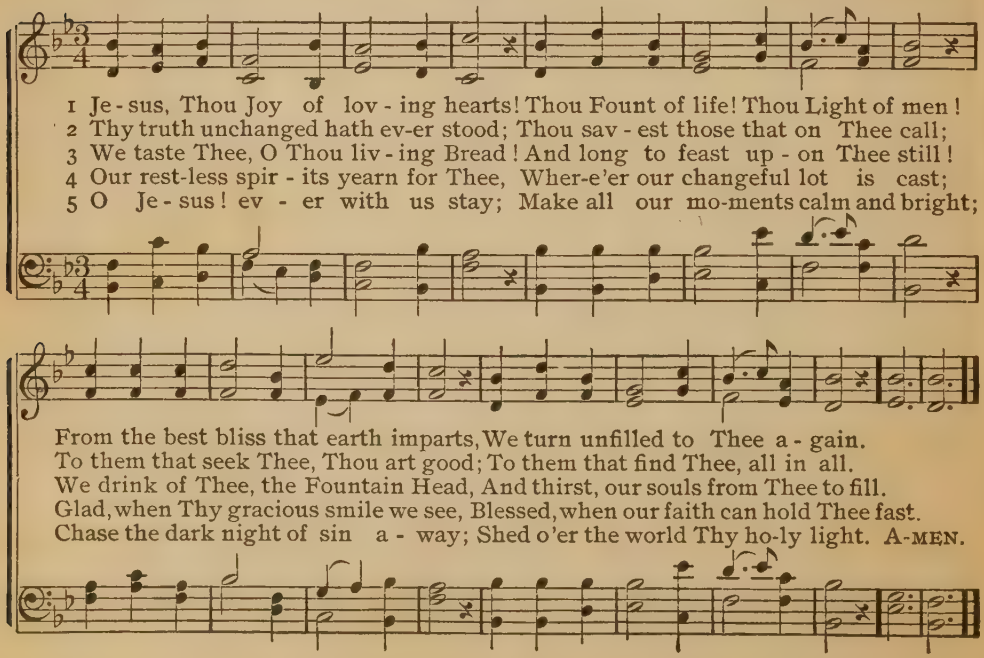
185 While in sweet communion feeding

EDWARD DENNY KNOWSLEY EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1 While in sweet com-mun-ion feed-ing On this earth-ly bread and wine,
2 Though un-seen, now be Thou near us; With the still small voice of love,
3 Bring be-fore us all the sto-ry Of Thy life and death of woe;
Sav-iour, may we see Thee bleed-ing On the cross, to make us Thine.
Whisp'ring words of peace to cheer us, Ev-'ry doubt and fear re-move.
And, with hopes of end-less glo-ry, Wean our hearts from all be-low. A-MEN.

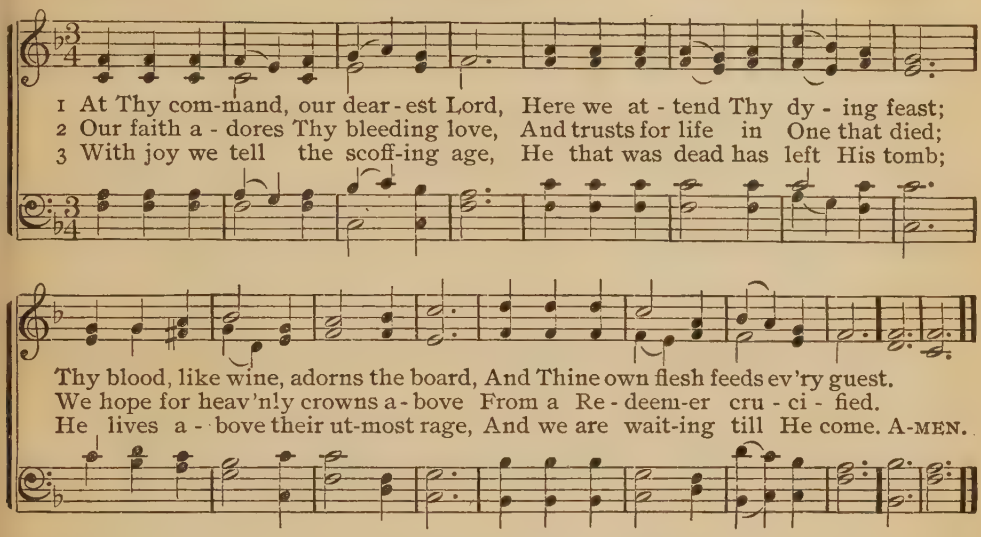
186 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts

Tr. by RAY PALMER MENDON SAMUEL S. DYER


1 Je-sus, Thou Joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ev-er stood; Thou sav-est those that on Thee call;
3 We taste Thee, O Thou liv-ing Bread! And long to feast up-on Thee still!
4 Our rest-less spir-its yearn for Thee, Wher-e'er our changeful lot is cast;
5 O Je-sus! ev-er with us stay; Make all our mo-ments calm and bright;
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn unfilled to Thee a-gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good; To them that find Thee, all in all.
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blessed, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a-way; Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light. A-MEN.

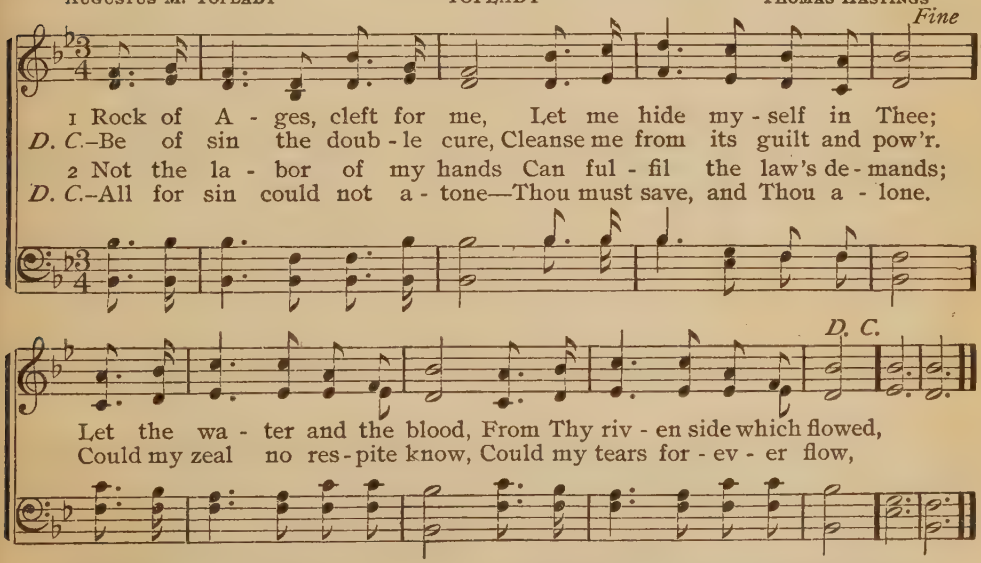
187 At Thy command, our dearest Lord

ISAAC WATTS — HURSLEY — PETER RITTER Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK


1 At Thy com-mand, our dear-est Lord, Here we at-tend Thy dy-ing feast;
2 Our faith a-dores Thy bleeding love, And trusts for life in One that died;
3 With joy we tell the scoff-ing age, He that was dead has left His tomb;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board, And Thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
We hope for heav'nly crowns a-bove From a Re-deem-er cru-ci-fied.
He lives a-bove their ut-most rage, And we are wait-ing till He come. A-MEN.

188 Rock of Ages, cleft for me

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

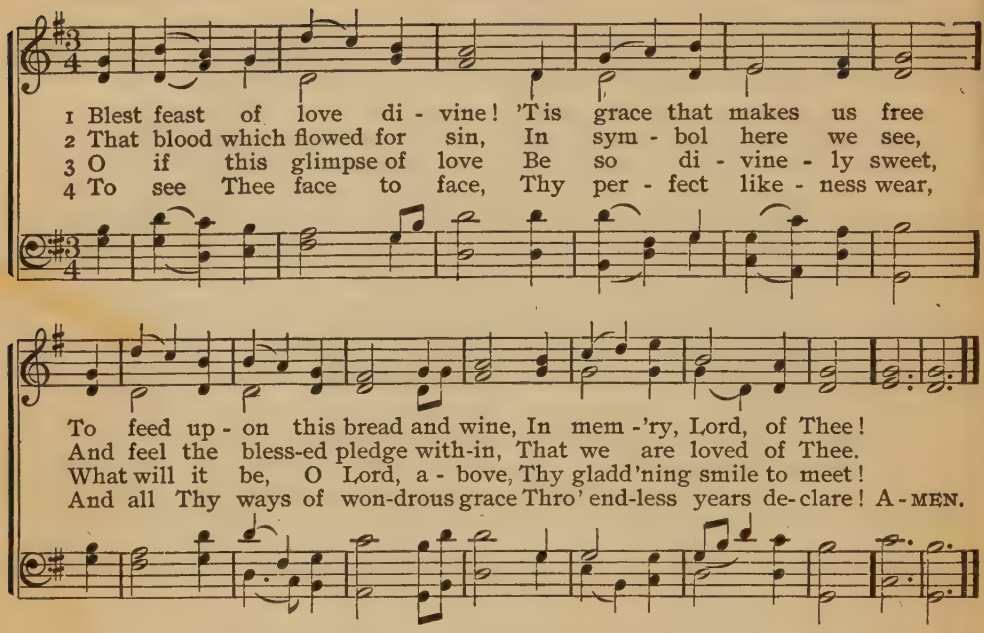

Fine
1 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.–Be of sin the doub-le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2 Not the la-bor of my hands Can ful-fil the law's de-mands;
D. C.–All for sin could not a-tone—Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
D. C.
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

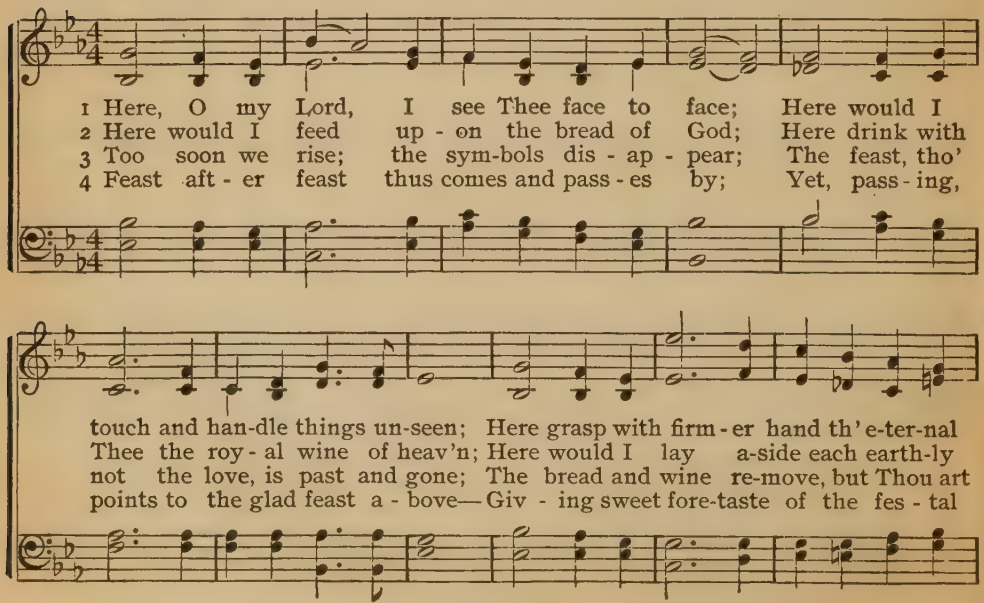
189 Blest feast of love divine

EDWARD DENNY THATCHER GEORGE F. HANDEL

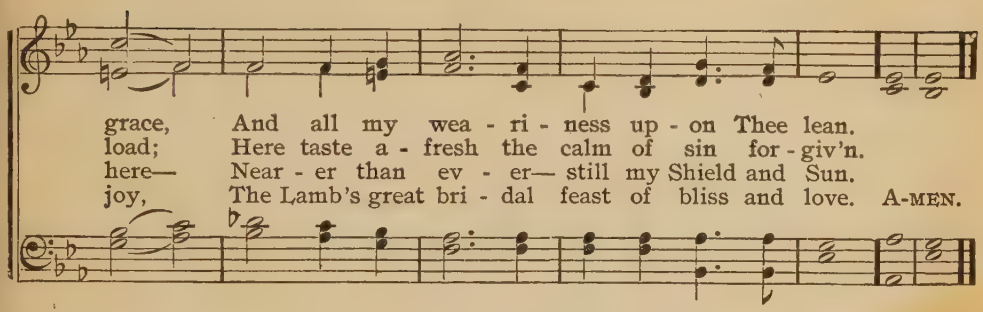

1 Blest feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
2 That blood which flowed for sin, In sym - bol here we see,
3 O if this glimpse of love Be so di - vine - ly sweet,
4 To see Thee face to face, Thy per - fect like - ness wear,
To feed up - on this bread and wine, In mem -'ry, Lord, of Thee!
And feel the bless-ed pledge with-in, That we are loved of Thee.
What will it be, O Lord, a - bove, Thy gladd'ning smile to meet!
And all Thy ways of won-drous grace Thro' end-less years de-clare! A - MEN.

190 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face

HORATIUS BONAR REYNOLDS FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN

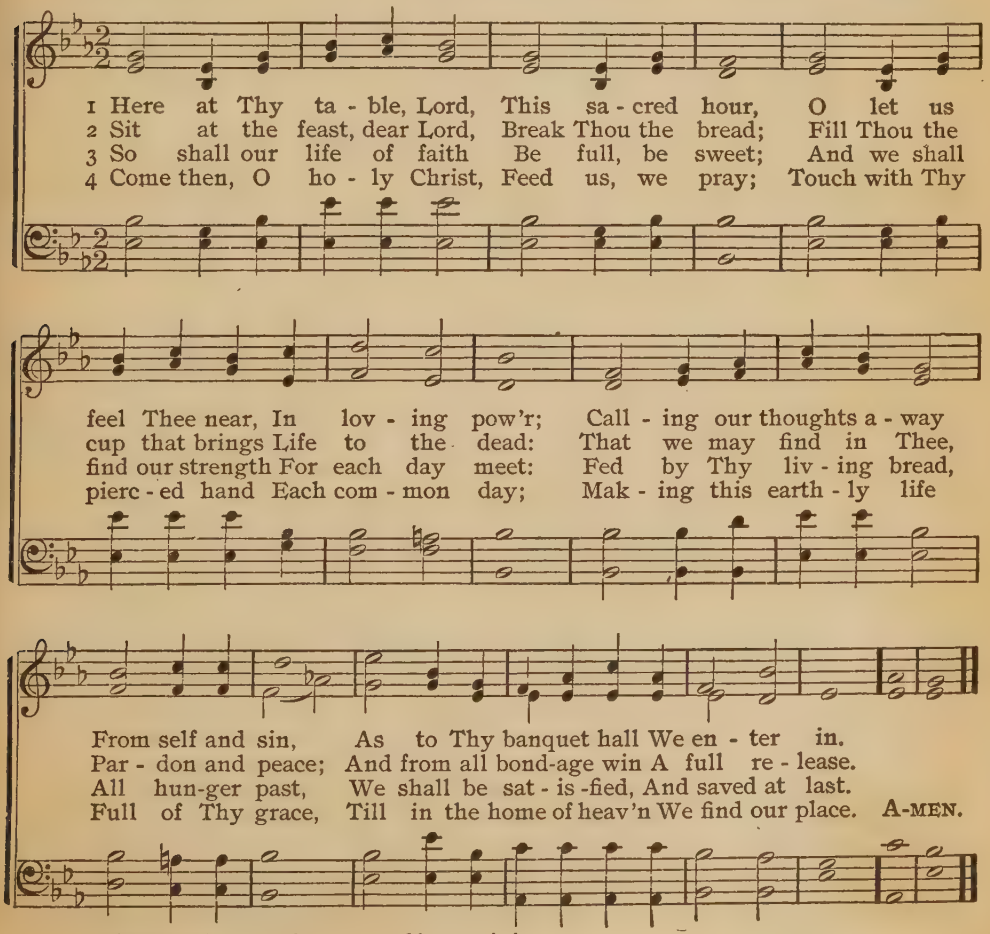

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
2 Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
3 Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
4 Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass - es by; Yet, pass - ing,
touch and han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e-ter-nal
Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a-side each earth-ly
not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re-move, but Thou art
points to the glad feast a - bove— Giv - ing sweet fore-taste of the fes - tal

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face


grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
load; Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
here— Near - er than ev - er— still my Shield and Sun.
joy, The Lamb's great bri - dal feast of bliss and love. A-MEN.

191 Here at Thy table, Lord

MAY P. HOYT BREAD OF LIFE WILLIAM F. SHERWIN


1 Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, This sa - cred hour, O let us
2 Sit at the feast, dear Lord, Break Thou the bread; Fill Thou the
3 So shall our life of faith Be full, be sweet; And we shall
4 Come then, O ho - ly Christ, Feed us, we pray; Touch with Thy
feel Thee near, In lov - ing pow'r; Call - ing our thoughts a - way
cup that brings Life to the dead: That we may find in Thee,
find our strength For each day meet: Fed by Thy liv - ing bread,
pierc - ed hand Each com - mon day; Mak - ing this earth - ly life
From self and sin, As to Thy banquet hall We en - ter in.
Par - don and peace; And from all bond-age win A full re - lease.
All hun-ger past, We shall be sat - is -fied, And saved at last.
Full of Thy grace, Till in the home of heav'n We find our place. A-MEN.

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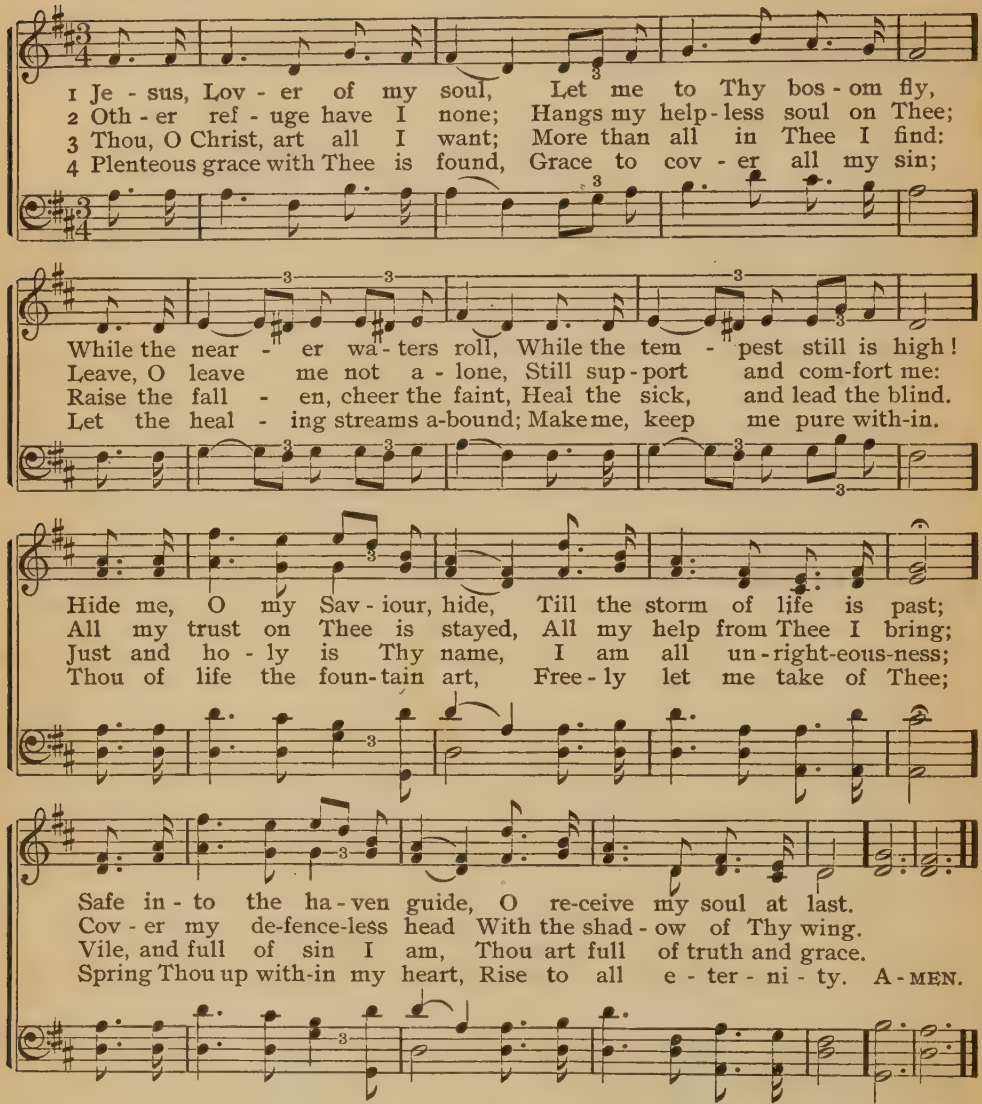
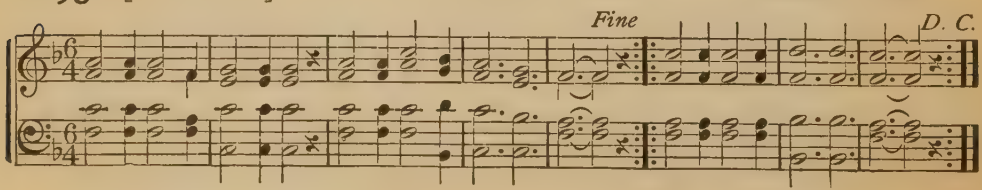
192 Jesus, Lover of my soul

CHARLES WESLEY — REFUGE — JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK

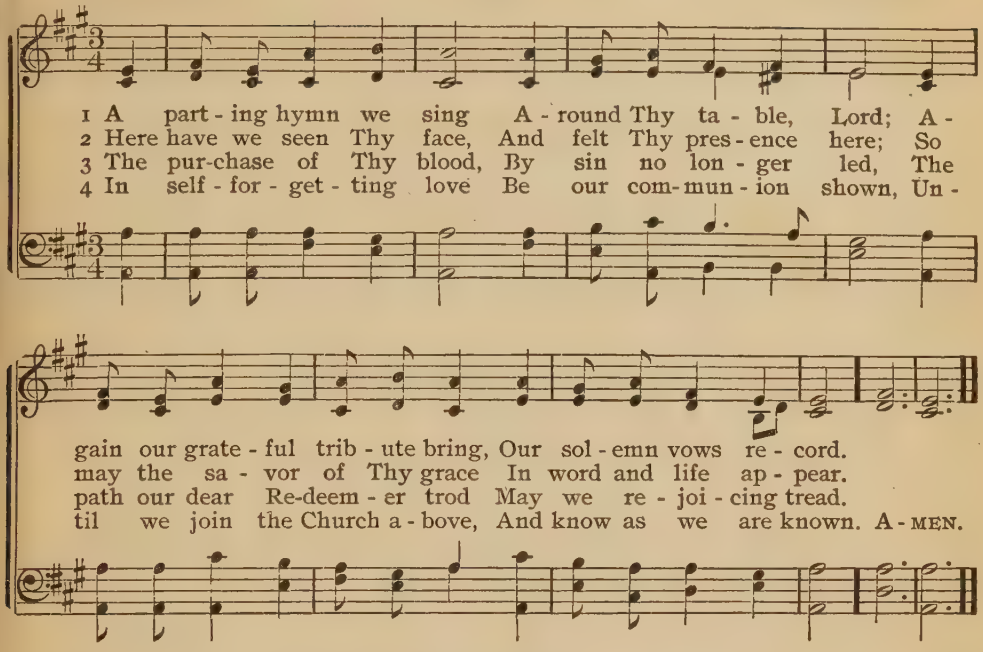

1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2 Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

193 [*Second Tune*] MARTYN — SIMEON B. MARSH



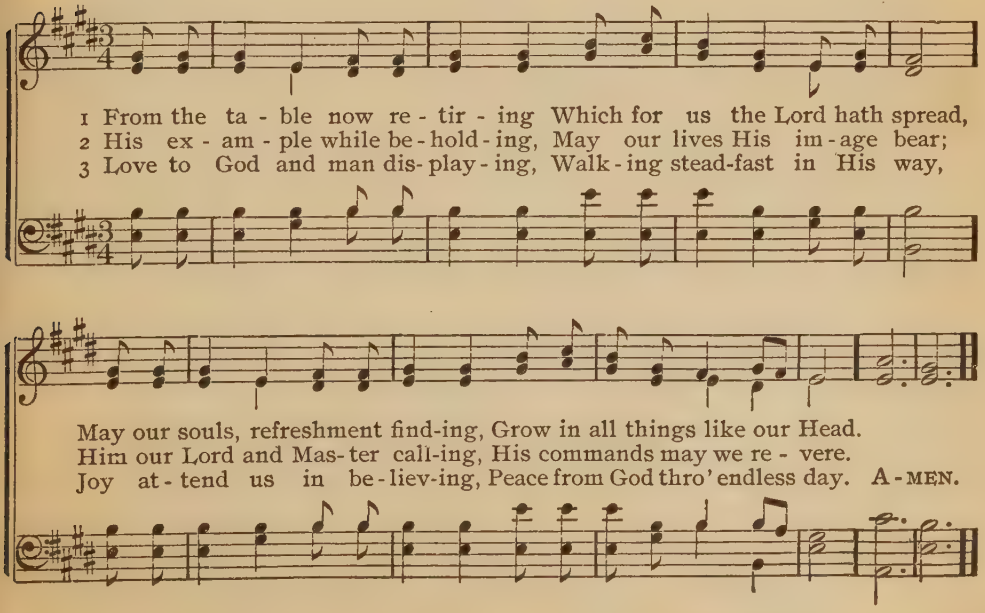
194 A parting hymn we sing

AARON R. WOLFE — OLMUTZ — LOWELL MASON


1 A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -
2 Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence here; So
3 The pur-chase of Thy blood, By sin no lon - ger led, The
4 In self - for - get - ting love Be our com-mun - ion shown, Un -
gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
may the sa - vor of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
path our dear Re-deem - er trod May we re - joi - cing tread.
til we join the Church a - bove, And know as we are known. A - MEN.

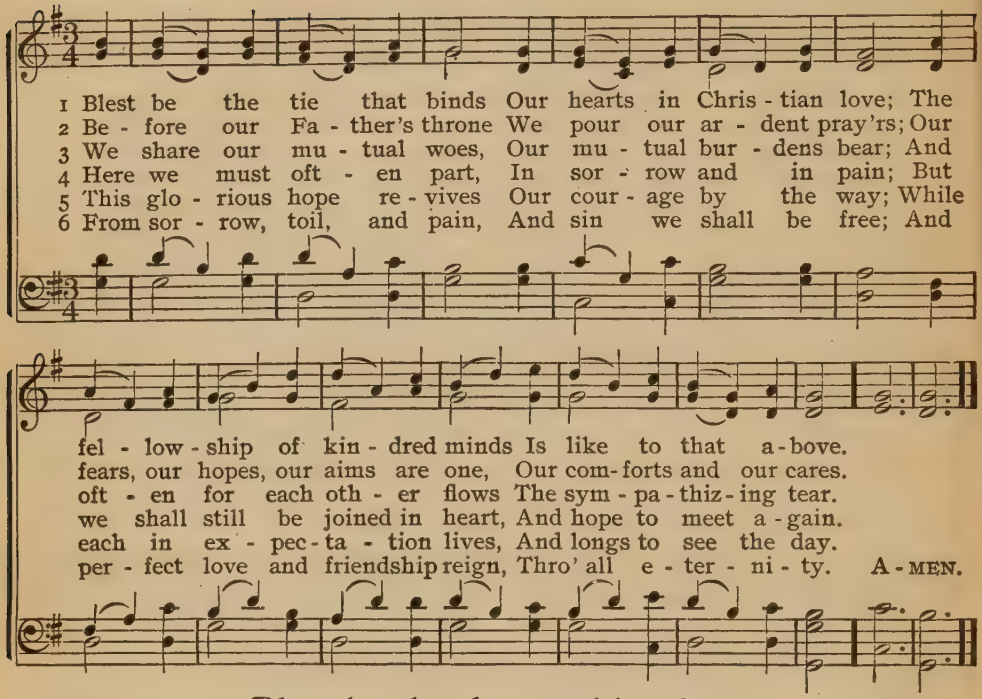
195 From the table now retiring

JOHN ROWE — DORRNANCE — ISAAC B. WOODBURY


1 From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,
2 His ex - am - ple while be - hold - ing, May our lives His im - age bear;
3 Love to God and man dis - play - ing, Walk - ing stead-fast in His way,
May our souls, refreshment find-ing, Grow in all things like our Head.
Him our Lord and Mas - ter call-ing, His commands may we re - vere.
Joy at - tend us in be - liev-ing, Peace from God thro' endless day. A - MEN.

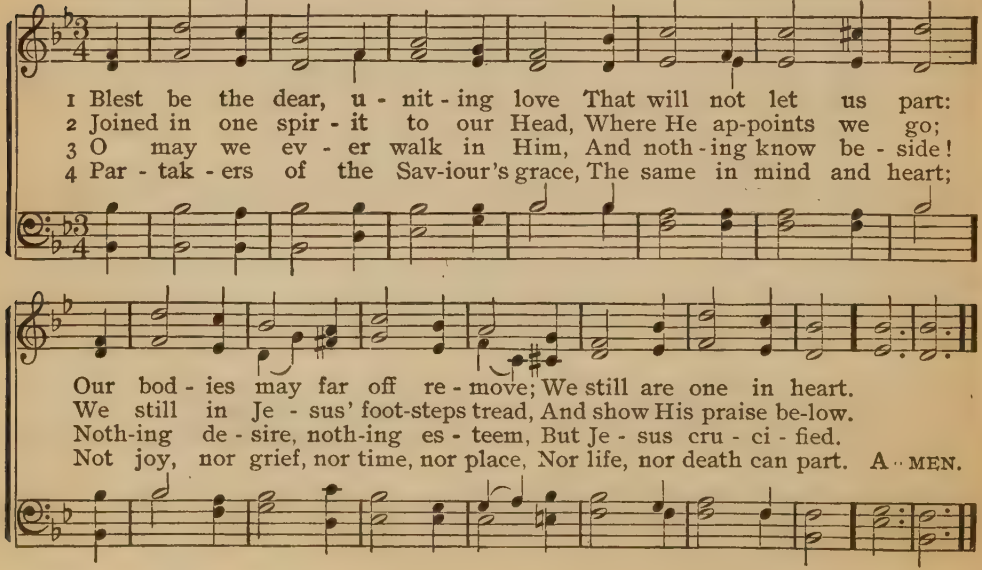
196 Blest be the tie that binds

JOHN FAWCETT — DENNIS — HANS G. NAGELI


1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3 We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4 Here we must oft - en part, In sor - row and in pain; But
5 This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
6 From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And
fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
per - fect love and friendship reign, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

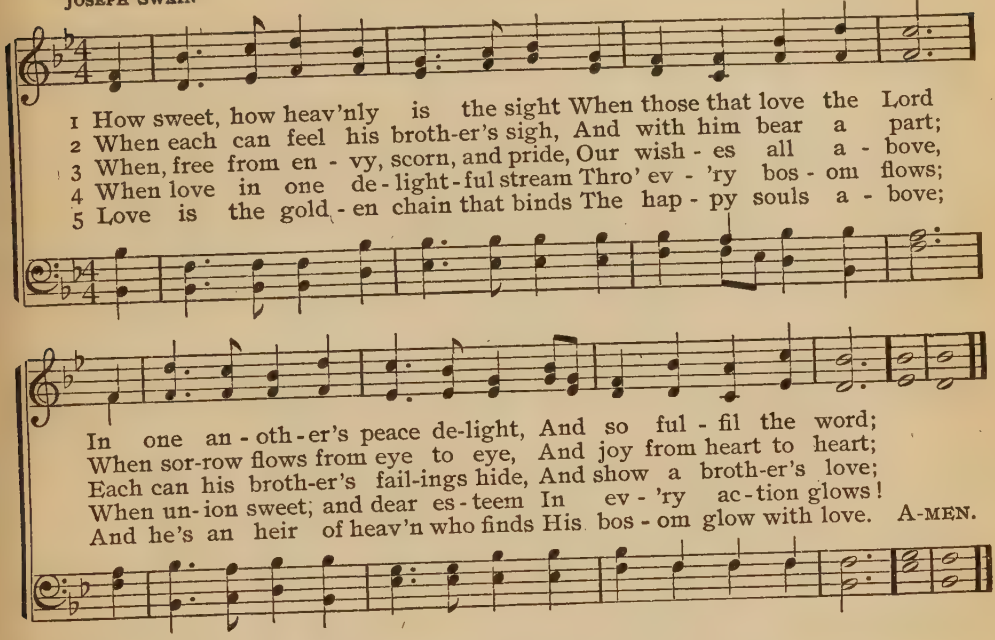
197 Blest be the dear, uniting love

CHARLES WESLEY — HOLY CROSS — FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN


1 Blest be the dear, u - nit - ing love That will not let us part:
2 Joined in one spir - it to our Head, Where He ap - points we go;
3 O may we ev - er walk in Him, And noth - ing know be - side!
4 Par - tak - ers of the Sav - iour's grace, The same in mind and heart;
Our bod - ies may far off re - move; We still are one in heart.
We still in Je - sus' foot - steps tread, And show His praise be - low.
Noth - ing de - sire, noth - ing es - teem, But Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
Not joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, Nor life, nor death can part. A - MEN.

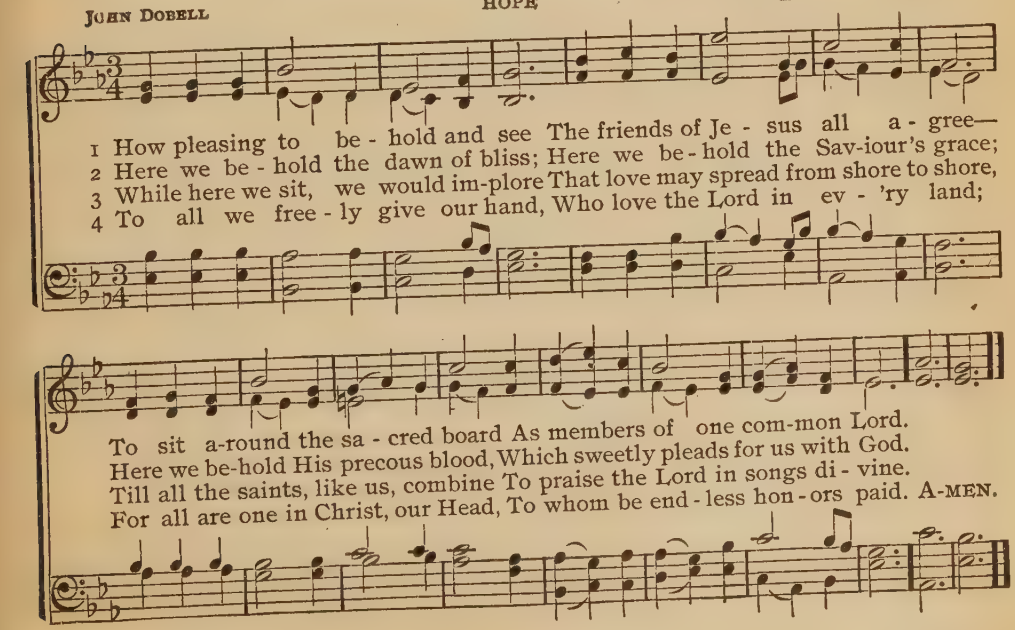
198 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight

JOSEPH SWAIN — BROWN — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight When those that love the Lord
2 When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3 When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4 When love in one de - light - ful stream Thro' ev - 'ry bos - om flows;
5 Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;
In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fil the word;
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
Each can his broth-er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love;
When un-ion sweet, and dear es-teem In ev - 'ry ac-tion glows!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos - om glow with love. A-MEN.

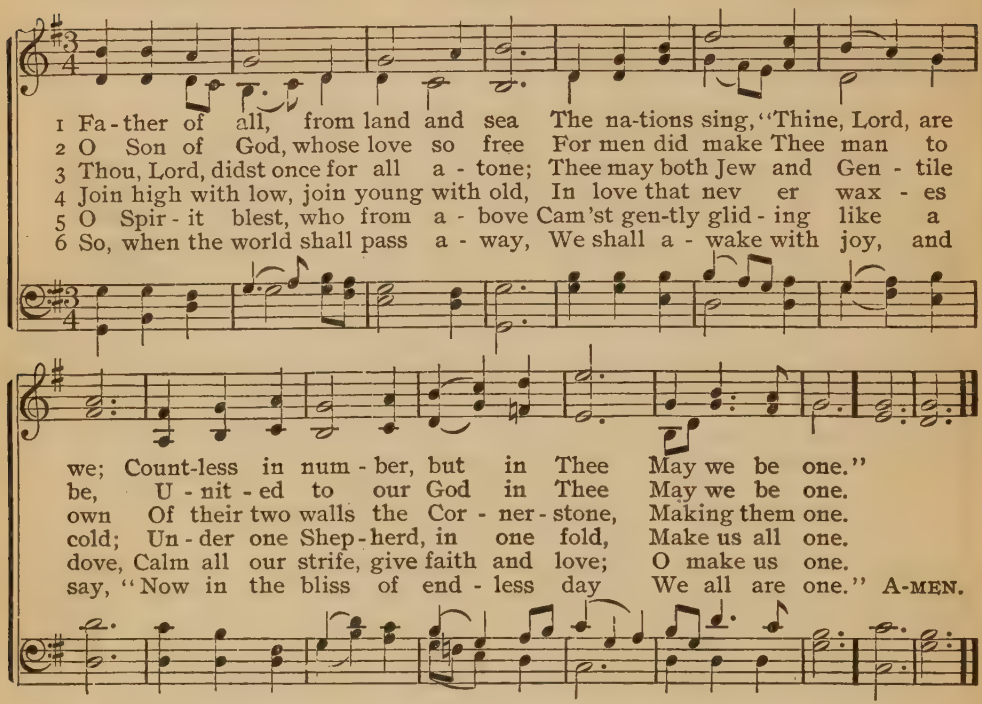
199 How pleasing to behold and see

JOHN DOBELL — HOPE — HERBERT S. IRONS


1 How pleasing to be - hold and see The friends of Je - sus all a - gree—
2 Here we be - hold the dawn of bliss; Here we be - hold the Sav-iour's grace;
3 While here we sit, we would im-plore That love may spread from shore to shore,
4 To all we free - ly give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev - 'ry land;
To sit a-round the sa - cred board As members of one com-mon Lord.
Here we be-hold His precous blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
Till all the saints, like us, combine To praise the Lord in songs di - vine.
For all are one in Christ, our Head, To whom be end - less hon - ors paid. A-MEN.

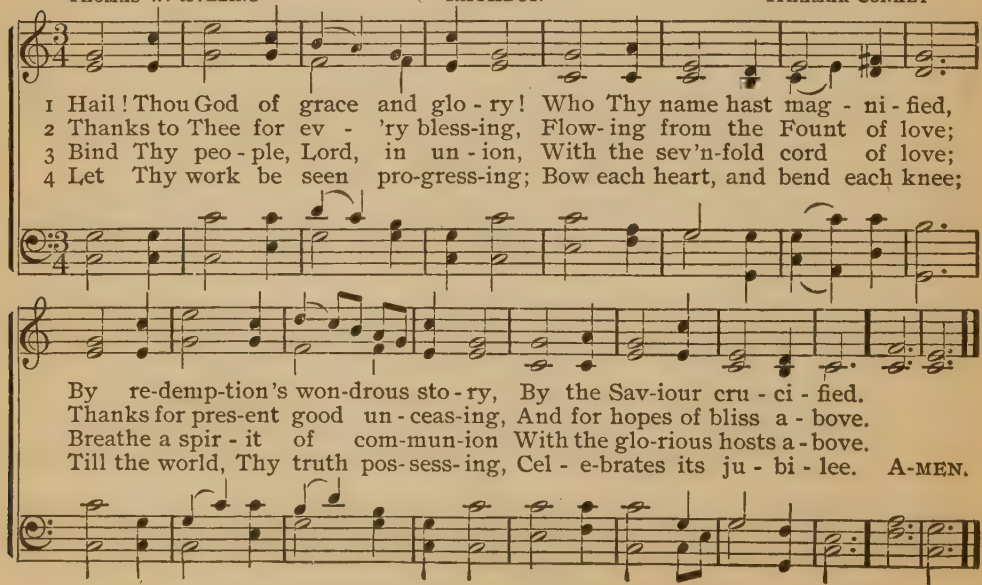
200 Father of all, from land and sea

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Fa-ther of all, from land and sea The na-tions sing, "Thine, Lord, are
2 O Son of God, whose love so free For men did make Thee man to
3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all a-tone; Thee may both Jew and Gen-tile
4 Join high with low, join young with old, In love that nev-er wax-es
5 O Spir-it blest, who from a-bove Cam'st gen-tly glid-ing like a
6 So, when the world shall pass a-way, We shall a-wake with joy, and
we; Count-less in num-ber, but in Thee May we be one."
be, U-nit-ed to our God in Thee May we be one.
own Of their two walls the Cor-ner-stone, Making them one.
cold; Un-der one Shep-herd, in one fold, Make us all one.
dove, Calm all our strife, give faith and love; O make us one.
say, "Now in the bliss of end-less day We all are one." A-MEN.

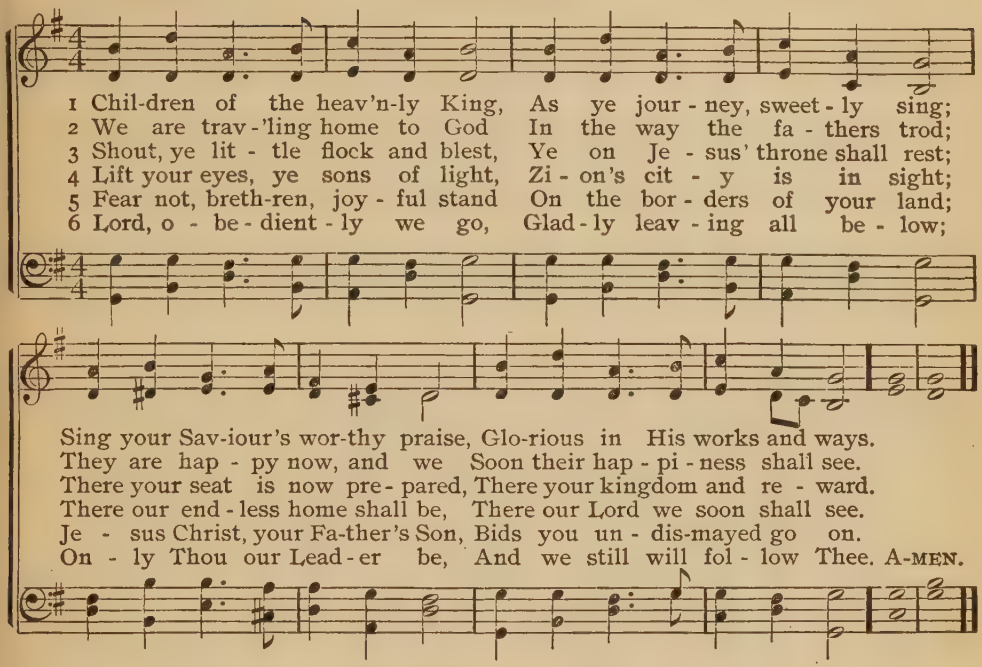
201 Hail! Thou God of grace and glory

THOMAS W. AVELING — RATHBUN — ITHAMAR CONKEY


1 Hail! Thou God of grace and glo-ry! Who Thy name hast mag-ni-fied,
2 Thanks to Thee for ev-'ry bless-ing, Flow-ing from the Fount of love;
3 Bind Thy peo-ple, Lord, in un-ion, With the sev'n-fold cord of love;
4 Let Thy work be seen pro-gress-ing; Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
By re-demp-tion's won-drous sto-ry, By the Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.
Thanks for pres-ent good un-ceas-ing, And for hopes of bliss a-bove.
Breathe a spir-it of com-mun-ion With the glo-rious hosts a-bove.
Till the world, Thy truth pos-sess-ing, Cel-e-brates its ju-bi-lee. A-MEN.

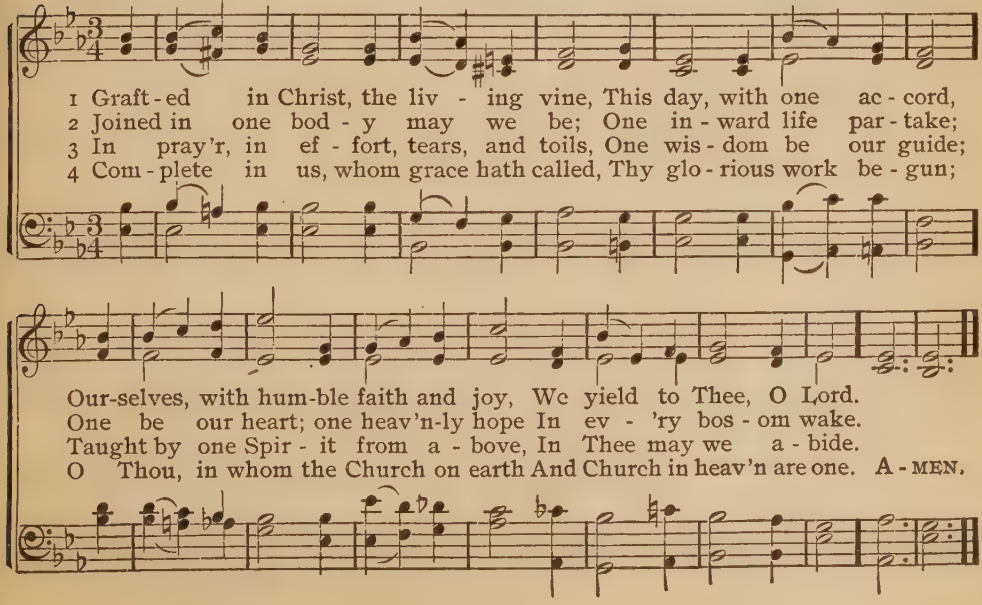
202 Children of the heavenly King

JOHN CENNICK — PLEYEL'S HYMN — IGNACE PLEYEL


1 Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2 We are trav-'ling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
3 Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest, Ye on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;
5 Fear not, breth-ren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
6 Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
There your seat is now pre - pared, There your kingdom and re - ward.
There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un - dis-mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A-MEN.

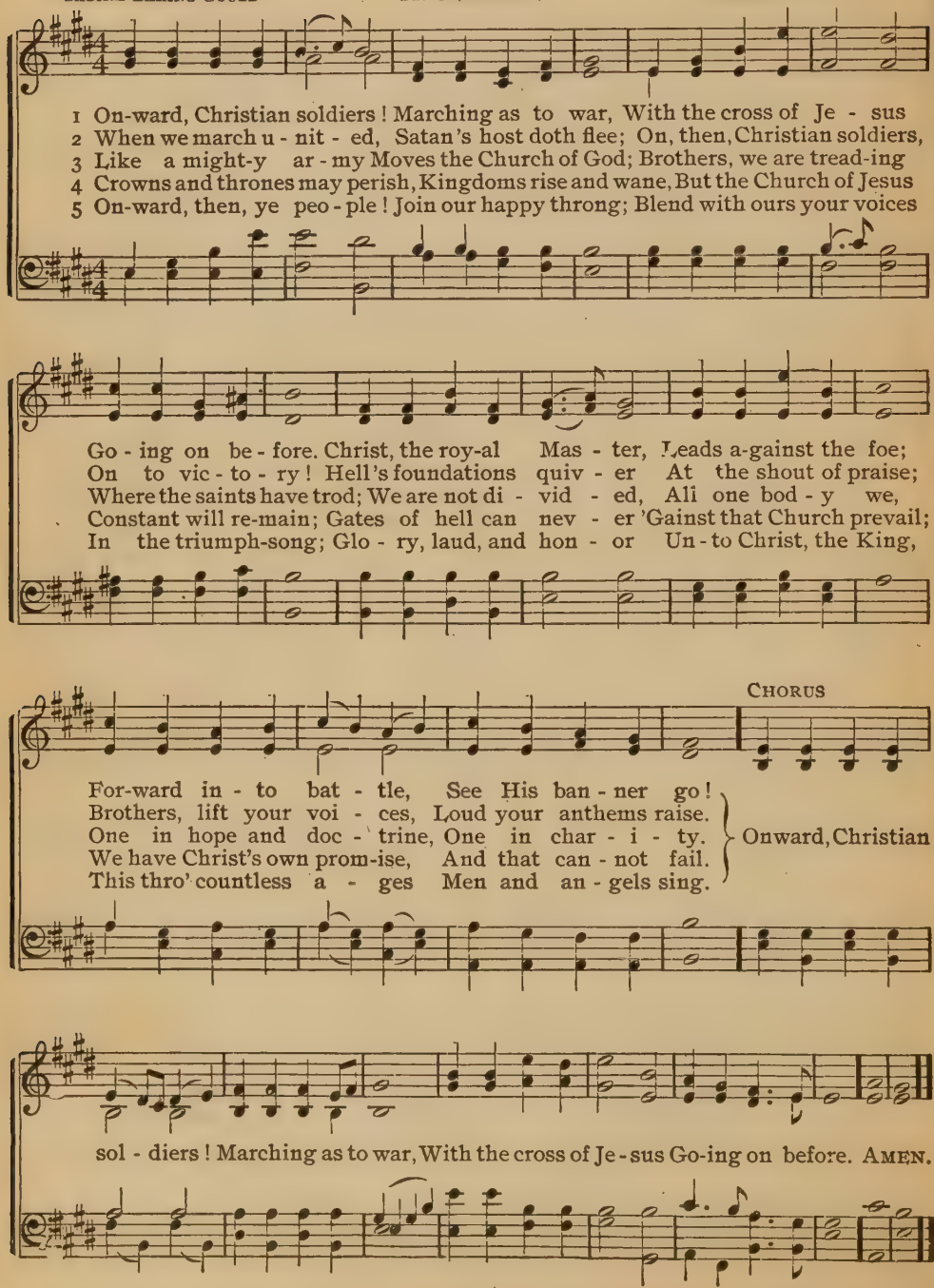
203 Grafted in Christ, the living vine

SAMUEL F. SMITH — MAKER — FREDERICK C. MAKER


1 Graft - ed in Christ, the liv - ing vine, This day, with one ac - cord,
2 Joined in one bod - y may we be; One in - ward life par - take;
3 In pray'r, in ef - fort, tears, and toils, One wis - dom be our guide;
4 Com - plete in us, whom grace hath called, Thy glo - rious work be - gun;
Our-selves, with hum-ble faith and joy, We yield to Thee, O Lord.
One be our heart; one heav'n-ly hope In ev - 'ry bos - om wake.
Taught by one Spir - it from a - bove, In Thee may we a - bide.
O Thou, in whom the Church on earth And Church in heav'n are one. A - MEN.

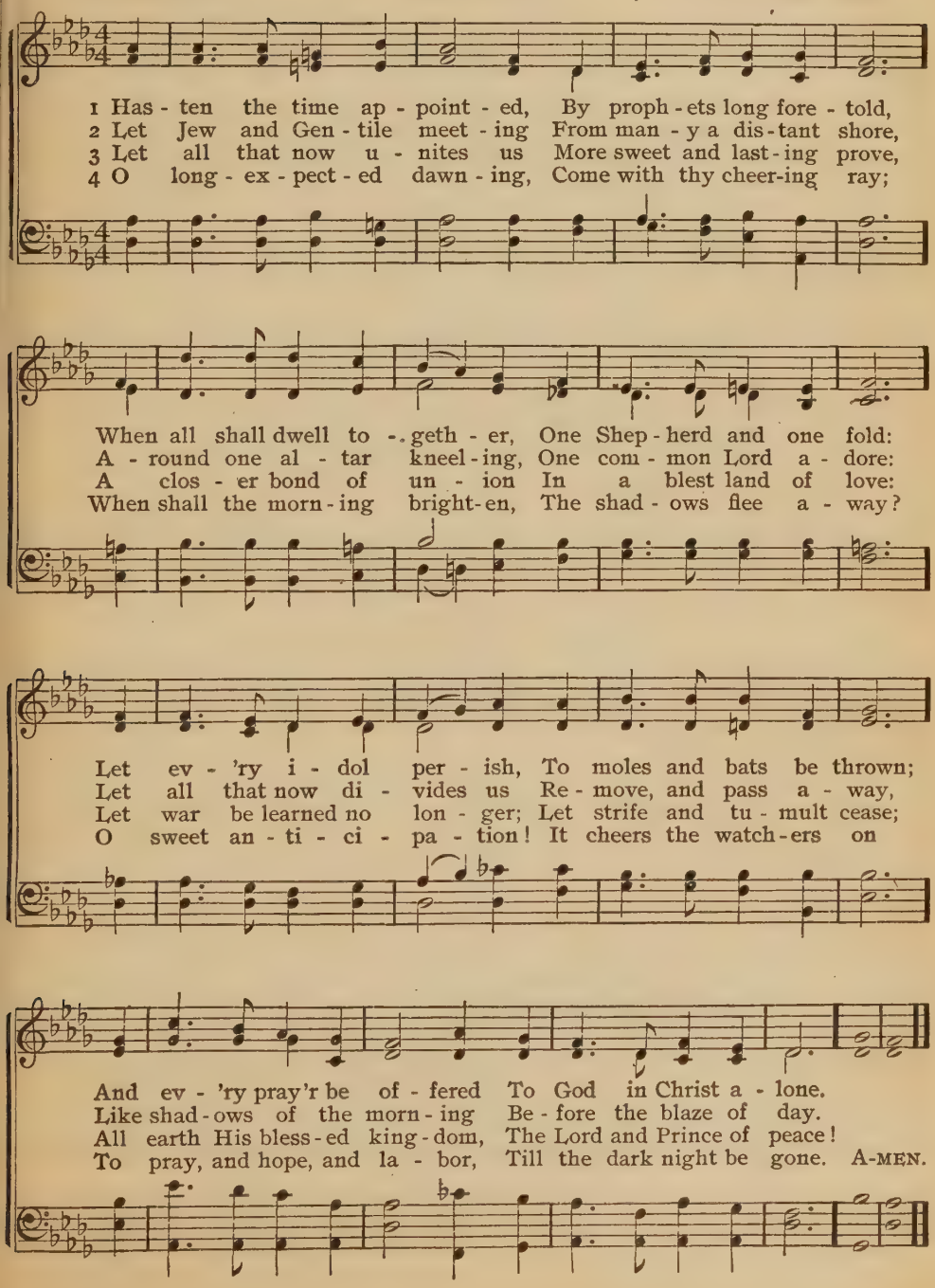
204 Onward, Christian soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD ST. GERTRUDE ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


1 On-ward, Christian soldiers ! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2 When we march u - nit - ed, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3 Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
4 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
5 On-ward, then, ye peo - ple ! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry ! Hell's foundations quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,
CHORUS
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
Onward, Christian
sol - diers ! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on before. AMEN.

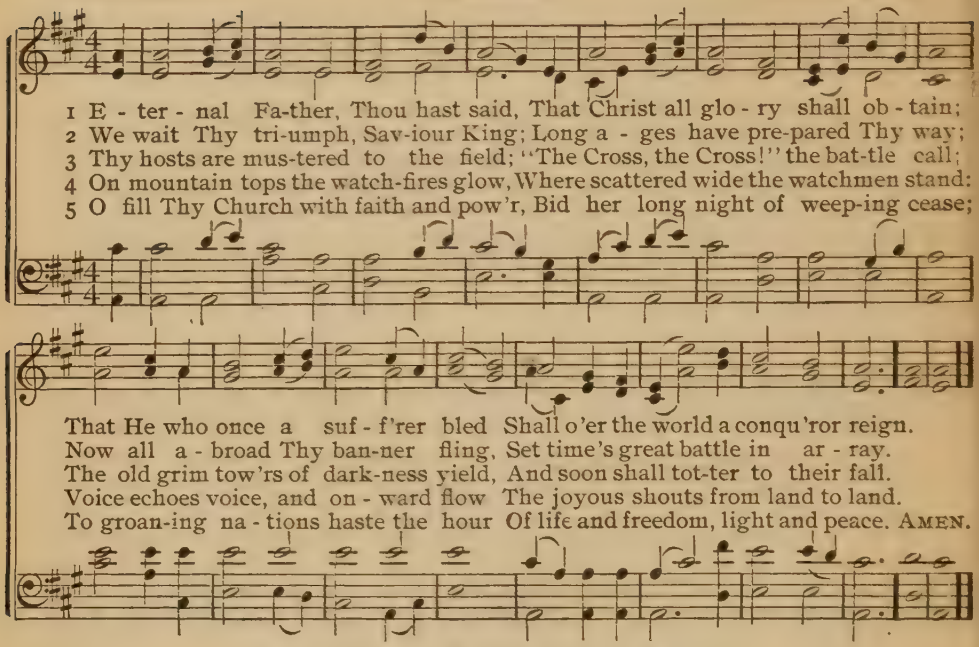
205

Hasten the time appointed

JANE BORTHWICK ST. CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK C. MAKER

1 Has - ten the time ap - point - ed, By proph - ets long fore - told,
2 Let Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From man - y a dis - tant shore,
3 Let all that now u - nites us More sweet and last - ing prove,
4 O long - ex - pect - ed dawn - ing, Come with thy cheer-ing ray;
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold:
A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore:
A clos - er bond of un - ion In a blest land of love:
When shall the morn - ing bright - en, The shad - ows flee a - way?
Let ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown;
Let all that now di - vides us Re - move, and pass a - way,
Let war be learned no lon - ger; Let strife and tu - mult cease;
O sweet an - ti - ci - pa - tion! It cheers the watch - ers on
And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone.
Like shad - ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day.
All earth His bless - ed king - dom, The Lord and Prince of peace!
To pray, and hope, and la - bor, Till the dark night be gone. A-MEN.

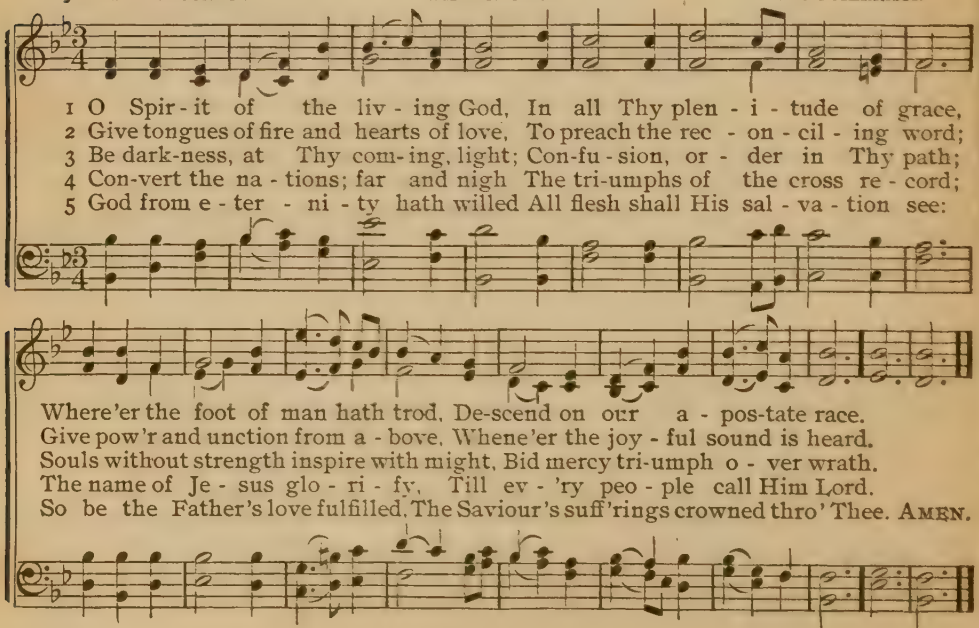
206 Eternal Father, Thou hast said

RAY PALMER — WIMBORNE — JOHN WHITAKER


1 E - ter - nal Fa-ther, Thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain;
2 We wait Thy tri-umph, Sav-iour King; Long a - ges have pre-pared Thy way;
3 Thy hosts are mus-tered to the field; "The Cross, the Cross!" the bat-tle call;
4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow, Where scattered wide the watchmen stand:
5 O fill Thy Church with faith and pow'r, Bid her long night of weep-ing cease;
That He who once a suf - f'rer bled Shall o'er the world a conqu'ror reign.
Now all a - broad Thy ban-ner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray.
The old grim tow'rs of dark-ness yield, And soon shall tot-ter to their fall.
Voice echoes voice, and on - ward flow The joyous shouts from land to land.
To groan-ing na - tions haste the hour Of life and freedom, light and peace. AMEN.

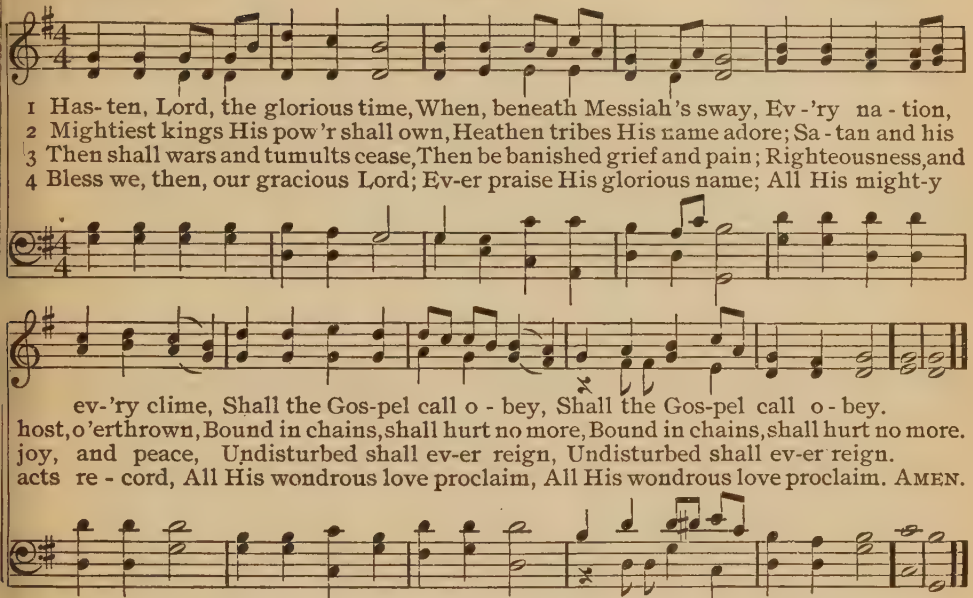
207 O Spirit of the living God

JAMES MONTGOMERY — WARRINGTON — RALPH HARRISON


1 O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace,
2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the rec - on - cil - ing word;
3 Be dark-ness, at Thy com-ing, light; Con-fu - sion, or - der in Thy path;
4 Con-vert the na - tions; far and nigh The tri-umphs of the cross re - cord;
5 God from e - ter - ni - ty hath willed All flesh shall His sal - va - tion see:
Where'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a - pos-tate race.
Give pow'r and unction from a - bove, Whene'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
Souls without strength inspire with might, Bid mercy tri-umph o - ver wrath.
The name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - 'ry peo - ple call Him Lord.
So be the Father's love fulfilled, The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro' Thee. AMEN.

208 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time

HARRIET AUBER HENDON HENRI A. C. MALAN

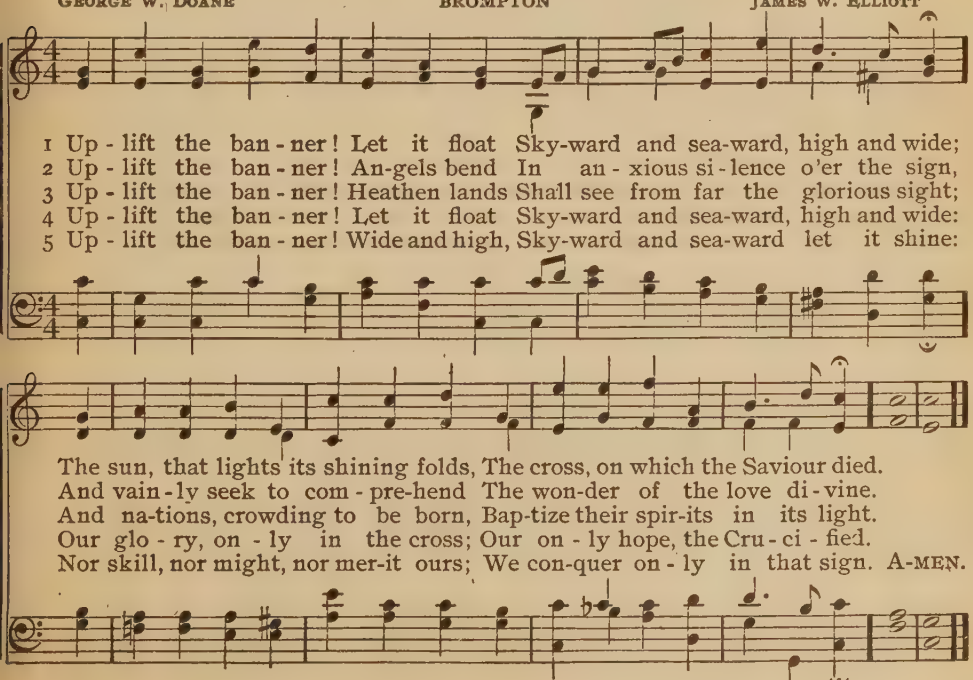


1 Has- ten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway, Ev -'ry na - tion,
2 Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name adore; Sa - tan and his
3 Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness, and
4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord; Ev-er praise His glorious name; All His might-y

ev-'ry clime, Shall the Gos-pel call o - bey, Shall the Gos-pel call o - bey.
host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
joy, and peace, Undisturbed shall ev-er reign, Undisturbed shall ev-er reign.
acts re - cord, All His wondrous love proclaim, All His wondrous love proclaim. AMEN.

209 Uplift the banner! Let it float

GEORGE W. DOANE BROMPTON JAMES W. ELLIOTT

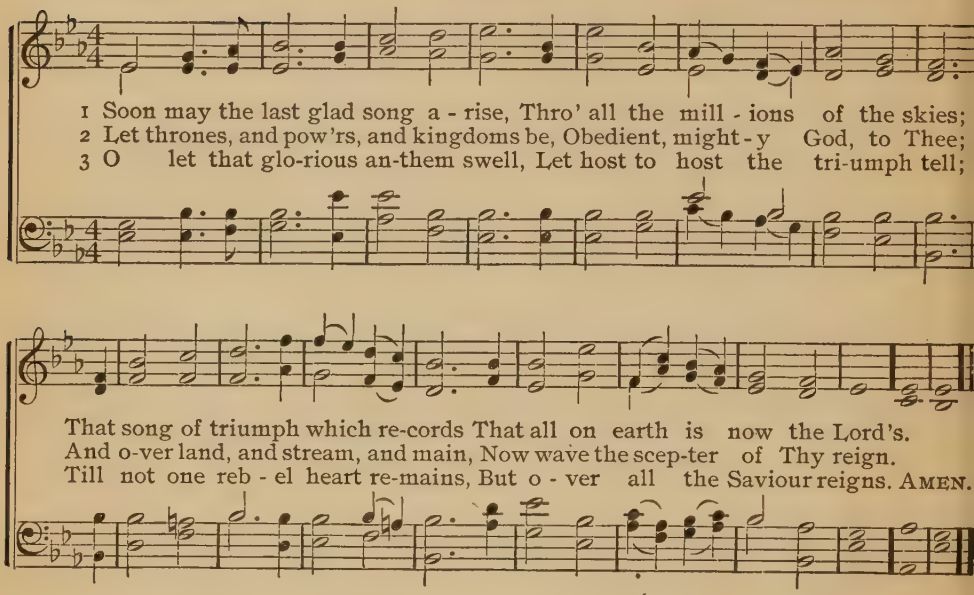


1 Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2 Up - lift the ban - ner! An-gels bend In an - xious si - lence o'er the sign,
3 Up - lift the ban - ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight;
4 Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide:
5 Up - lift the ban - ner! Wide and high, Sky-ward and sea-ward let it shine:

The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The won-der of the love di - vine.
And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.

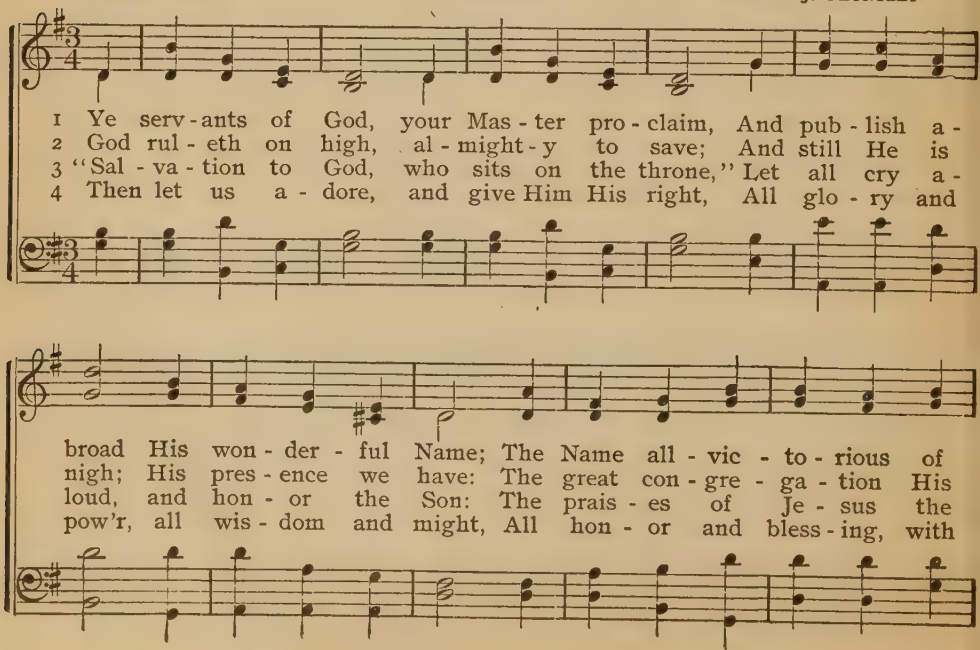
210 Soon may the last glad song arise.

Mrs. VOKES — TRURO — CHARLES BURNEY

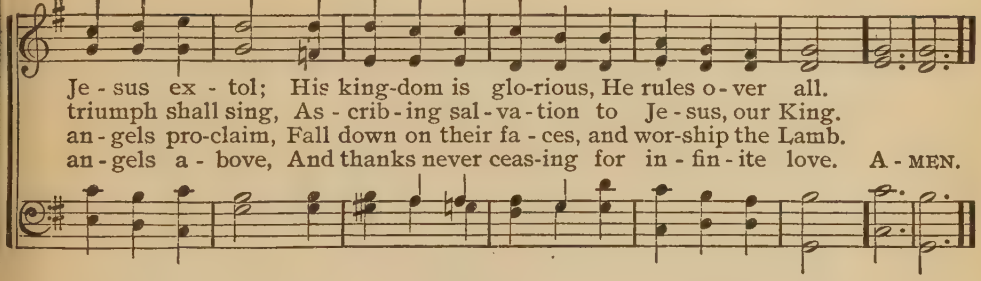

1 Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mill - ions of the skies;
2 Let thrones, and pow'rs, and kingdoms be, Obedient, might - y God, to Thee;
3 O let that glo-rious an-them swell, Let host to host the tri-umph tell;
That song of triumph which re-cords That all on earth is now the Lord's.
And o-ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scep-ter of Thy reign.
Till not one reb - el heart re-mains, But o - ver all the Saviour reigns. AMEN.

211 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim

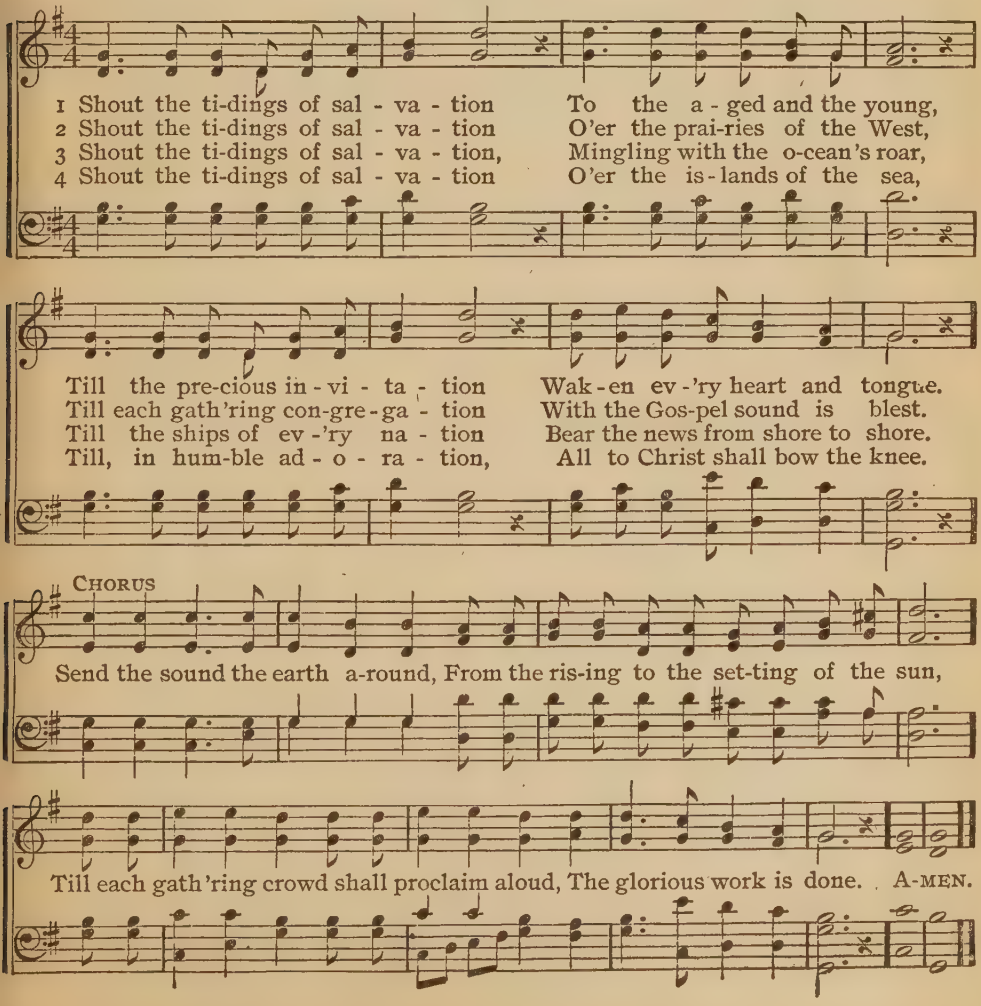
CHARLES WESLEY — HOUGHTON — HENRY J. GAUNTLETT


1 Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -
2 God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is
3 "Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry a -
4 Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and
broad His won - der - ful Name; The Name all - vic - to - rious of
nigh; His pres - ence we have: The great con - gre - ga - tion His
loud, and hon - or the Son: The prais - es of Je - sus the
pow'r, all wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim

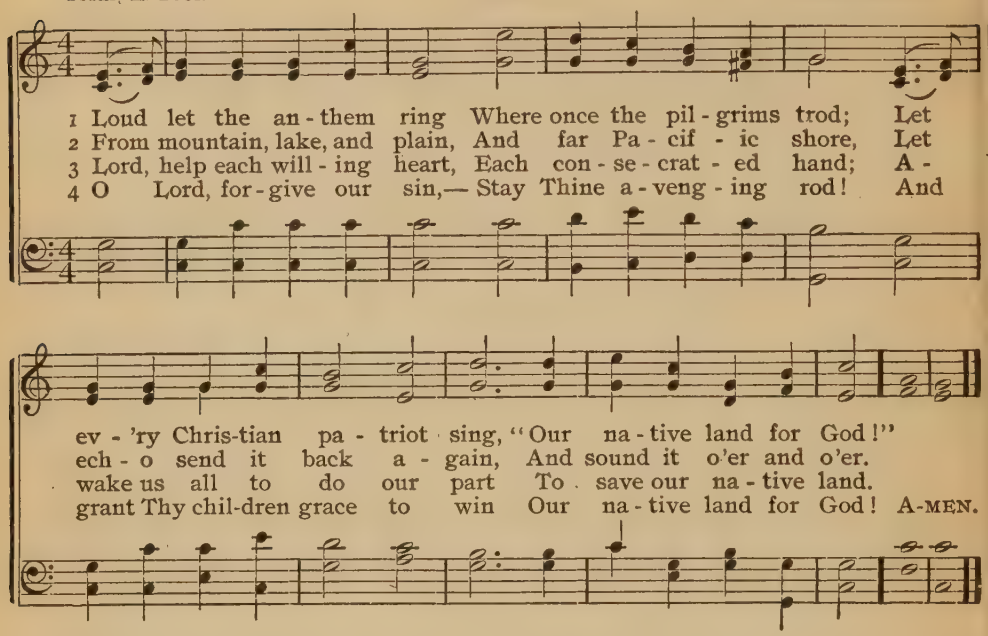

Je - sus ex - tol; His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o - ver all.
triumph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
an - gels pro-claim, Fall down on their fa - ces, and wor-ship the Lamb.
an - gels a - bove, And thanks never ceas-ing for in - fin - ite love. A - MEN.

212 Shout the tidings of salvation

LUCIUS HART — McLEAN — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1 Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young,
2 Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion O'er the prai-ries of the West,
3 Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the o-cean's roar,
4 Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion O'er the is-lands of the sea,
Till the pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en ev-'ry heart and tongue.
Till each gath'ring con-gre-ga - tion With the Gos-pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev-'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.
CHORUS
Send the sound the earth a-round, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done. A-MEN.

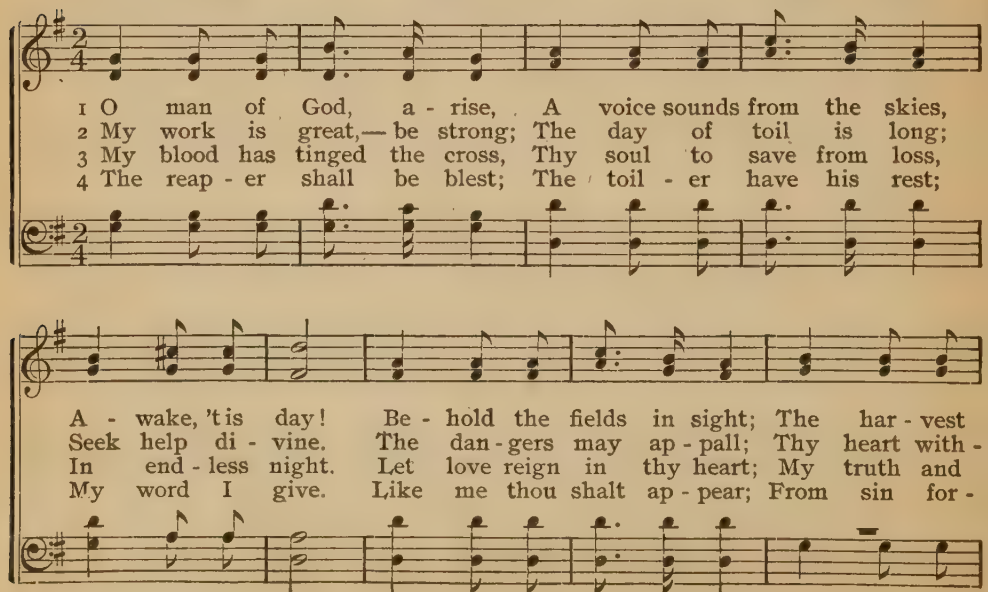
213 Loud let the anthem ring

SUSAN K. BOURNE — LABAN — LOWELL MASON

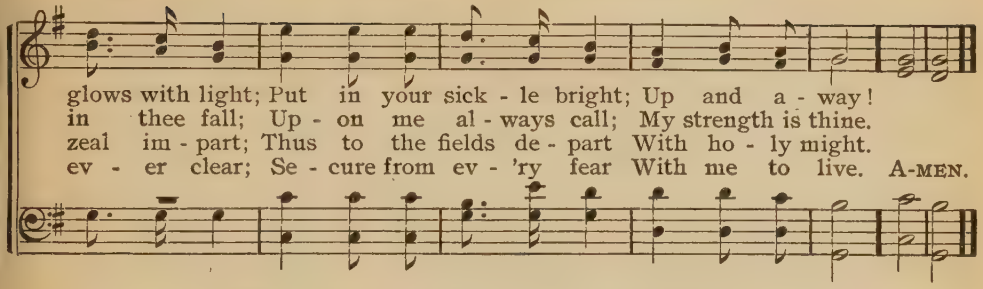

1 Loud let the an - them ring Where once the pil - grims trod; Let
2 From mountain, lake, and plain, And far Pa - cif - ic shore, Let
3 Lord, help each will - ing heart, Each con - se - crat - ed hand; A -
4 O Lord, for - give our sin,— Stay Thine a - veng - ing rod! And
ev - 'ry Chris-tian pa - triot sing, "Our na - tive land for God!"
ech - o send it back a - gain, And sound it o'er and o'er.
wake us all to do our part To save our na - tive land.
grant Thy chil-dren grace to win Our na - tive land for God! A-MEN.

214 O man of God, arise

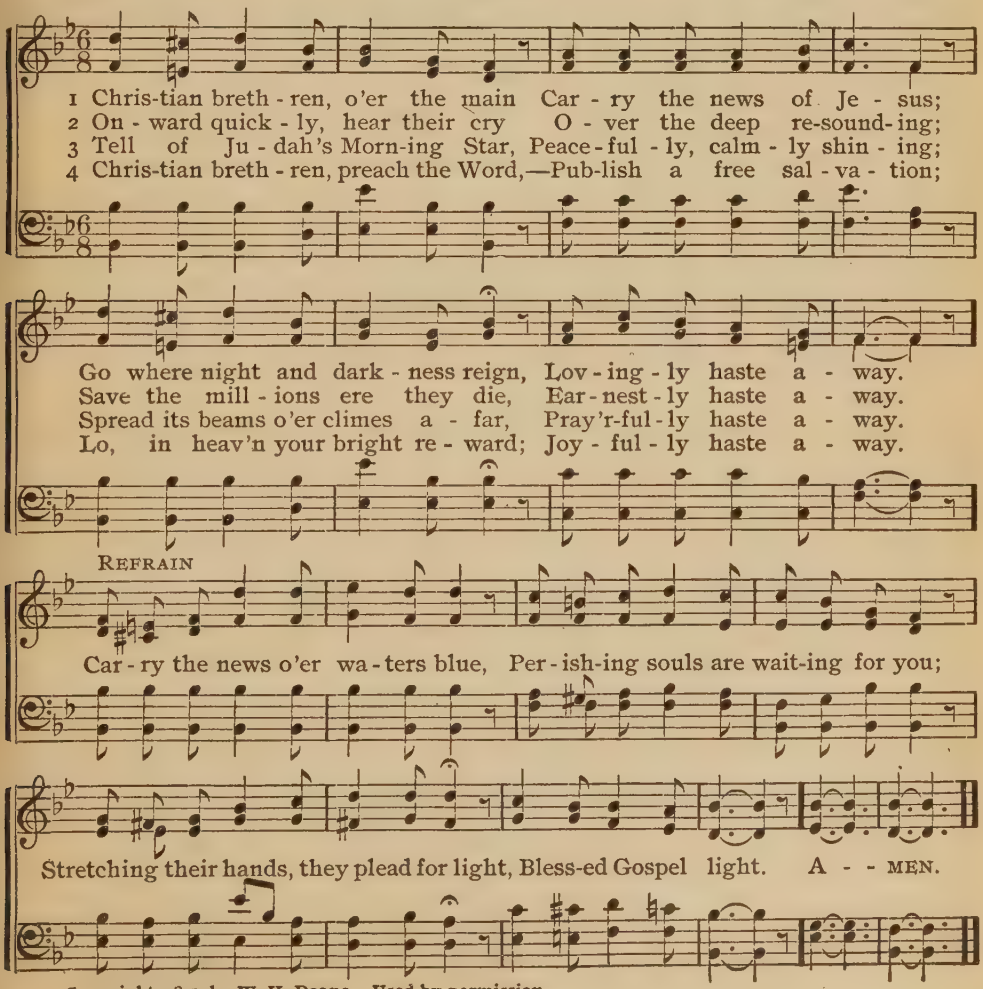
HARLAN K. FENNER — NEW HAVEN — THOMAS HASTINGS


1 O man of God, a - rise, A voice sounds from the skies,
2 My work is great,— be strong; The day of toil is long;
3 My blood has tinged the cross, Thy soul to save from loss,
4 The reap - er shall be blest; The toil - er have his rest;
A - wake, 't is day! Be - hold the fields in sight; The har - vest
Seek help di - vine. The dan - gers may ap - pall; Thy heart with -
In end - less night. Let love reign in thy heart; My truth and
My word I give. Like me thou shalt ap - pear; From sin for -

O man of God, arise


glows with light; Put in your sick - le bright; Up and a - way!
in thee fall; Up - on me al - ways call; My strength is thine.
zeal im - part; Thus to the fields de - part With ho - ly might.
ev - er clear; Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear With me to live. A-MEN.

215 Christian brethren, o'er the main

FANNY J. CROSBY BURMAH WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 Chris-tian breth - ren, o'er the main Car - ry the news of Je - sus;
2 On - ward quick - ly, hear their cry O - ver the deep re-sound-ing;
3 Tell of Ju - dah's Morn-ing Star, Peace-ful - ly, calm - ly shin - ing;
4 Chris-tian breth - ren, preach the Word,—Pub-lish a free sal - va - tion;
Go where night and dark - ness reign, Lov - ing - ly haste a - way.
Save the mill - ions ere they die, Ear - nest - ly haste a - way.
Spread its beams o'er climes a - far, Pray'r-ful - ly haste a - way.
Lo, in heav'n your bright re - ward; Joy - ful - ly haste a - way.
REFRAIN
Car - ry the news o'er wa - ters blue, Per - ish-ing souls are wait-ing for you;
Stretching their hands, they plead for light, Bless-ed Gospel light. A - - MEN.

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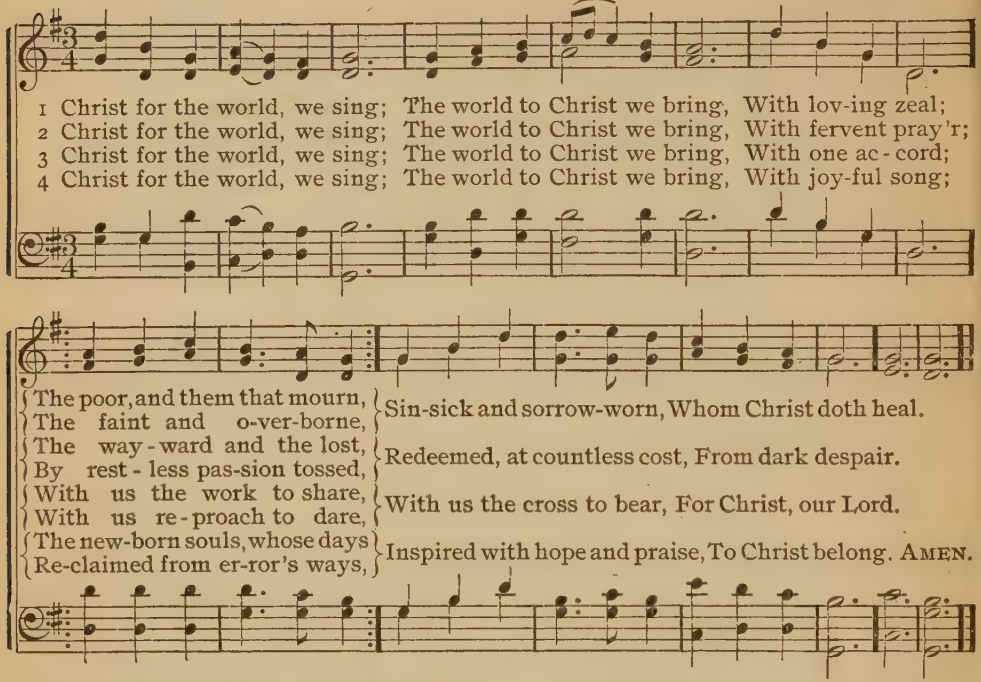
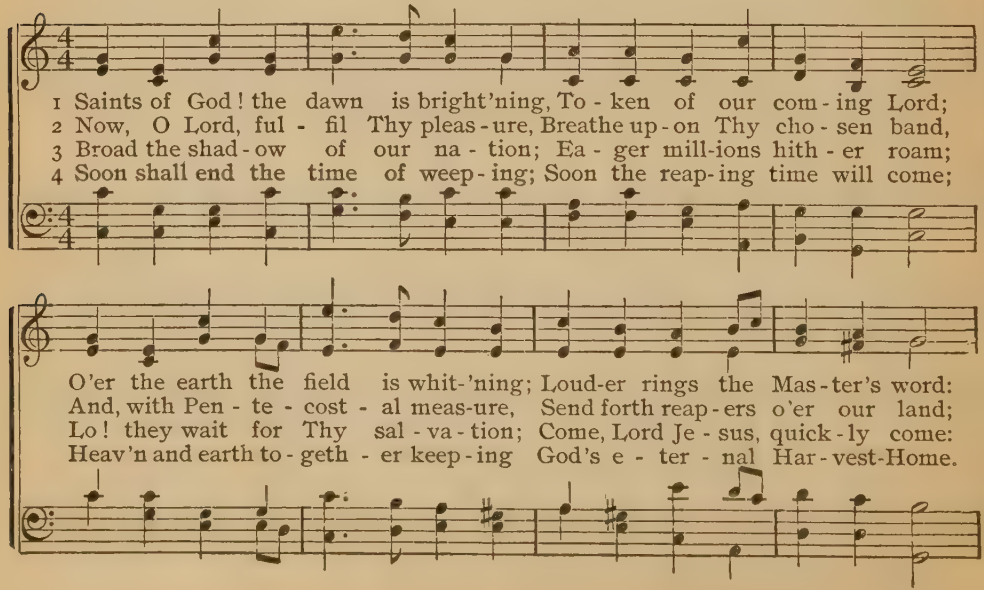
216 Christ for the world, we sing

SAMUEL WOLCOTT — ITALIAN HYMN — FELICE GIARDINI

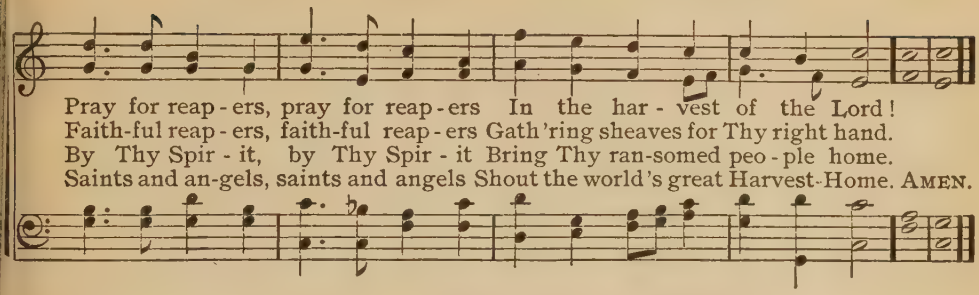

1 Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal;
2 Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With fervent pray'r;
3 Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With one ac-cord;
4 Christ for the world, we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With joy-ful song;
The poor, and them that mourn, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
The faint and o-ver-borne,
The way-ward and the lost, Redeemed, at countless cost, From dark despair.
By rest-less pas-sion tossed,
With us the work to share, With us the cross to bear, For Christ, our Lord.
With us re-proach to dare,
The new-born souls, whose days Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ belong. AMEN.
Re-claimed from er-ror's ways,

217 Saints of God! the dawn is brightening

MARY H. MAXWELL — REGENT SQUARE — HENRY SMART

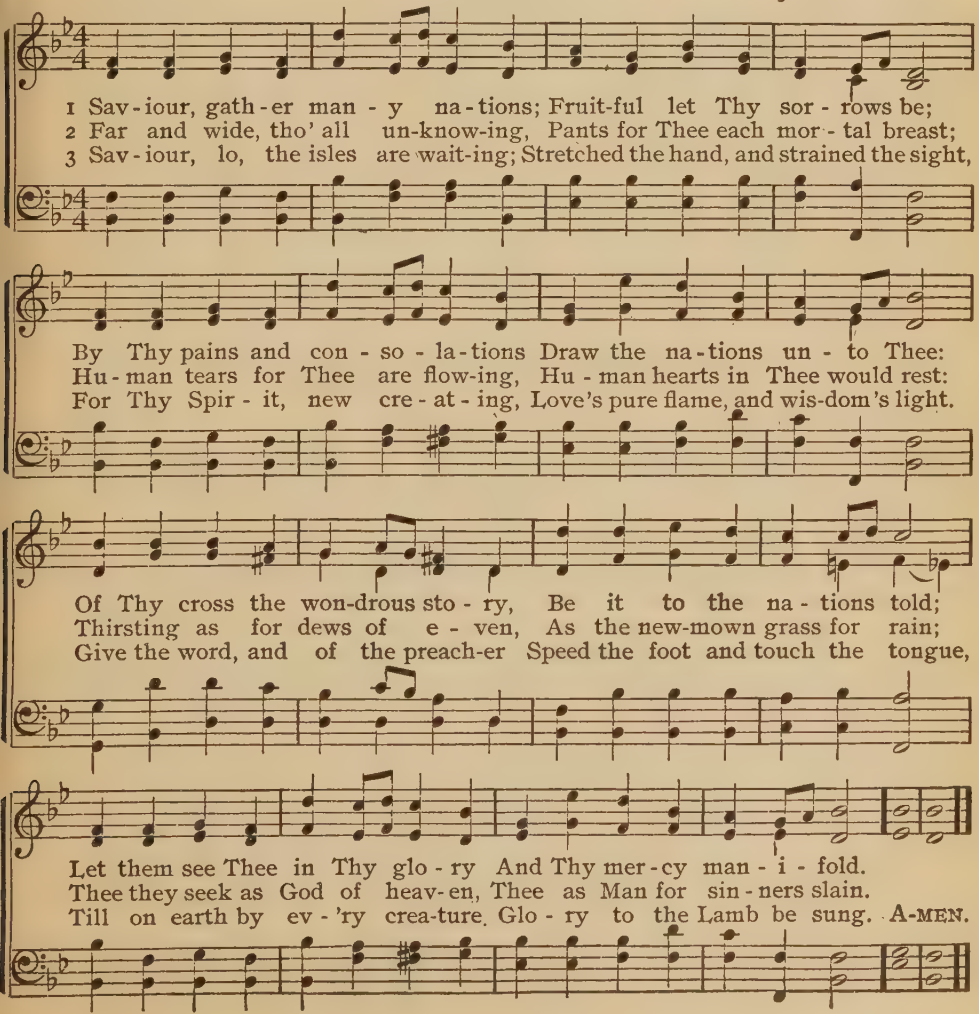

1 Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;
2 Now, O Lord, ful-fil Thy pleas-ure, Breathe up-on Thy cho-sen band,
3 Broad the shad-ow of our na-tion; Ea-ger mill-ions hith-er roam;
4 Soon shall end the time of weep-ing; Soon the reap-ing time will come;
O'er the earth the field is whit-'ning; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word:
And, with Pen-te-cost-al meas-ure, Send forth reap-ers o'er our land;
Lo! they wait for Thy sal-va-tion; Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come:
Heav'n and earth to-geth-er keep-ing God's e-ter-nal Har-vest-Home.

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening


Pray for reap-ers, pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord!
Faith-ful reap-ers, faith-ful reap-ers Gath'ring sheaves for Thy right hand.
By Thy Spir-it, by Thy Spir-it Bring Thy ran-somed peo-ple home.
Saints and an-gels, saints and angels Shout the world's great Harvest-Home. AMEN.

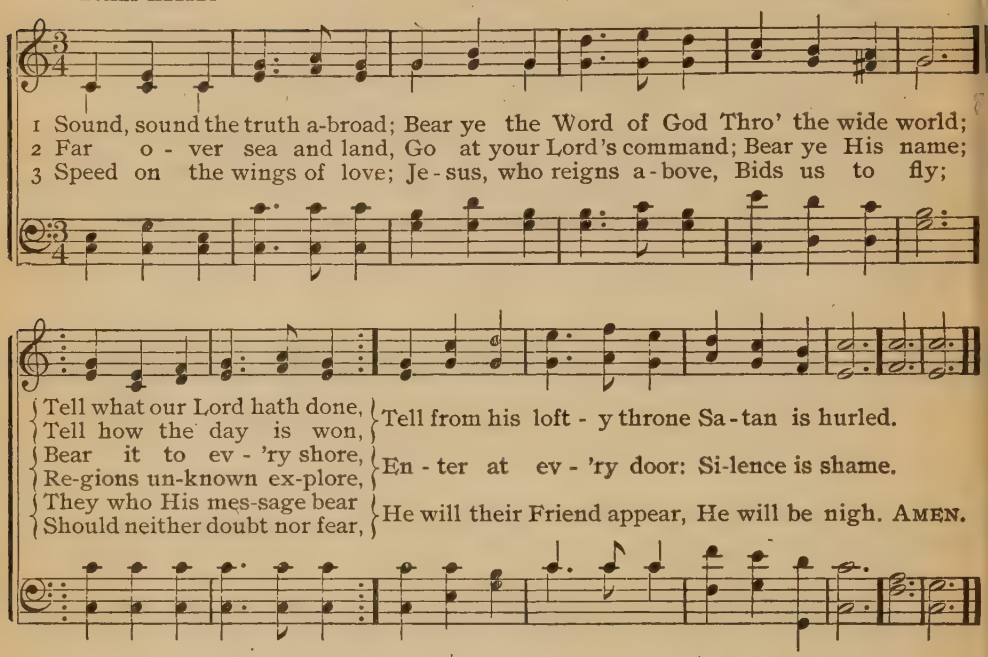
218 Saviour, gather many nations

ARTHUR C. COXE BEECHER JOHANN ZUNDEL


1 Sav-iour, gath-er man-y na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
2 Far and wide, tho' all un-know-ing, Pants for Thee each mor-tal breast;
3 Sav-iour, lo, the isles are wait-ing; Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the na-tions un-to Thee:
Hu-man tears for Thee are flow-ing, Hu-man hearts in Thee would rest:
For Thy Spir-it, new cre-at-ing, Love's pure flame, and wis-dom's light.
Of Thy cross the won-drous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;
Thirsting as for dews of e-ven, As the new-mown grass for rain;
Give the word, and of the preach-er Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold.
Thee they seek as God of heav-en, Thee as Man for sin-ners slain.
Till on earth by ev-'ry crea-ture, Glo-ry to the Lamb be sung. A-MEN.

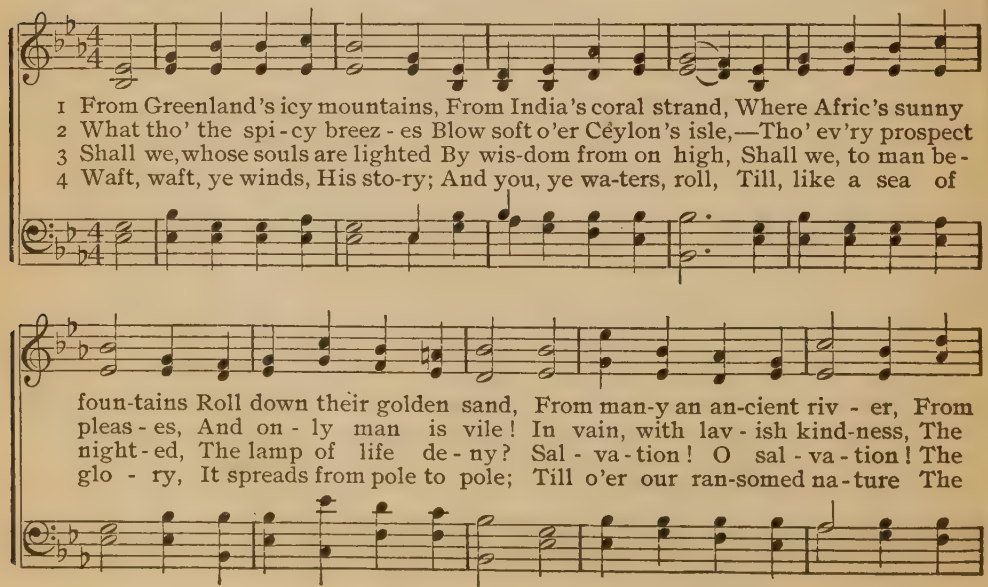
219 Sound, sound the truth abroad

THOMAS KELLEY — DORT — LOWELL MASON

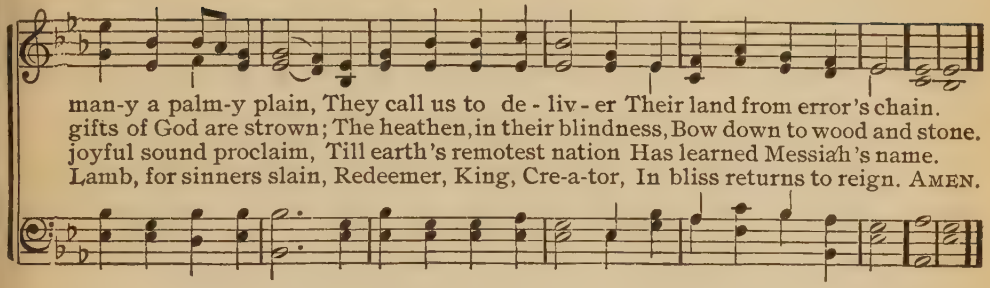

1 Sound, sound the truth a-broad; Bear ye the Word of God Thro' the wide world;
2 Far o - ver sea and land, Go at your Lord's command; Bear ye His name;
3 Speed on the wings of love; Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Bids us to fly;
Tell what our Lord hath done, Tell how the day is won, Bear it to ev - 'ry shore, Re-gions un-known ex-plore, They who His mes-sage bear Should neither doubt nor fear,
Tell from his loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.
En - ter at ev - 'ry door: Si-lence is shame.
He will their Friend appear, He will be nigh. AMEN.

220 From Greenland's icy mountains

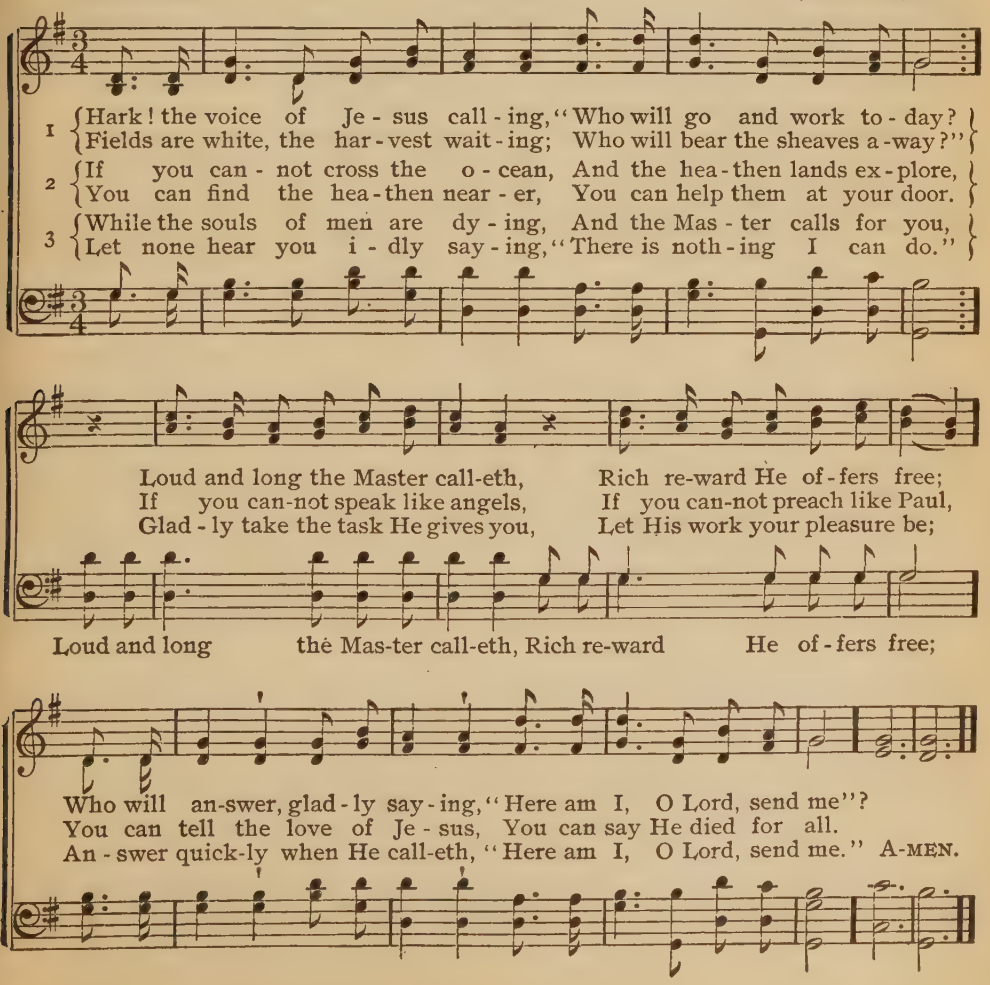
REGINALD HEBER — MISSIONARY HYMN — LOWELL MASON


1 From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2 What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—Tho' ev'ry prospect
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted By wis-dom from on high, Shall we, to man be -
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry; And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of
foun-tains Roll down their golden sand, From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile! In vain, with lav - ish kind-ness, The
night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The

From Greenland's icy mountains

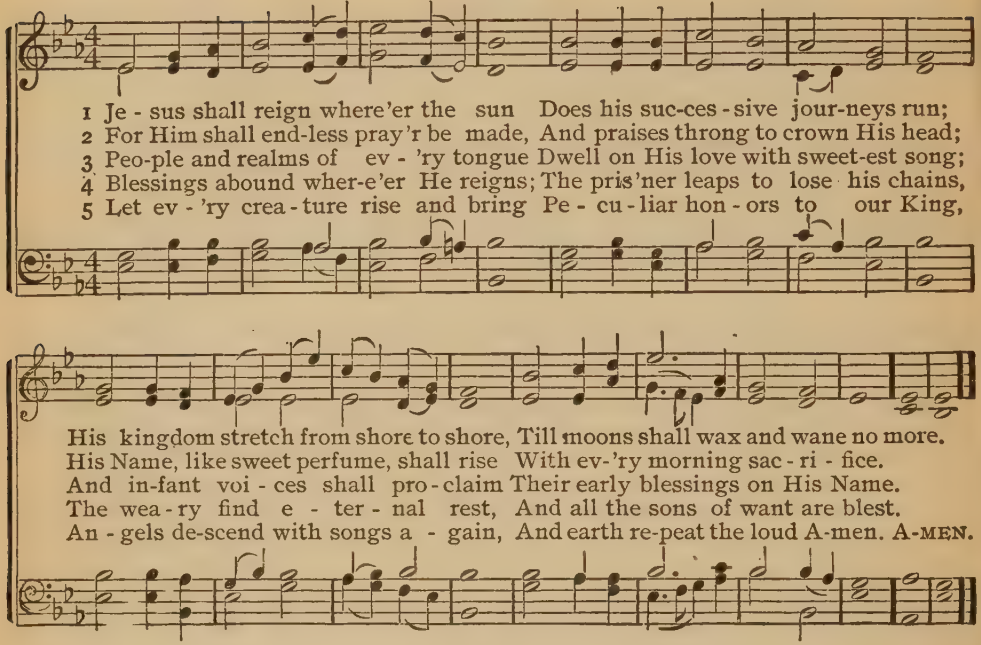

man-y a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone.
joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb, for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre-a-tor, In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

221 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling

DANIEL MARCH HARWELL LOWELL MASON

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
2 If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore,
You can find the hea - then near - er, You can help them at your door.
3 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,
Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."
Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
If you can-not speak like angels, If you can-not preach like Paul,
Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure be;
Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;
Who will an-swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me"?
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
An - swer quick-ly when He call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A-MEN.

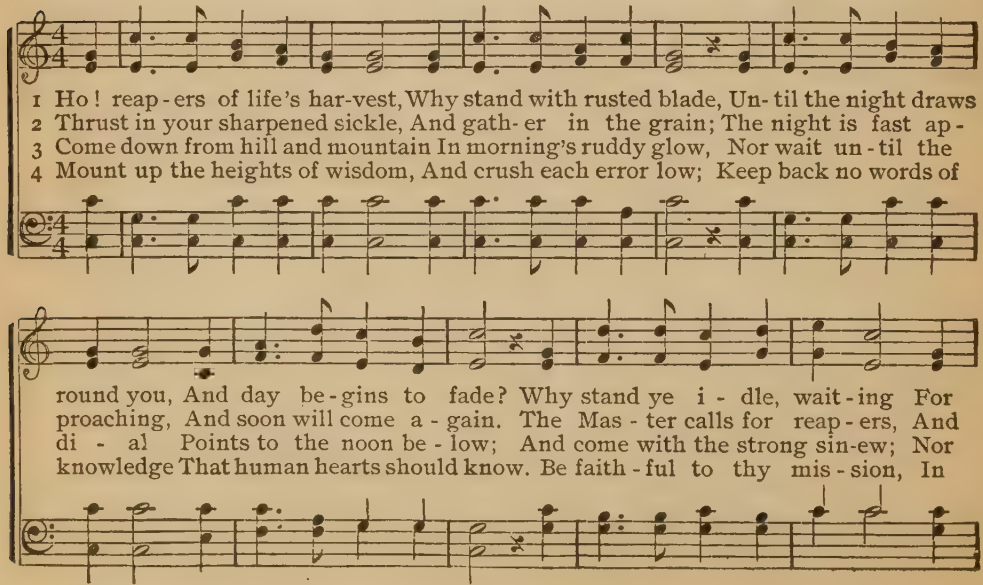
222 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

ISAAC WATTS — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON

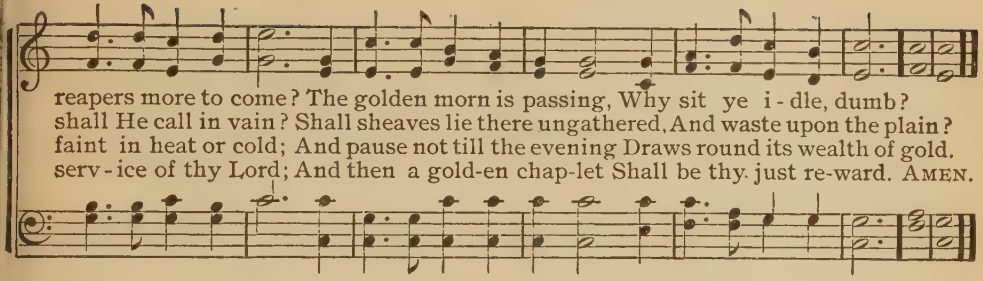

1 Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;
2 For Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3 Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song;
4 Blessings abound wher-e'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
5 Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With ev-'ry morning sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their early blessings on His Name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A-men. A-MEN.

223 Ho! reapers of life's harvest

ISAAC B. WOODBURY — GARFIELD — ISAAC B. WOODBURY

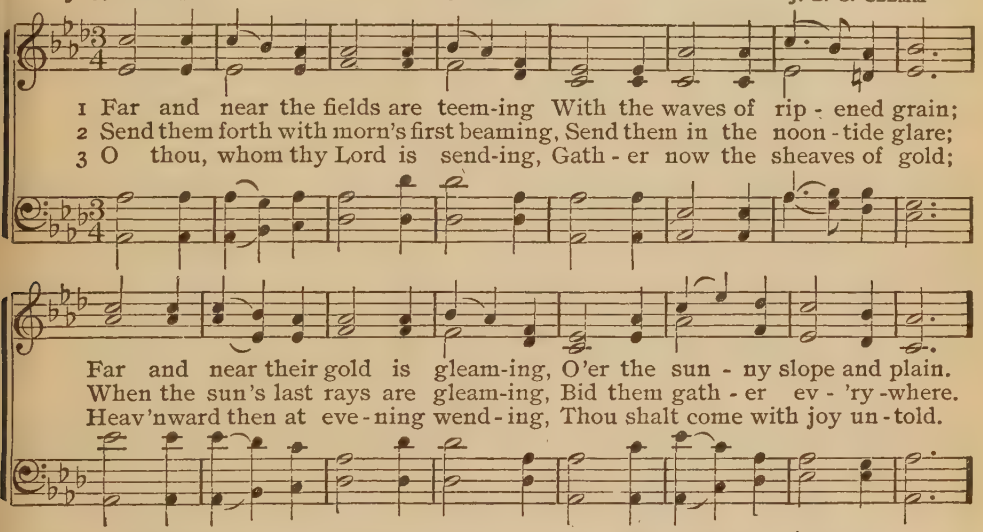

1 Ho! reap - ers of life's har-vest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un - til the night draws
2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath- er in the grain; The night is fast ap -
3 Come down from hill and mountain In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait un - til the
4 Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low; Keep back no words of
round you, And day be - gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For
proaching, And soon will come a - gain. The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And
di - al Points to the noon be - low; And come with the strong sin-ew; Nor
knowledge That human hearts should know. Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In

Ho, reapers of life's harvest


reapers more to come? The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
faint in heat or cold; And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
serv-ice of thy Lord; And then a gold-en chap-let Shall be thy just re-ward. AMEN.

224 Far and near the fields are teeming

J. O. THOMPSON GARRISON J. B. O. CLEMM


1 Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon-tide glare;
3 O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.
CHORUS
Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest time pass by. A-MEN.

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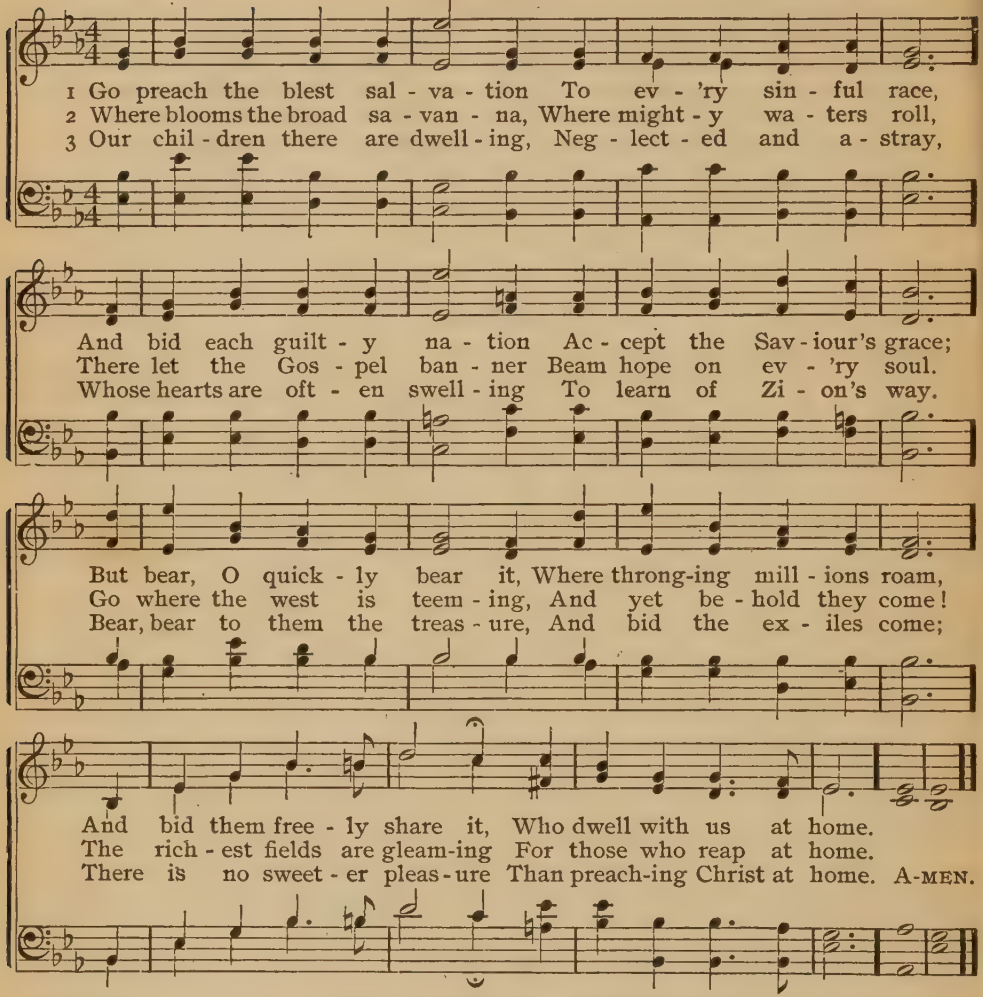
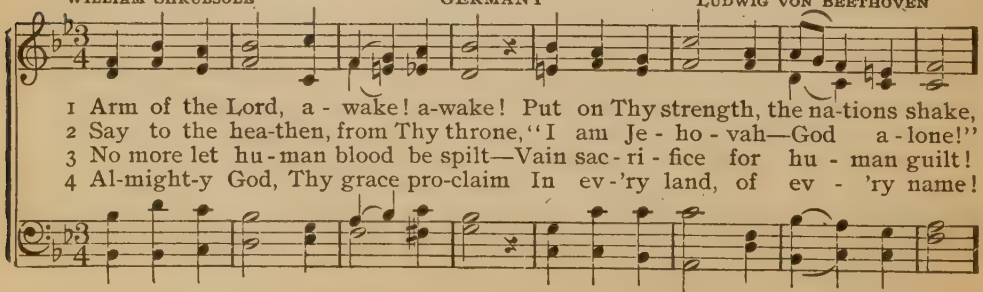
225 Go preach the blest salvation

SIDNEY DYER — GREENLAND — JOHANN M. HAYDN

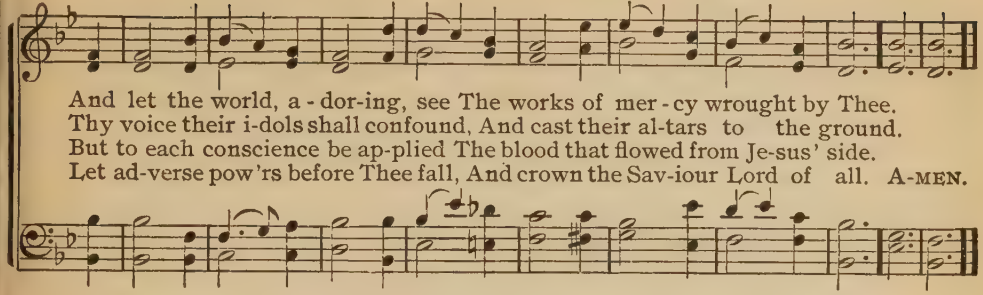

1 Go preach the blest sal - va - tion To ev - 'ry sin - ful race,
2 Where blooms the broad sa - van - na, Where might - y wa - ters roll,
3 Our chil - dren there are dwell - ing, Neg - lect - ed and a - stray,
And bid each guilt - y na - tion Ac - cept the Sav - iour's grace;
There let the Gos - pel ban - ner Beam hope on ev - 'ry soul.
Whose hearts are oft - en swell - ing To learn of Zi - on's way.
But bear, O quick - ly bear it, Where throng-ing mill - ions roam,
Go where the west is teem - ing, And yet be - hold they come!
Bear, bear to them the treas - ure, And bid the ex - iles come;
And bid them free - ly share it, Who dwell with us at home.
The rich - est fields are gleam-ing For those who reap at home.
There is no sweet - er pleas - ure Than preach-ing Christ at home. A-MEN.

226 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE — GERMANY — LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

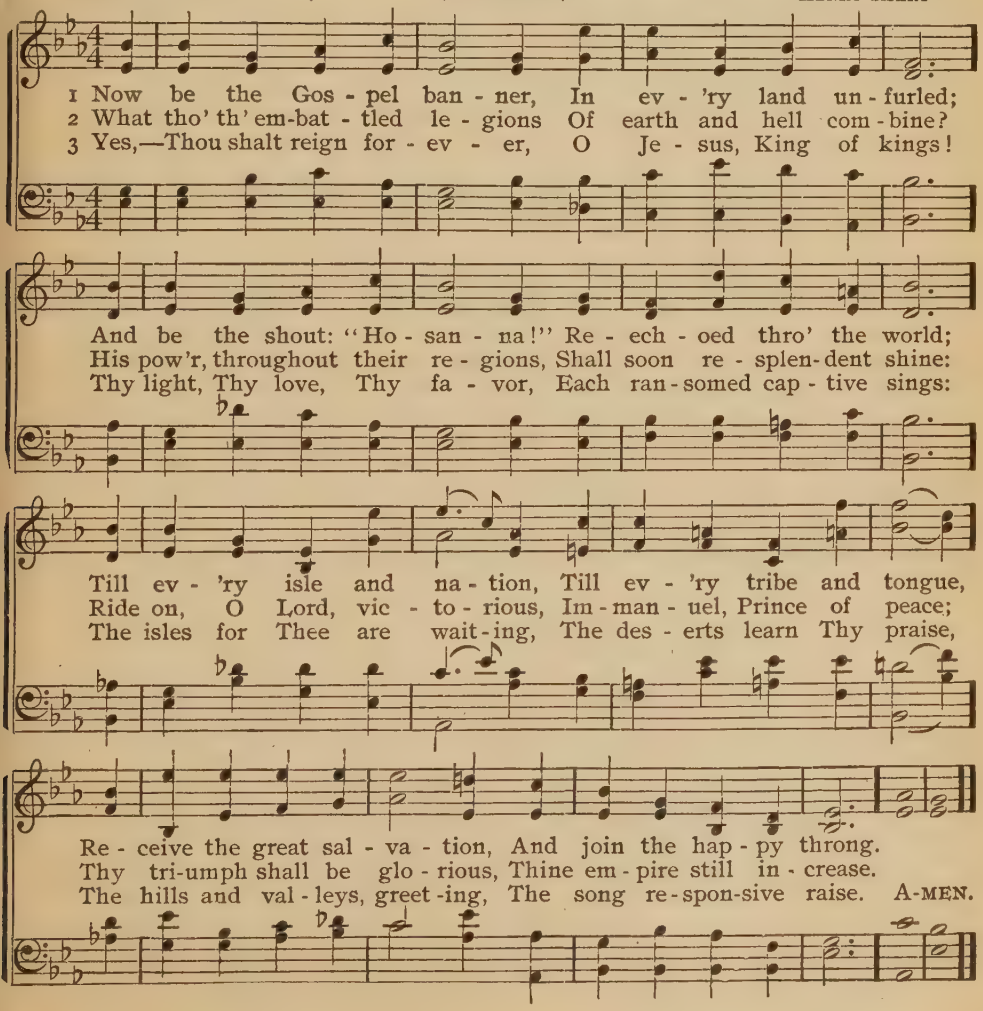

1 Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a-wake! Put on Thy strength, the na-tions shake,
2 Say to the hea-then, from Thy throne, "I am Je - ho - vah—God a - lone!"
3 No more let hu - man blood be spilt—Vain sac - ri - fice for hu - man guilt!
4 Al-might-y God, Thy grace pro-claim In ev - 'ry land, of ev - 'ry name!

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake

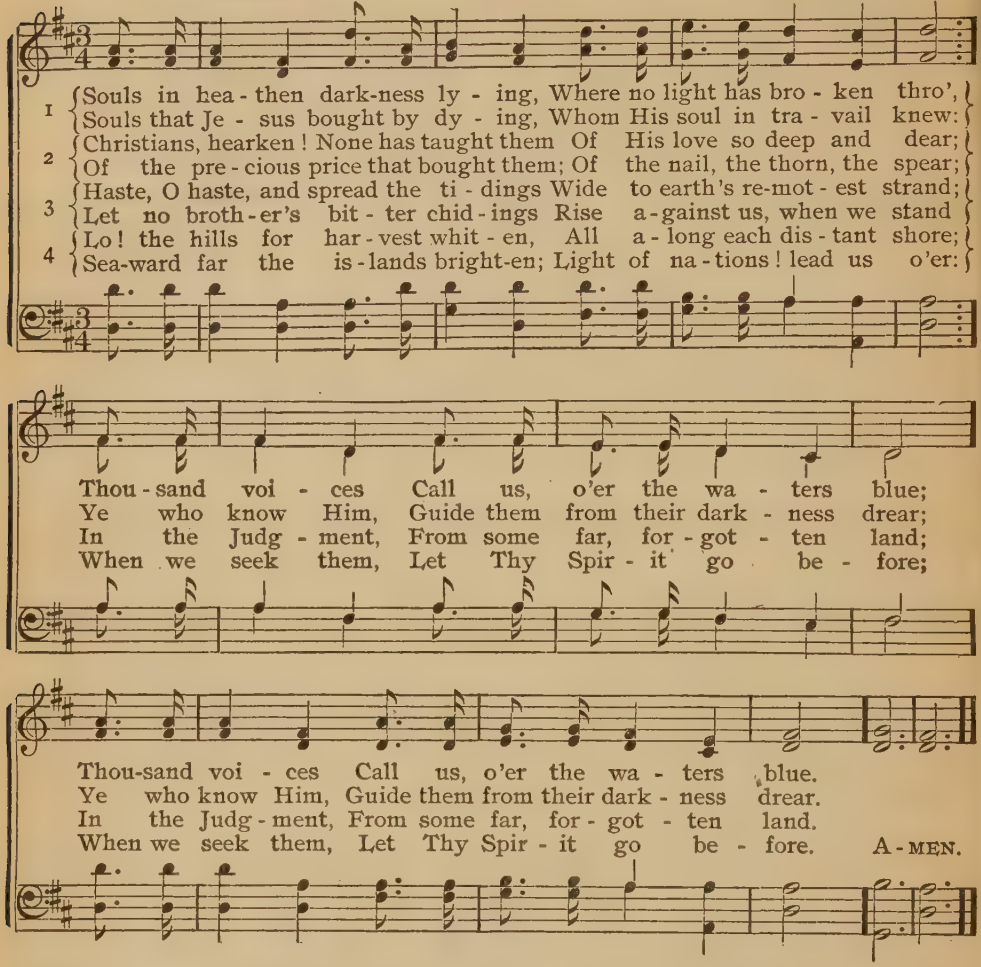

And let the world, a - dor-ing, see The works of mer - cy wrought by Thee.
Thy voice their i-dols shall confound, And cast their al-tars to the ground.
But to each conscience be ap-plied The blood that flowed from Je-sus' side.
Let ad-verse pow'rs before Thee fall, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all. A-MEN.

227 Now be the Gospel banner

THOMAS HASTINGS — LANCASHIRE — HENRY SMART


1 Now be the Gos - pel ban - ner, In ev - 'ry land un - furled;
2 What tho' th' em-bat - tled le - gions Of earth and hell com - bine?
3 Yes,—Thou shalt reign for - ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings!
And be the shout: "Ho - san - na!" Re - ech - oed thro' the world;
His pow'r, throughout their re - gions, Shall soon re - splen-dent shine:
Thy light, Thy love, Thy fa - vor, Each ran-somed cap - tive sings:
Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,
Ride on, O Lord, vic - to - rious, Im - man - uel, Prince of peace;
The isles for Thee are wait - ing, The des - erts learn Thy praise,
Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
Thy tri-umph shall be glo - rious, Thine em - pire still in - crease.
The hills and val - leys, greet - ing, The song re-spon-sive raise. A-MEN.

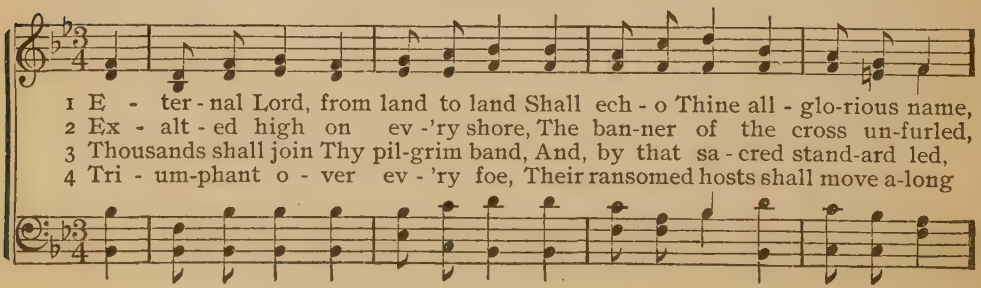
228 Souls in heathen darkness lying

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER — ZION — THOMAS HASTINGS

1 Souls in hea - then dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has bro - ken thro',
Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in tra - vail knew:
2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the pre - cious price that bought them; Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
3 Haste, O haste, and spread the ti - dings Wide to earth's re-mot - est strand;
Let no broth-er's bit - ter chid - ings Rise a-gainst us, when we stand
4 Lo! the hills for har - vest whit - en, All a - long each dis - tant shore;
Sea-ward far the is - lands bright-en; Light of na - tions! lead us o'er:
Thou - sand voi - ces Call us, o'er the wa - ters blue;
Ye who know Him, Guide them from their dark - ness drear;
In the Judg - ment, From some far, for - got - ten land;
When we seek them, Let Thy Spir - it go be - fore;
Thou-sand voi - ces Call us, o'er the wa - ters blue.
Ye who know Him, Guide them from their dark - ness drear.
In the Judg - ment, From some far, for - got - ten land.
When we seek them, Let Thy Spir - it go be - fore. A - MEN.

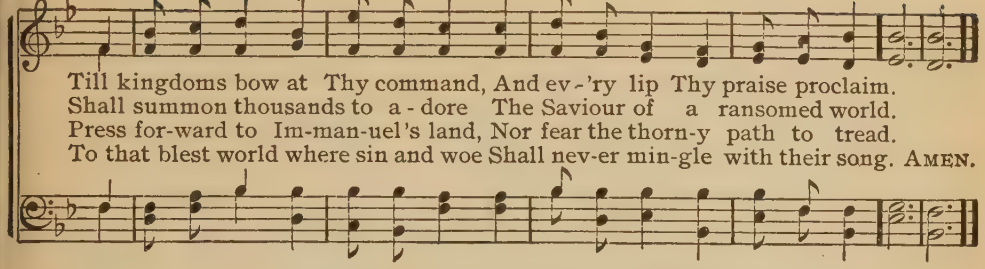
229 Eternal Lord, from land to land

* * *

HEBRON — LOWELL MASON

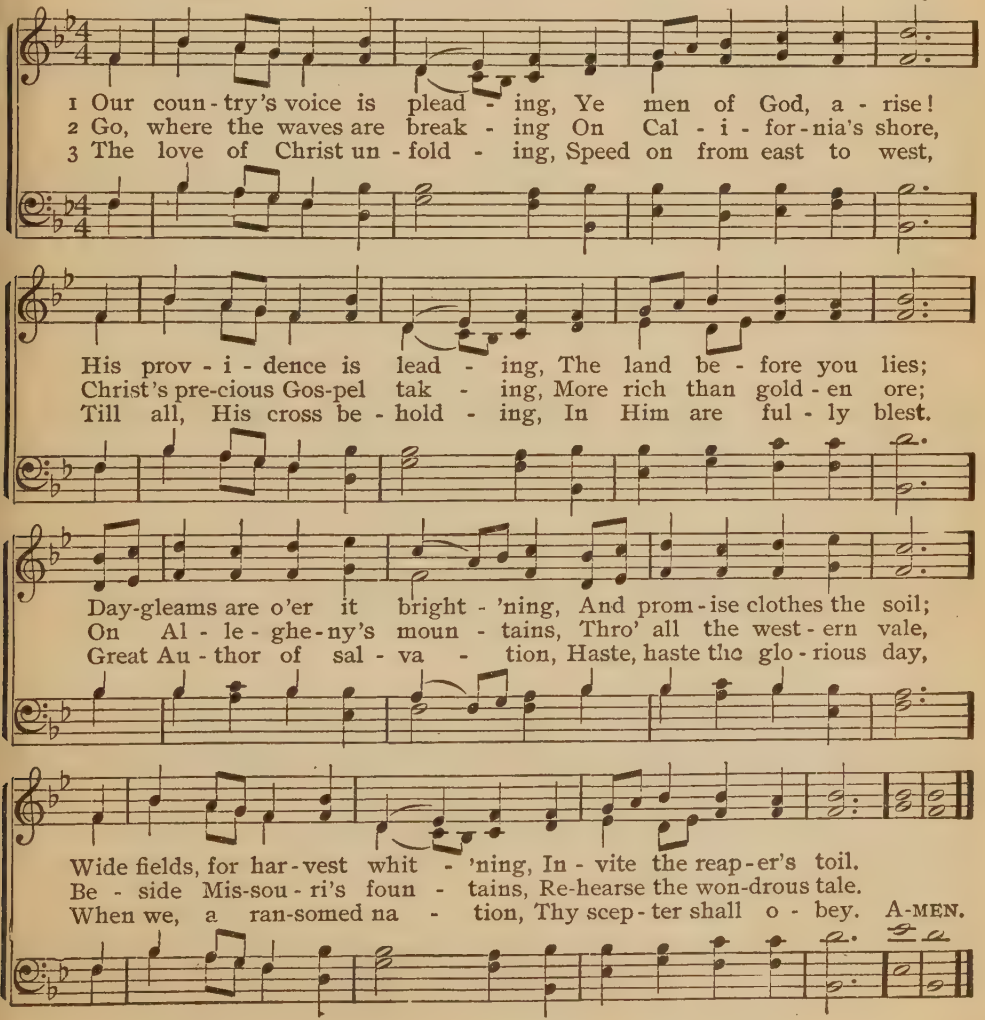

1 E - ter - nal Lord, from land to land Shall ech - o Thine all - glo-rious name,
2 Ex - alt - ed high on ev - 'ry shore, The ban-ner of the cross un-furled,
3 Thousands shall join Thy pil-grim band, And, by that sa - cred stand-ard led,
4 Tri - um-phant o - ver ev - 'ry foe, Their ransomed hosts shall move a-long

Eternal Lord, from land to land

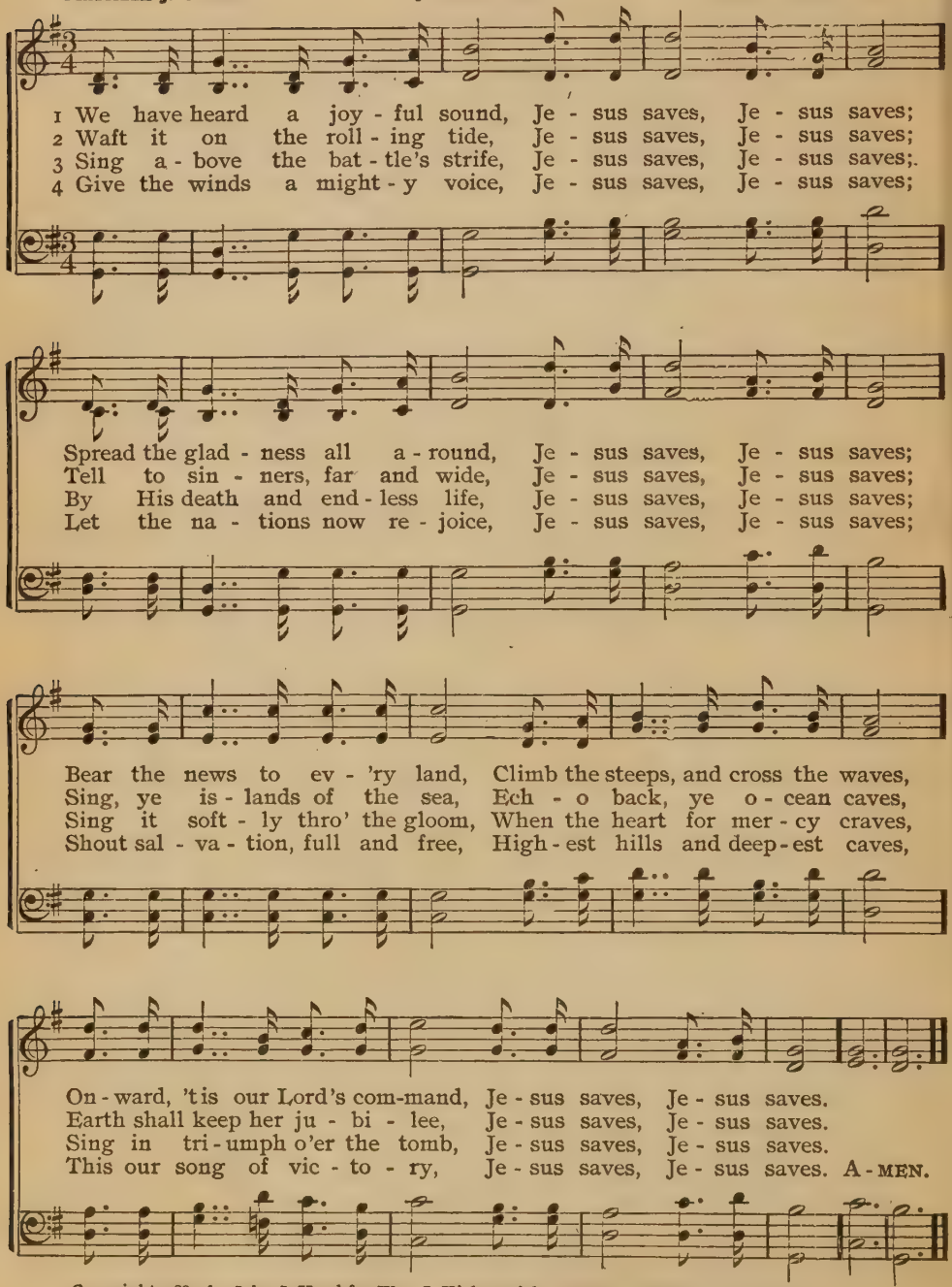

Till kingdoms bow at Thy command, And ev-'ry lip Thy praise proclaim.
Shall summon thousands to a-dore The Saviour of a ransomed world.
Press for-ward to Im-man-uel's land, Nor fear the thorn-y path to tread.
To that blest world where sin and woe Shall nev-er min-gle with their song. AMEN.

230 Our country's voice is pleading

MONA F. ANDERSON — ELLACOMBE — German Melody


1 Our coun-try's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a-rise!
2 Go, where the waves are break-ing On Cal-i-for-nia's shore,
3 The love of Christ un-fold-ing, Speed on from east to west,
His prov-i-dence is lead-ing, The land be-fore you lies;
Christ's pre-cious Gos-pel tak-ing, More rich than gold-en ore;
Till all, His cross be-hold-ing, In Him are ful-ly blest.
Day-gleams are o'er it bright-'ning, And prom-ise clothes the soil;
On Al-le-ghe-ny's moun-tains, Thro' all the west-ern vale,
Great Au-thor of sal-va-tion, Haste, haste the glo-rious day,
Wide fields, for har-vest whit-'ning, In-vite the reap-er's toil.
Be-side Mis-sou-ri's foun-tains, Re-hearse the won-drous tale.
When we, a ran-somed na-tion, Thy scep-ter shall o-bey. A-MEN.

231 We have heard a joyful sound

PRISCILLA J. OWENS JESUS SAVES WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1 We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2 Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3 Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4 Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps, and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion, full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,
On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com-mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. A - MEN.

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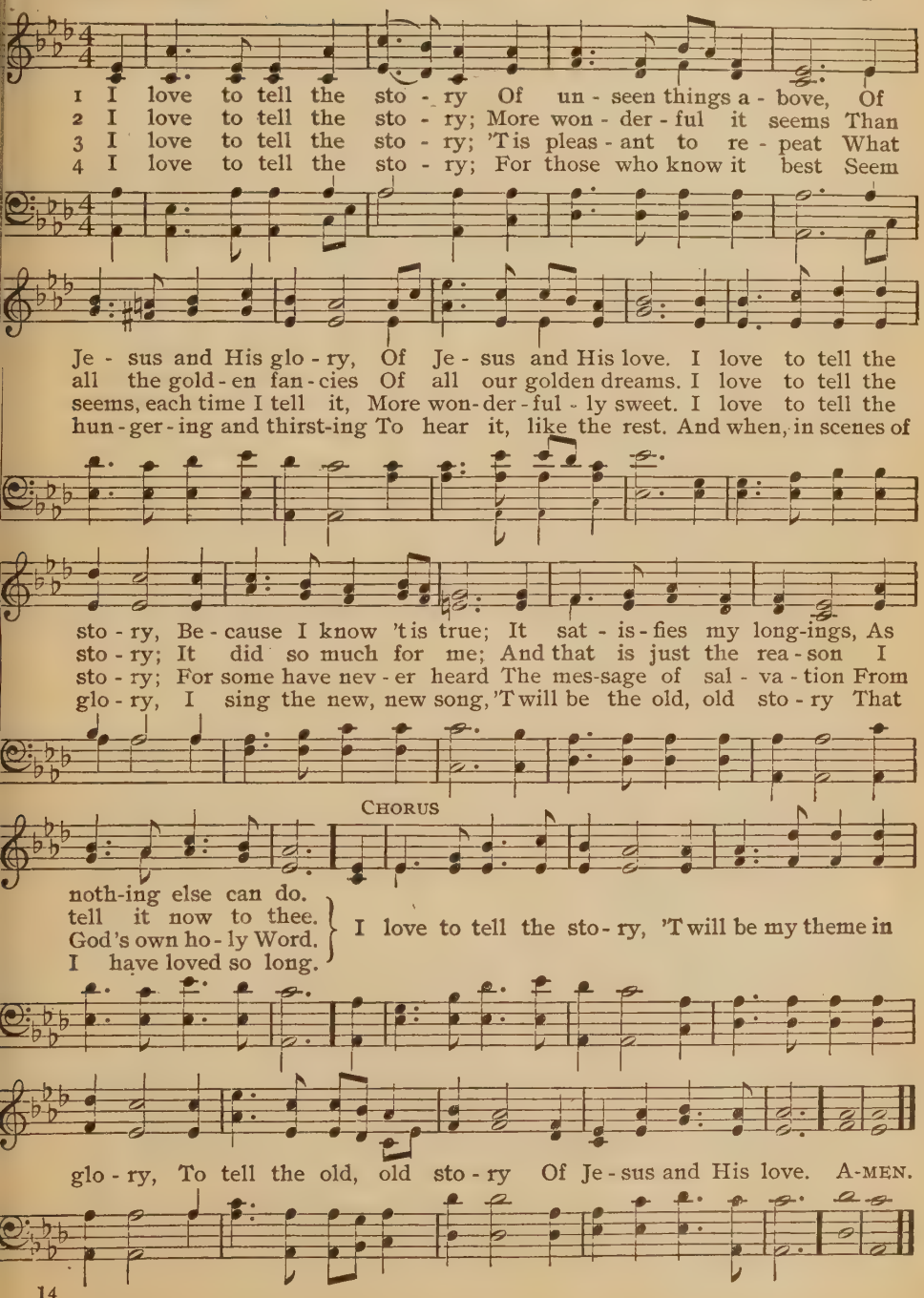
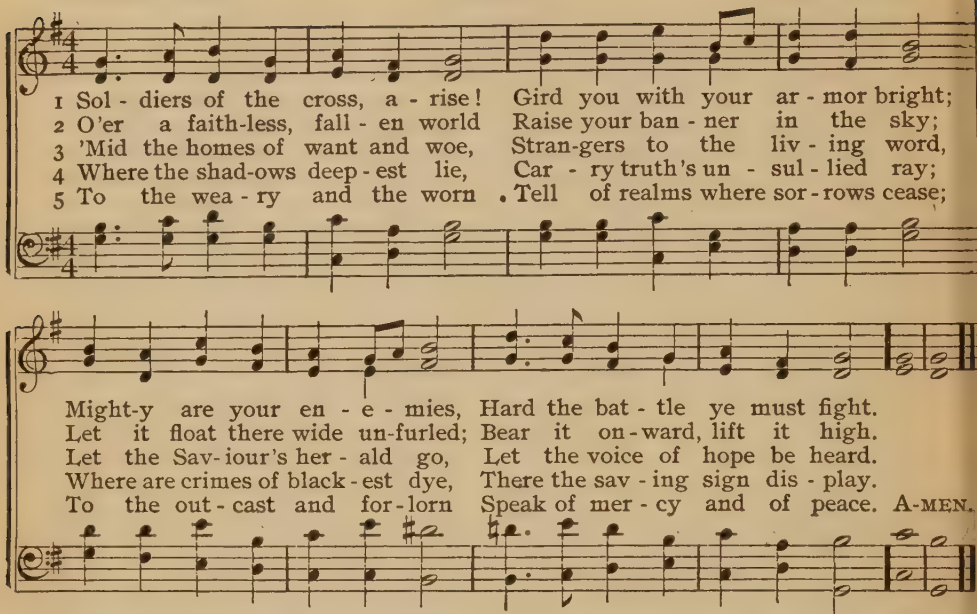
232 I love to tell the story

KATHERINE HANKEY RAINS WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2 I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3 I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4 I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings, As
sto - ry; It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'T will be the old, old sto - ry That
CHORUS
noth-ing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly Word.
I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

233 Soldiers of the cross, arise

WILLIAM W. HOW — REDHEAD — RICHARD REDHEAD

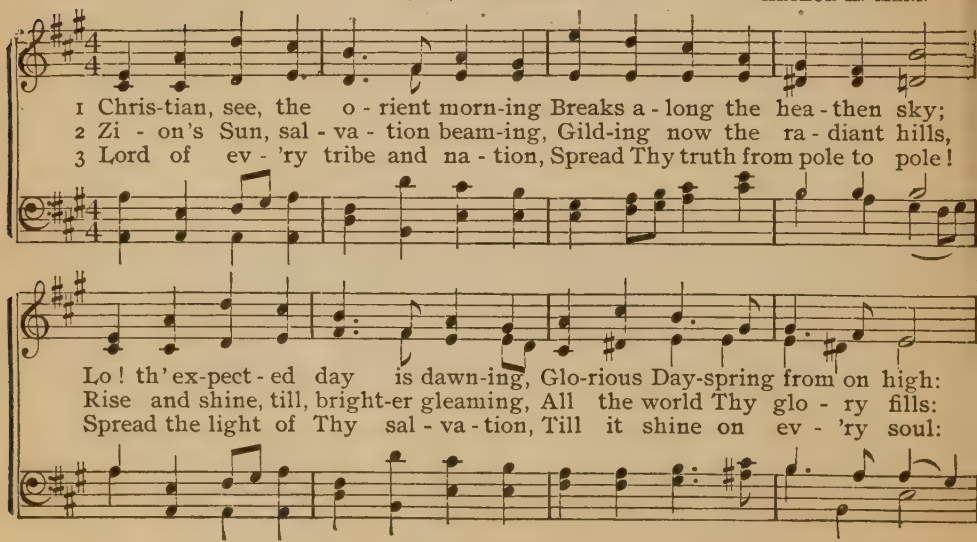

1 Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Gird you with your ar - mor bright;
2 O'er a faith-less, fall - en world Raise your ban - ner in the sky;
3 'Mid the homes of want and woe, Stran-gers to the liv - ing word,
4 Where the shad-ows deep - est lie, Car - ry truth's un - sul - lied ray;
5 To the wea - ry and the worn Tell of realms where sor - rows cease;
Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight.
Let it float there wide un-furled; Bear it on-ward, lift it high.
Let the Sav-iour's her - ald go, Let the voice of hope be heard.
Where are crimes of black - est dye, There the sav - ing sign dis - play.
To the out - cast and for - lorn Speak of mer - cy and of peace. A-MEN.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

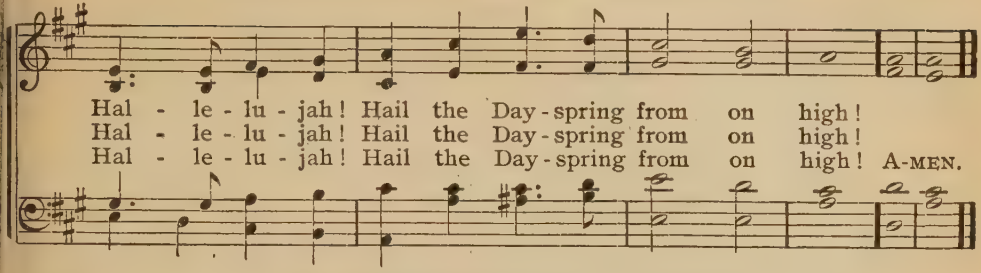
7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

234 Christian, see, the orient morning

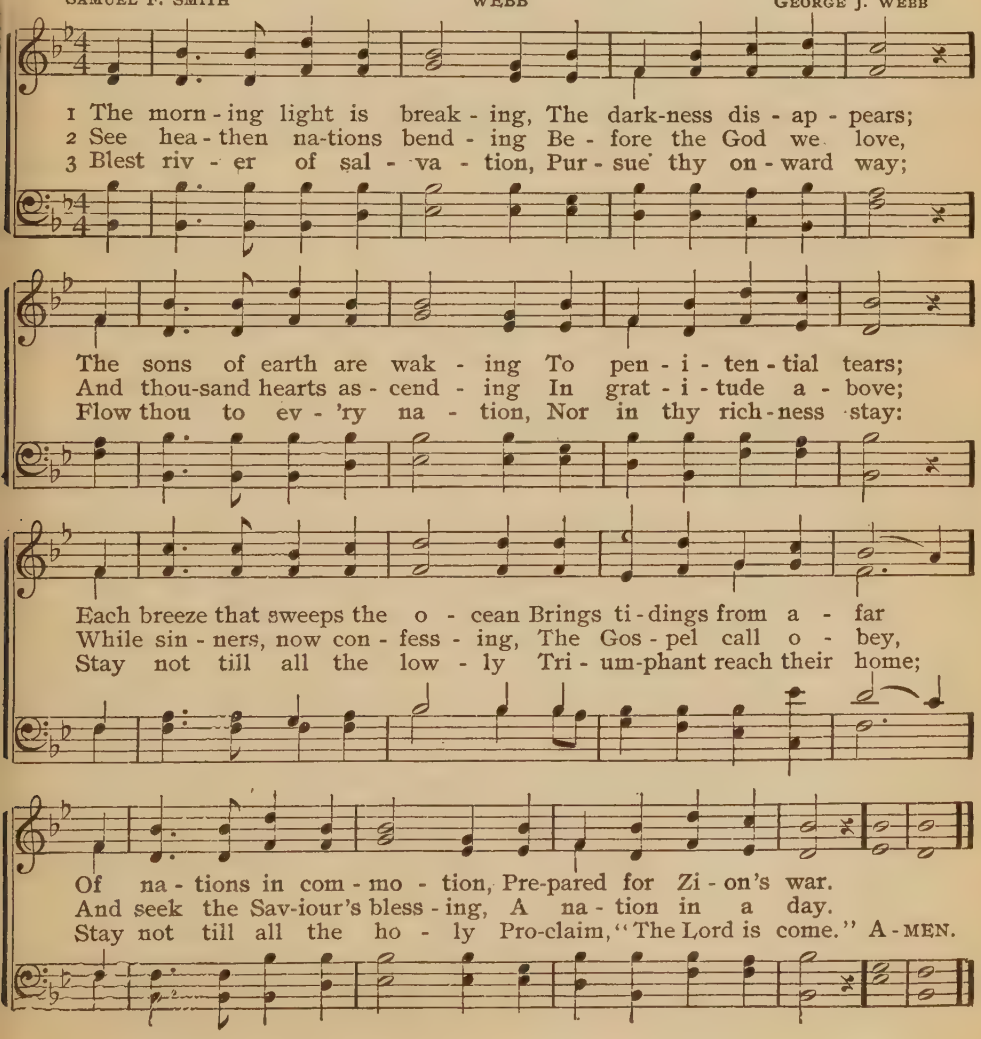
* * * — ORIENT MORNING — ARTHUR H. MANN


1 Chris-tian, see, the o - rient morn-ing Breaks a - long the hea - then sky;
2 Zi - on's Sun, sal - va - tion beam-ing, Gild-ing now the ra - diant hills,
3 Lord of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Spread Thy truth from pole to pole!
Lo! th' ex-pect - ed day is dawn-ing, Glo-rious Day-spring from on high:
Rise and shine, till, bright-er gleaming, All the world Thy glo - ry fills:
Spread the light of Thy sal - va - tion, Till it shine on ev - 'ry soul:

Christian, see, the orient morning

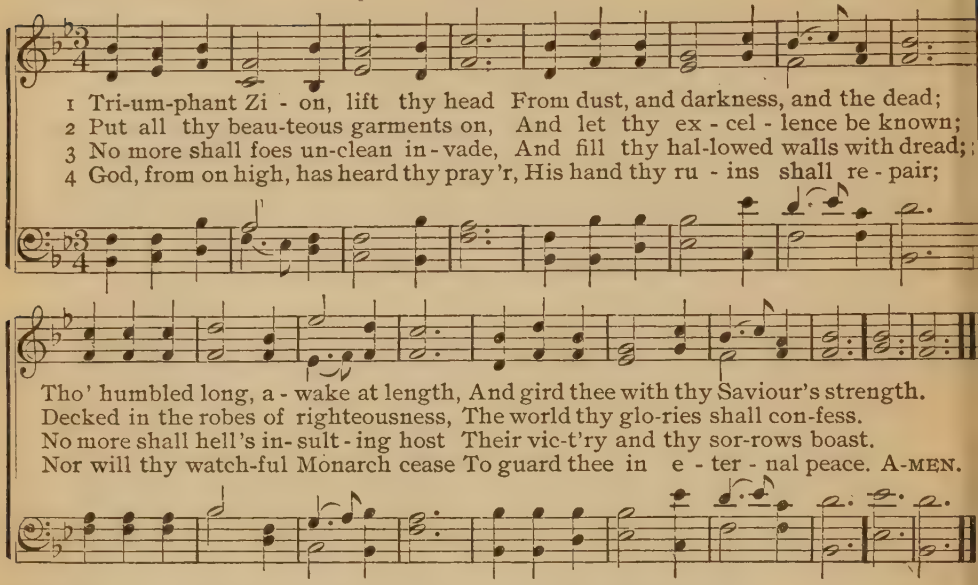

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the Day-spring from on high!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the Day-spring from on high!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the Day-spring from on high! A-MEN.

235 The morning light is breaking

SAMUEL F. SMITH — WEBB — GEORGE J. WEBB

1 The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;
2 See hea-then na-tions bend-ing Be-fore the God we love,
3 Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pur-sue thy on-ward way;
The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as-cend-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove;
Flow thou to ev-'ry na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay:
Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a-far
While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The Gos-pel call o-bey,
Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-um-phant reach their home;
Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.
And seek the Sav-iour's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho-ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come." A-MEN.

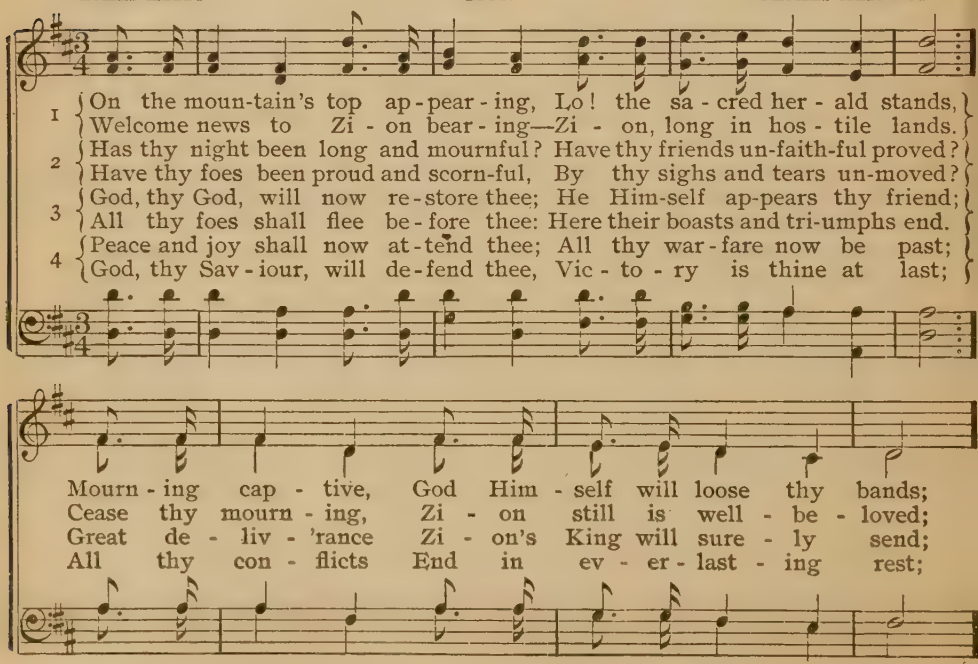
236 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — MENDON — SAMUEL DYER

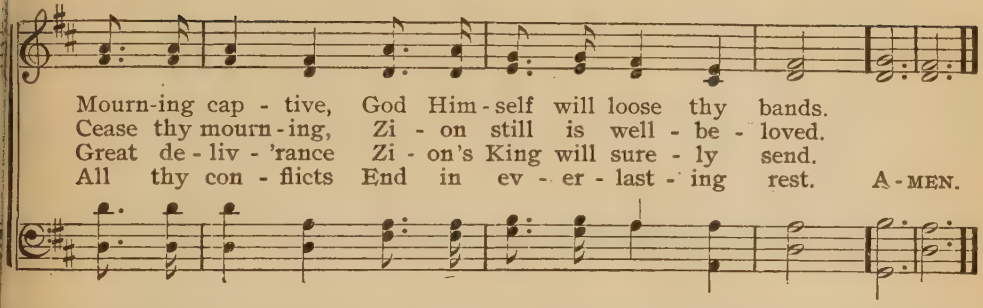

1 Tri-um-phant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
2 Put all thy beau-teous garments on, And let thy ex - cel - lence be known;
3 No more shall foes un-clean in-vade, And fill thy hal-lowed walls with dread;
4 God, from on high, has heard thy pray'r, His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair;
Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
Decked in the robes of righteousness, The world thy glo-ries shall con-fess.
No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their vic-t'ry and thy sor-rows boast.
Nor will thy watch-ful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace. A-MEN.

237 On the mountain's top appearing

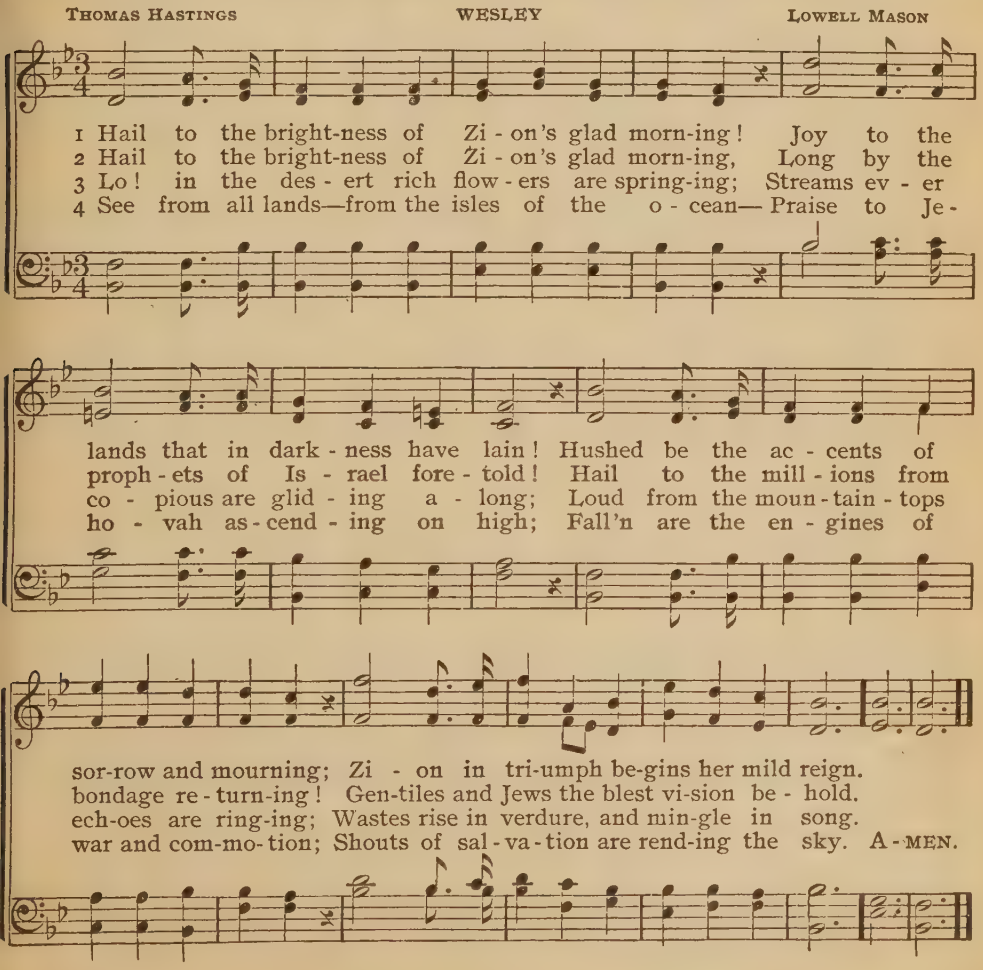
THOMAS KELLY — ZION — THOMAS HASTINGS


1 On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing—Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands.
2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved?
3 God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self ap-pears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee: Here their boasts and tri-umphs end.
4 Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy war-fare now be past;
God, thy Sav-iour, will de-fend thee, Vic - to - ry is thine at last;
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God Him - self will loose thy bands;
Cease thy mourn - ing, Zi - on still is well - be - loved;
Great de - liv - 'rance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send;
All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest;

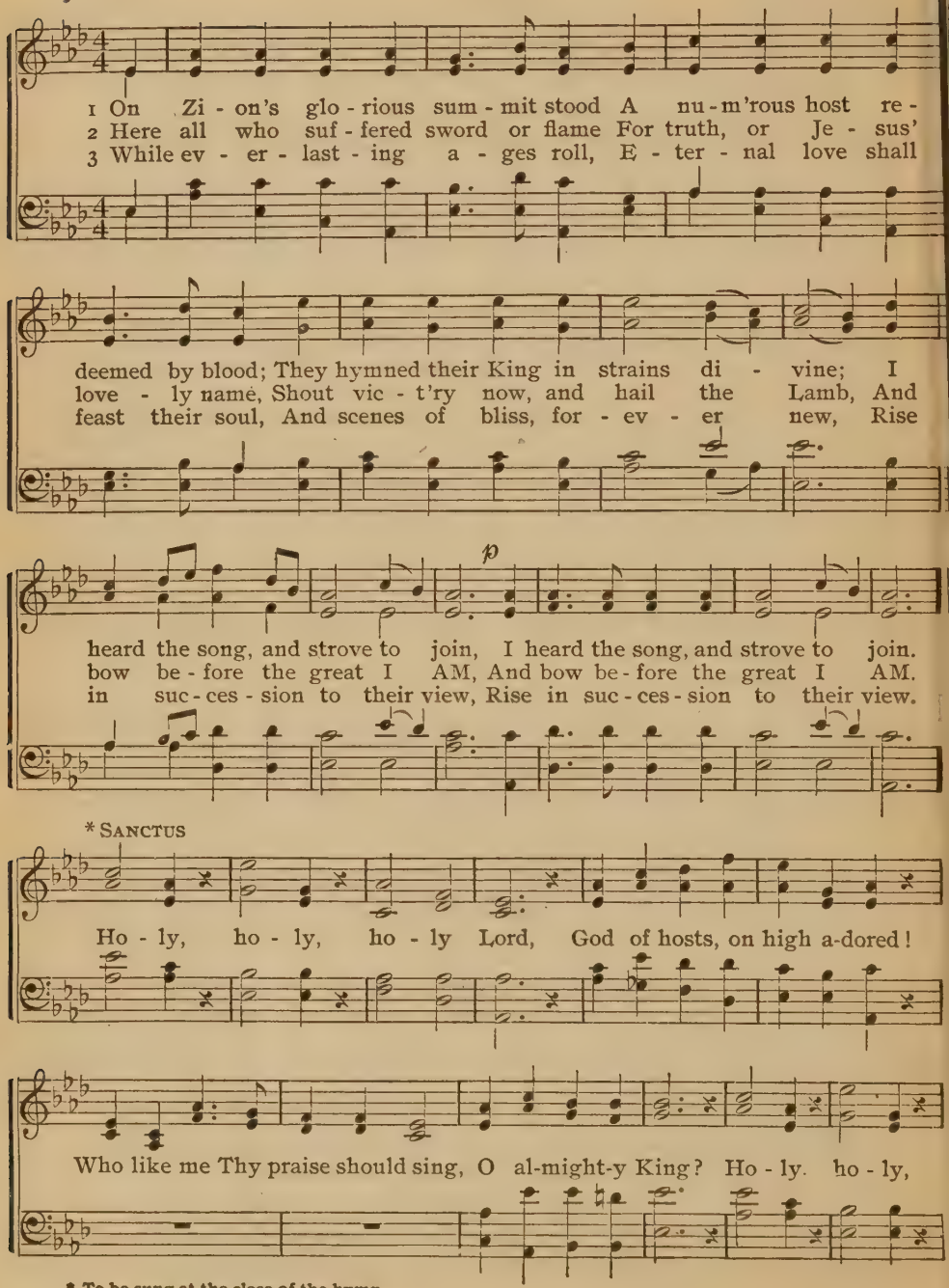
On the mountain's top appearing


Mourn-ing cap - tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourn-ing, Zi - on still is well - be - loved.
Great de - liv - 'rance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send.
All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.

238 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning

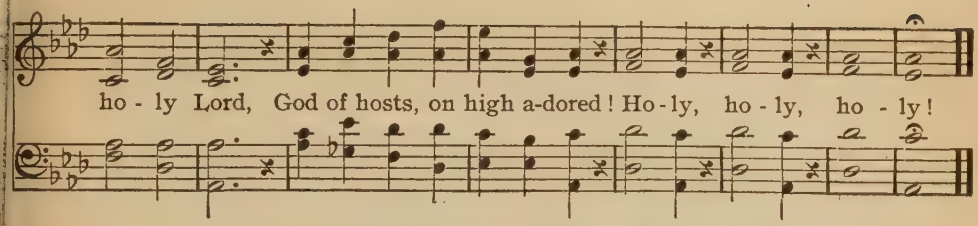
THOMAS HASTINGS WESLEY LOWELL MASON

1 Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2 Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
3 Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing; Streams ev - er
4 See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean— Praise to Je -
lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mill - ions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun - tain - tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of
sor-row and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
bondage re - turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be - hold.
ech-oes are ring-ing; Wastes rise in verdure, and min-gle in song.
war and com-mo-tion; Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend-ing the sky. A - MEN.

239 On Zion's glorious summit stood

JOHN KENT — ST. LOUIS — ROBERT SKENE

1 On Zi - on's glo - rious sum - mit stood A nu - m'rous host re -
2 Here all who suf - fered sword or flame For truth, or Je - sus'
3 While ev - er - last - ing a - ges roll, E - ter - nal love shall
deemed by blood; They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I
love - ly name, Shout vic - t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And
feast their soul, And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise
p
heard the song, and strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.
bow be - fore the great I AM, And bow be - fore the great I AM.
in suc - ces - sion to their view, Rise in suc - ces - sion to their view.
* SANCTUS
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, on high a-dored!
Who like me Thy praise should sing, O al-might-y King? Ho - ly. ho - ly,

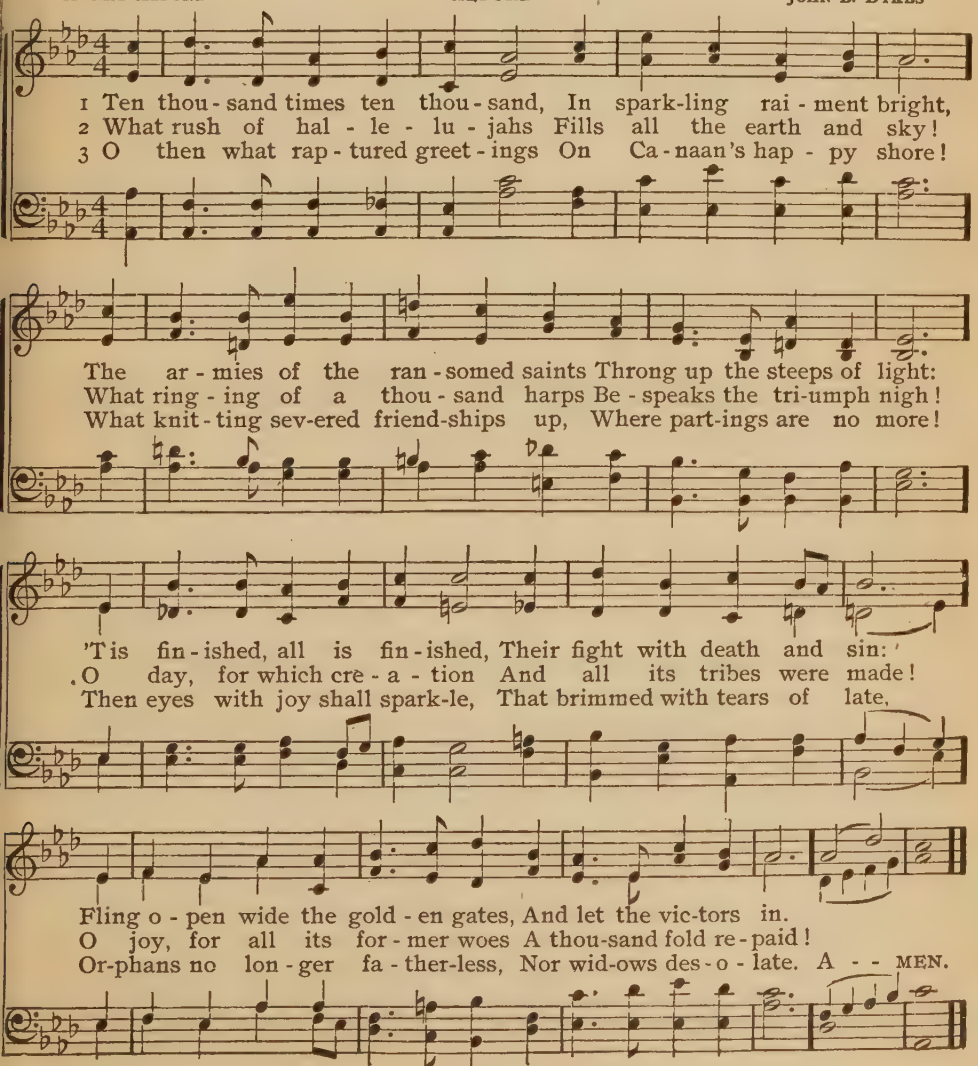
* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

On Zion's glorious summit stood



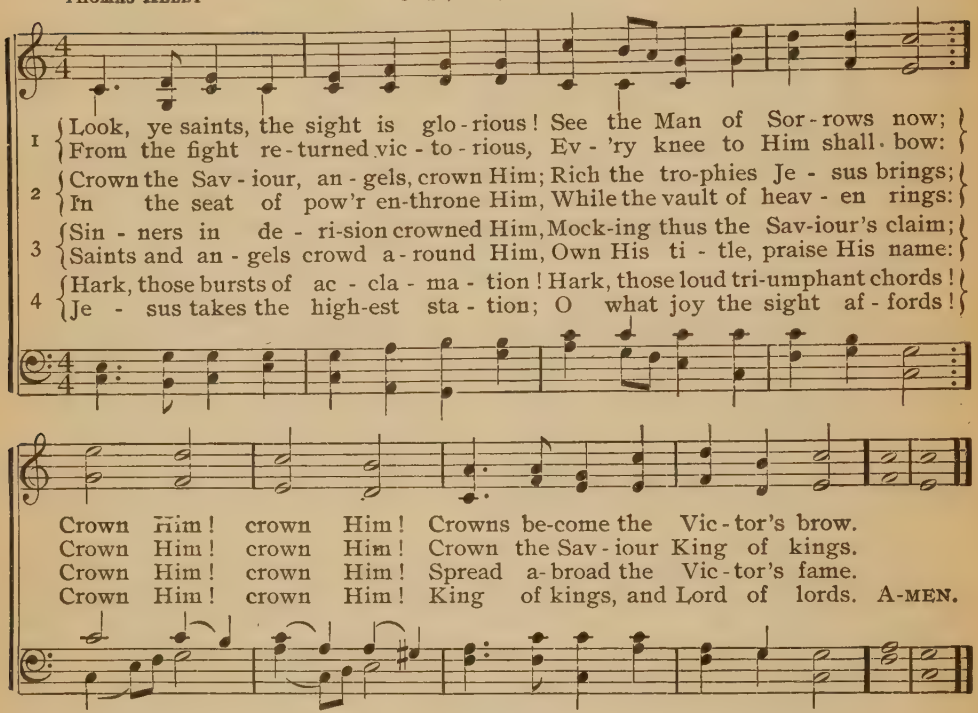
240 Ten thousand times ten thousand

HENRY ALFORD — ALFORD — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark-ling rai - ment bright,
2 What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3 O then what rap - tured greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore!
The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri-umph nigh!
What knit - ting sev-ered friend-ships up, Where part-ings are no more!
'T is fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spark-le, That brimmed with tears of late,
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou-sand fold re - paid!
Or-phans no lon - ger fa - ther-less, Nor wid-ows des - o - late. A - - MEN.

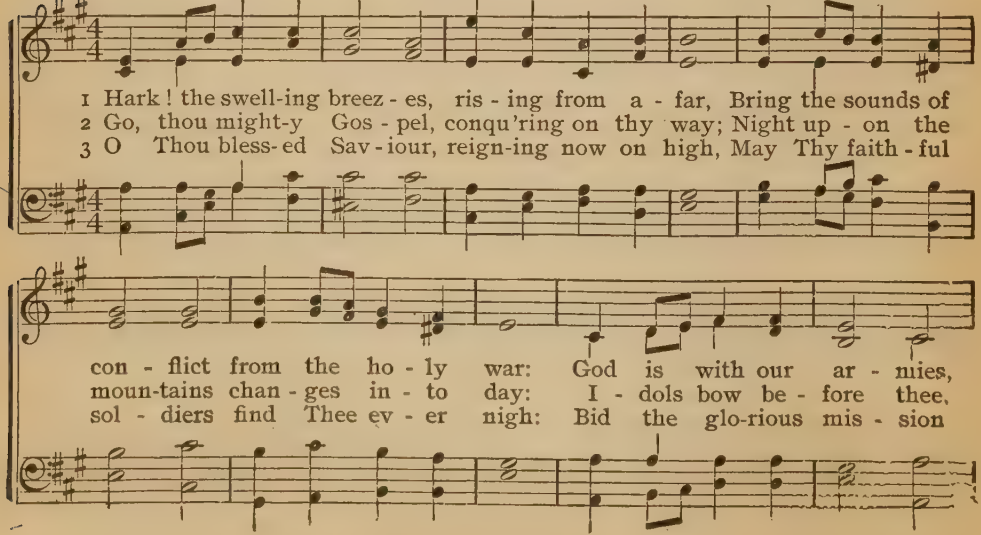
241 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious

THOMAS KELLY — UNSER HERSCHER — WILLIAM H. MONK

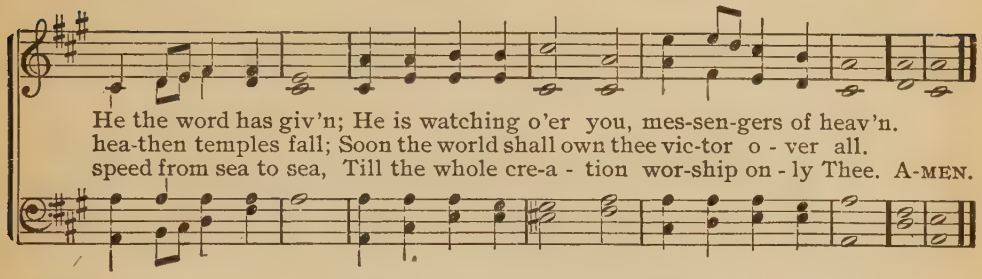

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious! See the Man of Sor-rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow:
2 Crown the Sav-iour, an-gels, crown Him; Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;
In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav-en rings:
3 Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-iour's claim;
Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name:
4 Hark, those bursts of ac-cla-ma-tion! Hark, those loud tri-umphant chords!
Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion; O what joy the sight af-fords!
Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.
Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav-iour King of kings.
Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame.
Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings, and Lord of lords. A-MEN.

242 Hark! the swelling breezes, rising from afar

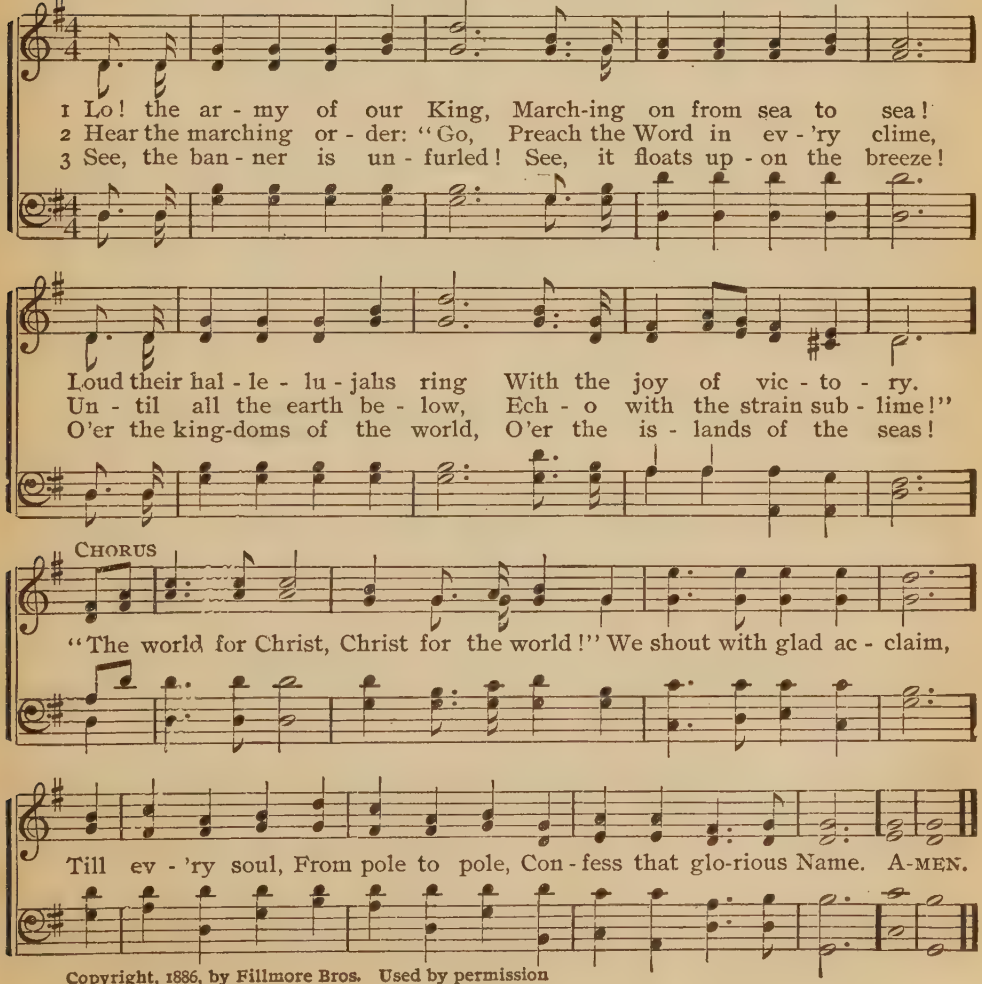
* * * — PRIEST — WILLIAM H. CALLCOTT


1 Hark! the swell-ing breez-es, ris-ing from a-far, Bring the sounds of
2 Go, thou might-y Gos-pel, conqu'ring on thy way; Night up-on the
3 O Thou bless-ed Sav-iour, reign-ing now on high, May Thy faith-ful
con-flict from the ho-ly war: God is with our ar-mies,
moun-tains chan-ges in-to day: I-dols bow be-fore thee,
sol-diers find Thee ev-er nigh: Bid the glo-rious mis-sion

Hark! the swelling breezes, rising from afar


He the word has giv'n; He is watching o'er you, mes-sen-gers of heav'n.
hea-then temples fall; Soon the world shall own thee vic-tor o - ver all.
speed from sea to sea, Till the whole cre-a - tion wor-ship on - ly Thee. A-MEN.

243 Lo! the army of our King

ABNER P. COBB — THE WORLD FOR CHRIST — JAMES H. FILLMORE

1 Lo! the ar - my of our King, March-ing on from sea to sea!
2 Hear the marching or - der: "Go, Preach the Word in ev - 'ry clime,
3 See, the ban - ner is un - furled! See, it floats up - on the breeze!
Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring With the joy of vic - to - ry.
Un - til all the earth be - low, Ech - o with the strain sub - lime!"
O'er the king-doms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas!
CHORUS
"The world for Christ, Christ for the world!" We shout with glad ac - claim,
Till ev - 'ry soul, From pole to pole, Con - fess that glo-rious Name. A-MEN.

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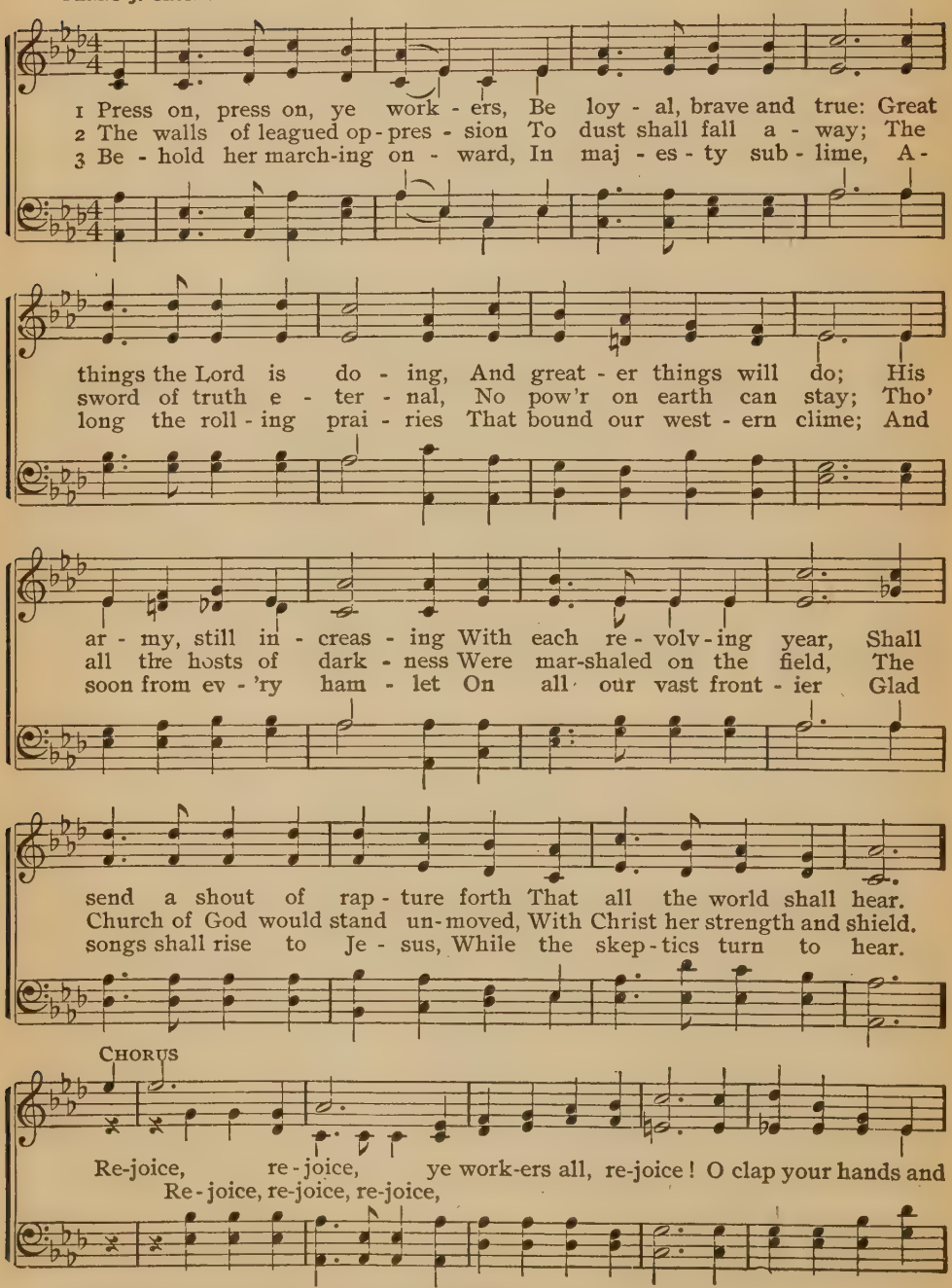
244 Press on, press on, ye workers

FANNY J. CROSBY RADFORD JOHN R. SWENEY

1 Press on, press on, ye work - ers, Be loy - al, brave and true: Great
2 The walls of leagued op - pres - sion To dust shall fall a - way; The
3 Be - hold her march-ing on - ward, In maj - es - ty sub - lime, A -
things the Lord is do - ing, And great - er things will do; His
sword of truth e - ter - nal, No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho'
long the roll - ing prai - ries That bound our west - ern clime; And
ar - my, still in - creas - ing With each re - volv - ing year, Shall
all the hosts of dark - ness Were mar-shaled on the field, The
soon from ev - 'ry ham - let On all our vast front - ier Glad
send a shout of rap - ture forth That all the world shall hear.
Church of God would stand un-moved, With Christ her strength and shield.
songs shall rise to Je - sus, While the skep - tics turn to hear.
CHORUS
Re-joice, re - joice, ye work-ers all, re-joice! O clap your hands and
Re - joice, re-joice, re-joice,

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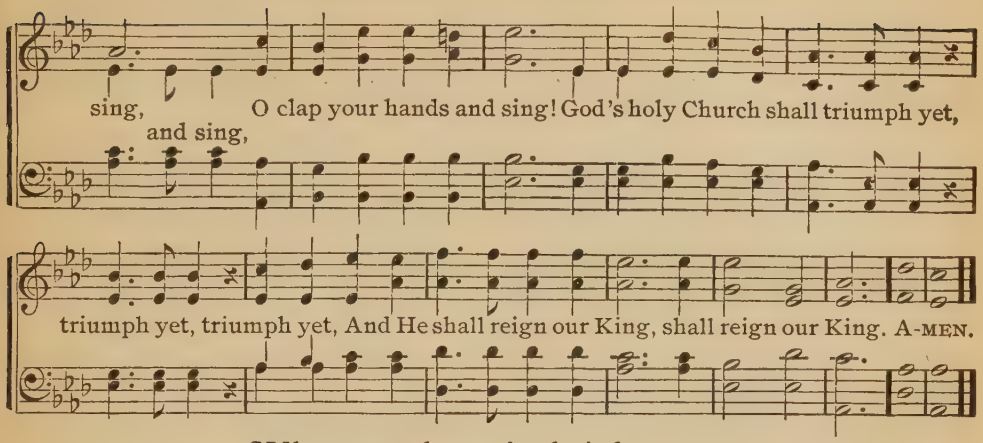
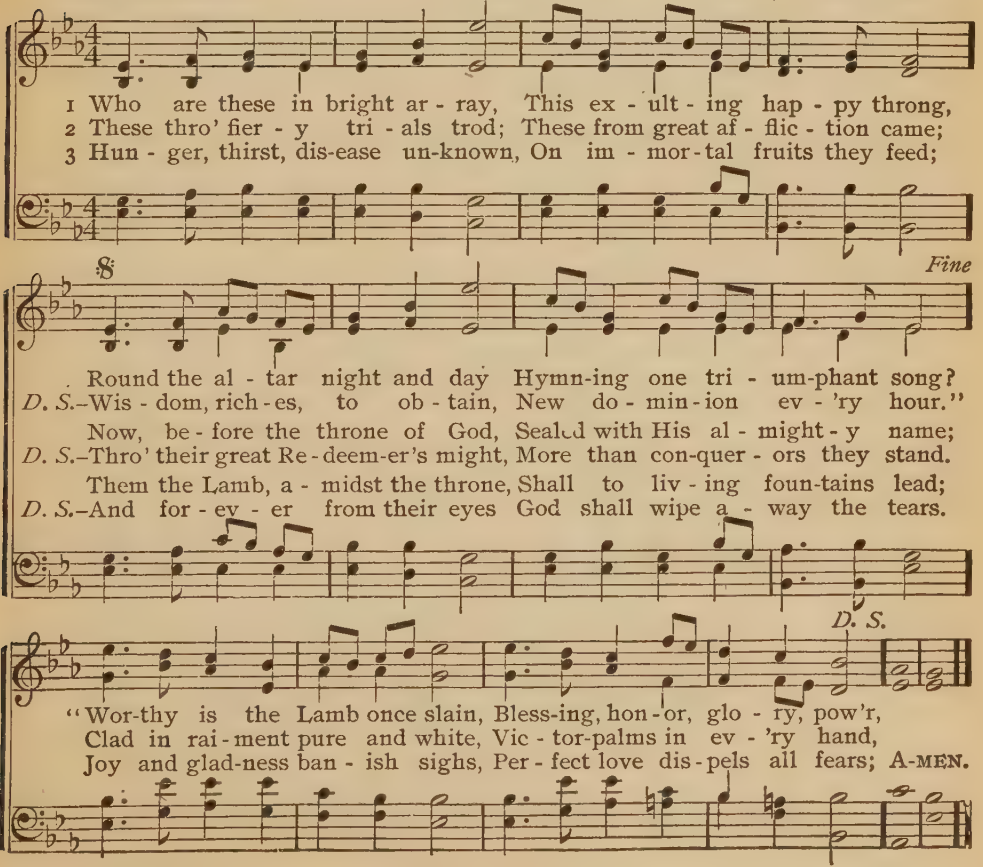
Press on, press on, ye workers


sing, O clap your hands and sing! God's holy Church shall triumph yet,
and sing,
triumph yet, triumph yet, And He shall reign our King, shall reign our King. A-MEN.

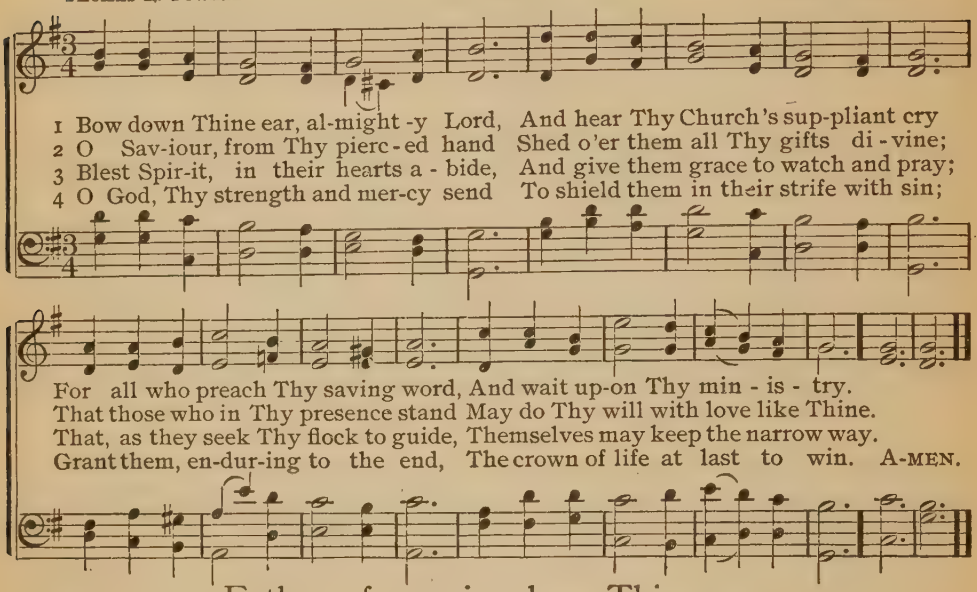
245 Who are these in bright array

JAMES MONTGOMERY IVES ELAM IVES


1 Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing hap - py throng,
2 These thro' fier - y tri - als trod; These from great af - flic - tion came;
3 Hun - ger, thirst, dis-ease un-known, On im - mor-tal fruits they feed;
S
Fine
Round the al - tar night and day Hymn-ing one tri - um-phant song?
D. S.–Wis - dom, rich - es, to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."
Now, be - fore the throne of God, Sealed with His al - might - y name;
D. S.–Thro' their great Re - deem-er's might, More than con-quer - ors they stand.
Them the Lamb, a - midst the throne, Shall to liv - ing foun-tains lead;
D. S.–And for - ev - er from their eyes God shall wipe a - way the tears.
D. S.
"Wor-thy is the Lamb once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,
Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic - tor-palms in ev - 'ry hand,
Joy and glad-ness ban - ish sighs, Per - fect love dis - pels all fears; A-MEN.

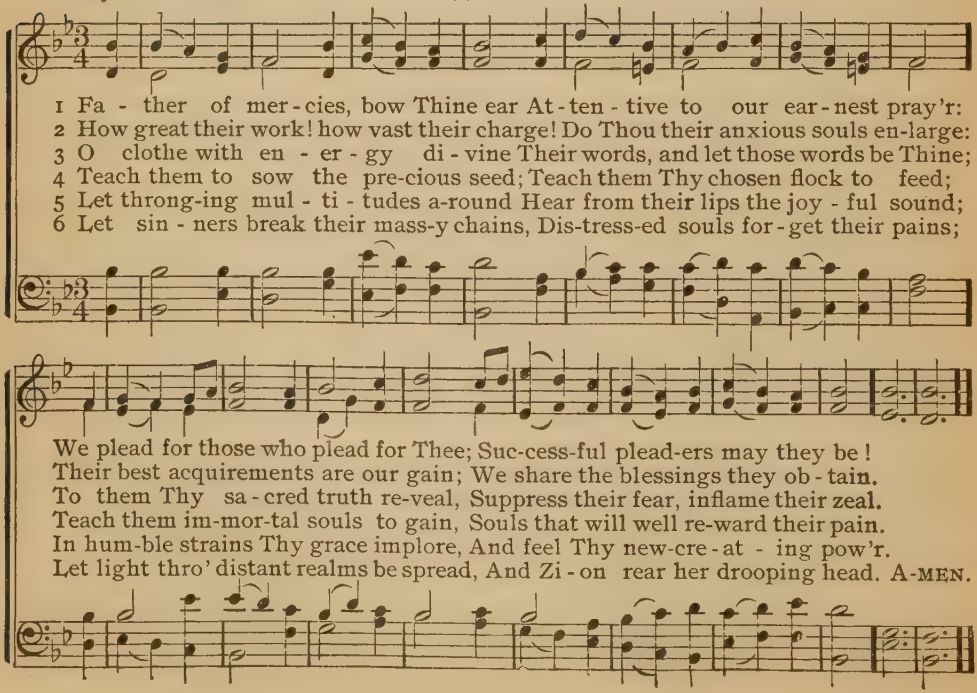
246 Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord

THOMAS E. POWELL — GRACE CHURCH — IGNACE PLEYEL


1 Bow down Thine ear, al-might-y Lord, And hear Thy Church's sup-pliant cry
2 O Sav-iour, from Thy pierc-ed hand Shed o'er them all Thy gifts di-vine;
3 Blest Spir-it, in their hearts a-bide, And give them grace to watch and pray;
4 O God, Thy strength and mer-cy send To shield them in their strife with sin;
For all who preach Thy saving word, And wait up-on Thy min-is-try.
That those who in Thy presence stand May do Thy will with love like Thine.
That, as they seek Thy flock to guide, Themselves may keep the narrow way.
Grant them, en-dur-ing to the end, The crown of life at last to win. A-MEN.

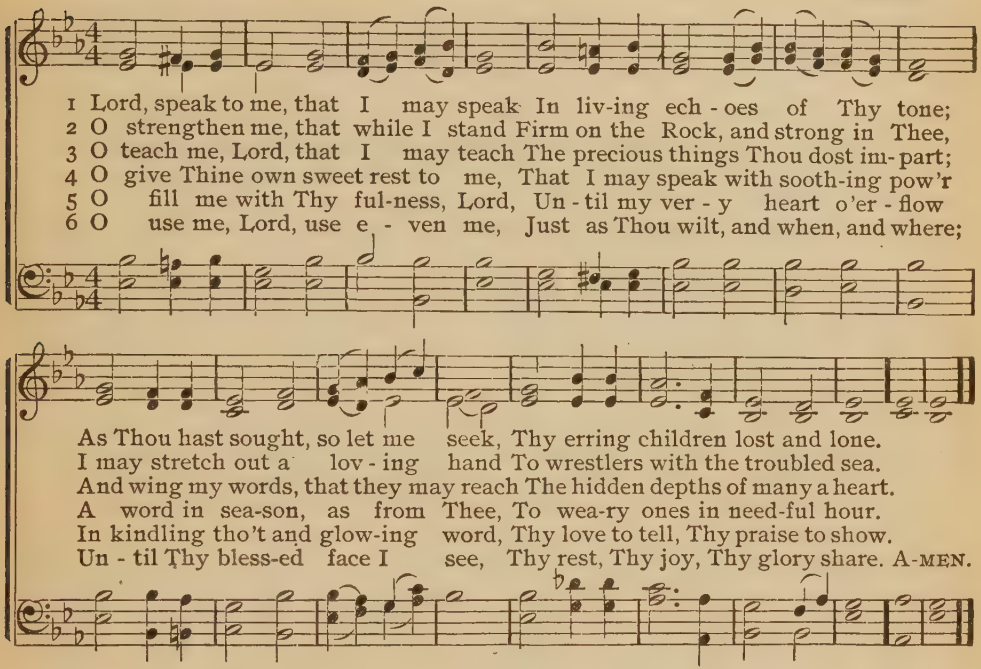
247 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear

BENJAMIN BEDDOME — ALL SAINTS — WILLIAM KNAPP


1 Fa-ther of mer-cies, bow Thine ear At-ten-tive to our ear-nest pray'r:
2 How great their work! how vast their charge! Do Thou their anxious souls en-large:
3 O clothe with en-er-gy di-vine Their words, and let those words be Thine;
4 Teach them to sow the pre-cious seed; Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
5 Let throng-ing mul-ti-tudes a-round Hear from their lips the joy-ful sound;
6 Let sin-ners break their mass-y chains, Dis-tress-ed souls for-get their pains;
We plead for those who plead for Thee; Suc-cess-ful plead-ers may they be!
Their best acquirements are our gain; We share the blessings they ob-tain.
To them Thy sa-cred truth re-veal, Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
Teach them im-mor-tal souls to gain, Souls that will well re-ward their pain.
In hum-ble strains Thy grace implore, And feel Thy new-cre-at-ing pow'r.
Let light thro' distant realms be spread, And Zi-on rear her drooping head. A-MEN.

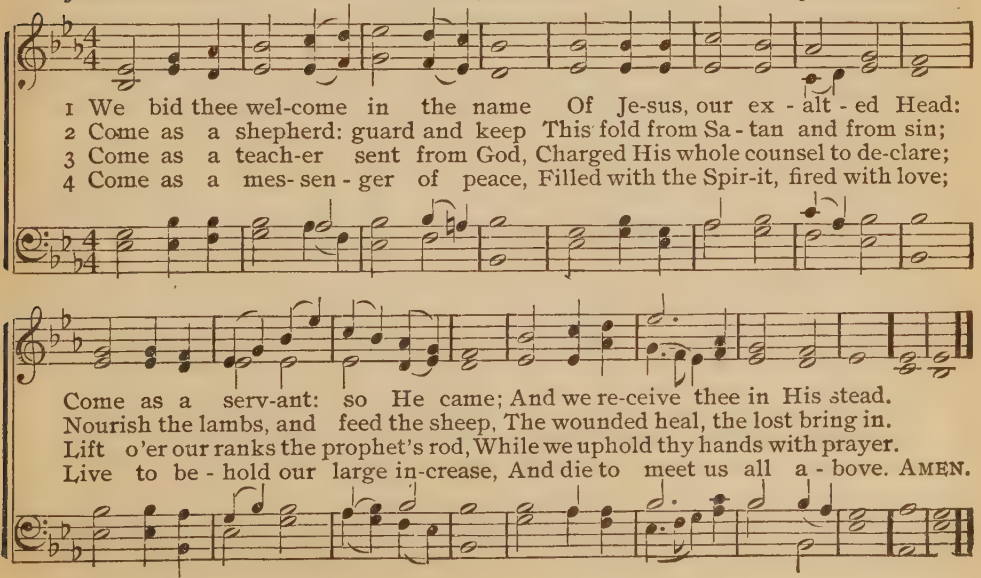
248 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — HOLLEY — GEORGE HEWS


1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2 O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost im- part;
4 O give Thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with sooth-ing pow'r
5 O fill me with Thy ful-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow
6 O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy erring children lost and lone.
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
A word in sea-son, as from Thee, To wea-ry ones in need-ful hour.
In kindling tho't and glow-ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un - til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. A-MEN.

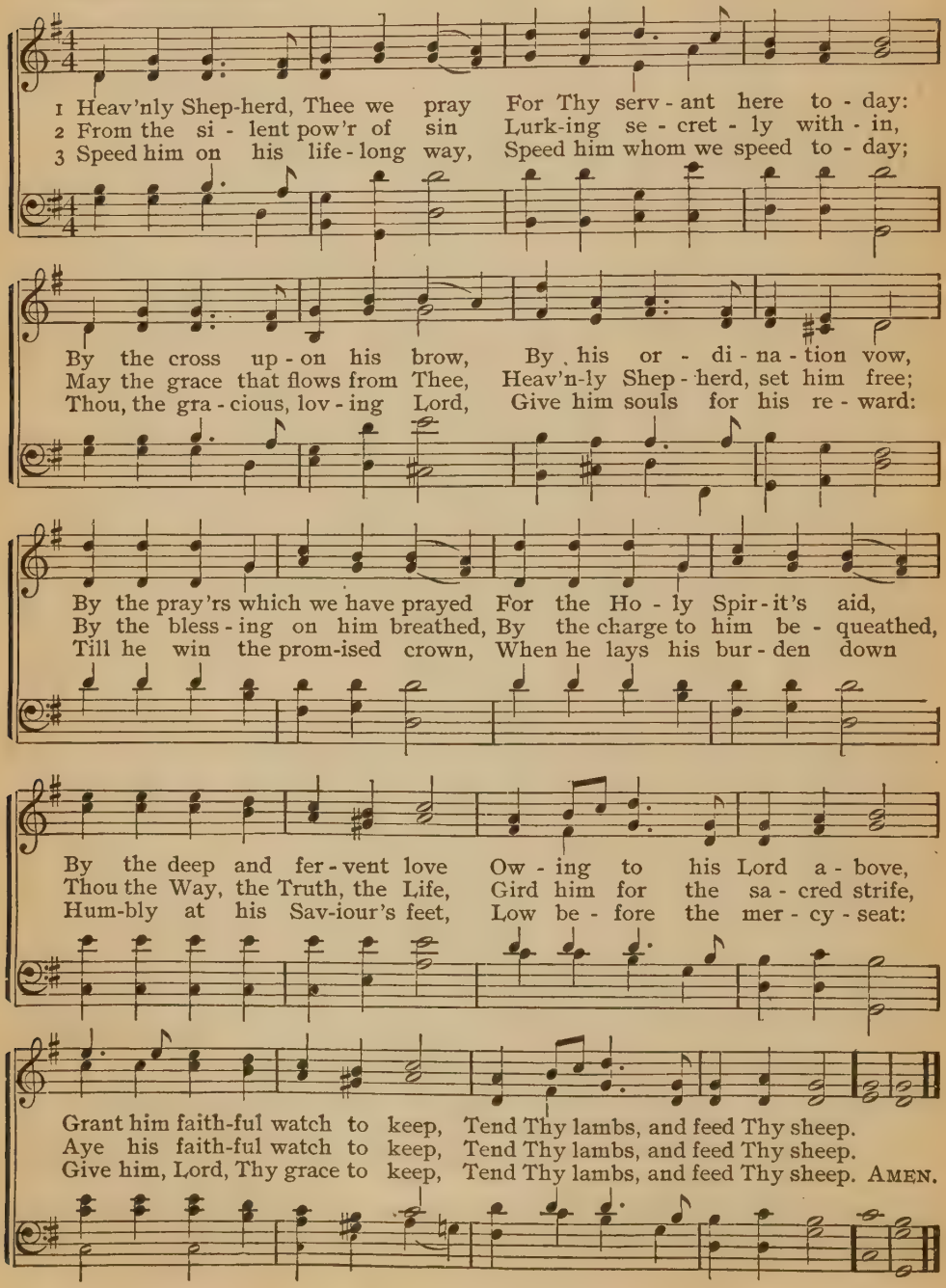
249 We bid thee welcome in the name

JAMES MONTGOMERY — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON


1 We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je-sus, our ex - alt - ed Head:
2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep This fold from Sa - tan and from sin;
3 Come as a teach-er sent from God, Charged His whole counsel to de-clare;
4 Come as a mes- sen - ger of peace, Filled with the Spir-it, fired with love;
Come as a serv-ant: so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead.
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
Live to be - hold our large in-crease, And die to meet us all a - bove. AMEN.

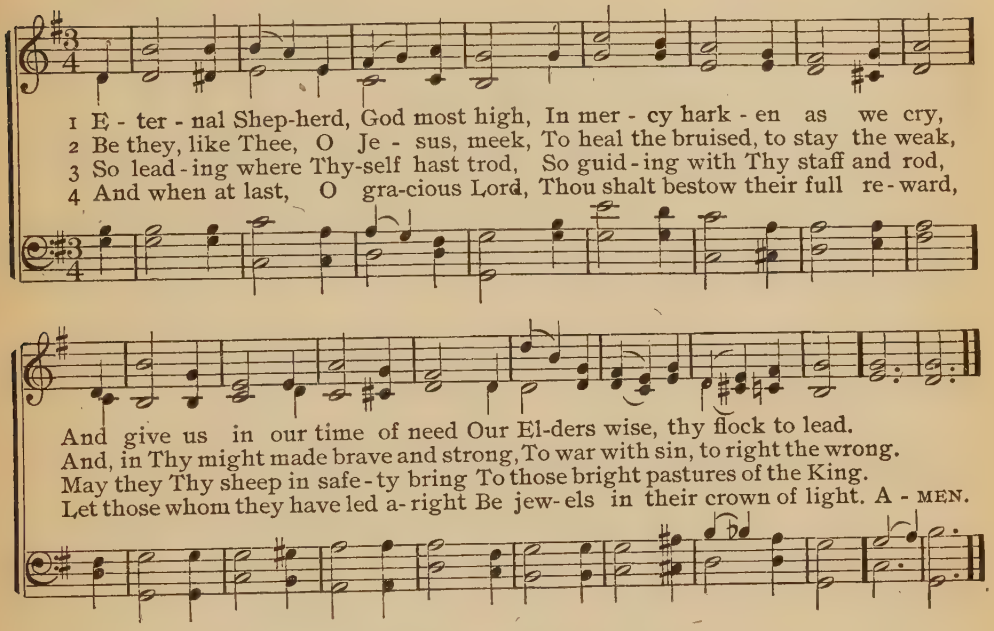
250 Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray

CHARLES G. WOODHOUSE MENDELSSOHN FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN


1 Heav'nly Shep-herd, Thee we pray For Thy serv - ant here to - day:
2 From the si - lent pow'r of sin Lurk-ing se - cret - ly with - in,
3 Speed him on his life - long way, Speed him whom we speed to - day;
By the cross up - on his brow, By his or - di - na - tion vow,
May the grace that flows from Thee, Heav'n-ly Shep - herd, set him free;
Thou, the gra - cious, lov - ing Lord, Give him souls for his re - ward:
By the pray'rs which we have prayed For the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid,
By the bless - ing on him breathed, By the charge to him be - queathed,
Till he win the prom-ised crown, When he lays his bur - den down
By the deep and fer - vent love Ow - ing to his Lord a - bove,
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life, Gird him for the sa - cred strife,
Hum-bly at his Sav-iour's feet, Low be - fore the mer - cy - seat:
Grant him faith-ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
Aye his faith-ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep. AMEN.

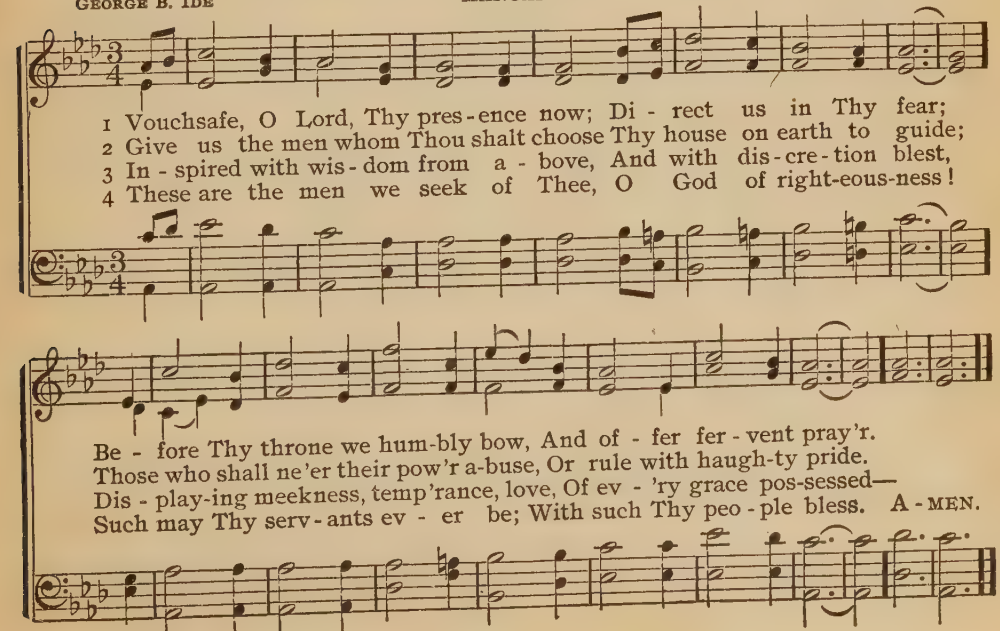
251 Eternal Shepherd, God most high

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE — BROOKFIELD — THOMAS B. SOUTHGATE


1 E - ter - nal Shep-herd, God most high, In mer - cy hark - en as we cry,
2 Be they, like Thee, O Je - sus, meek, To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
3 So lead - ing where Thy-self hast trod, So guid - ing with Thy staff and rod,
4 And when at last, O gra-cious Lord, Thou shalt bestow their full re - ward,
And give us in our time of need Our El-ders wise, thy flock to lead.
And, in Thy might made brave and strong, To war with sin, to right the wrong.
May they Thy sheep in safe - ty bring To those bright pastures of the King.
Let those whom they have led a-right Be jew-els in their crown of light. A - MEN.

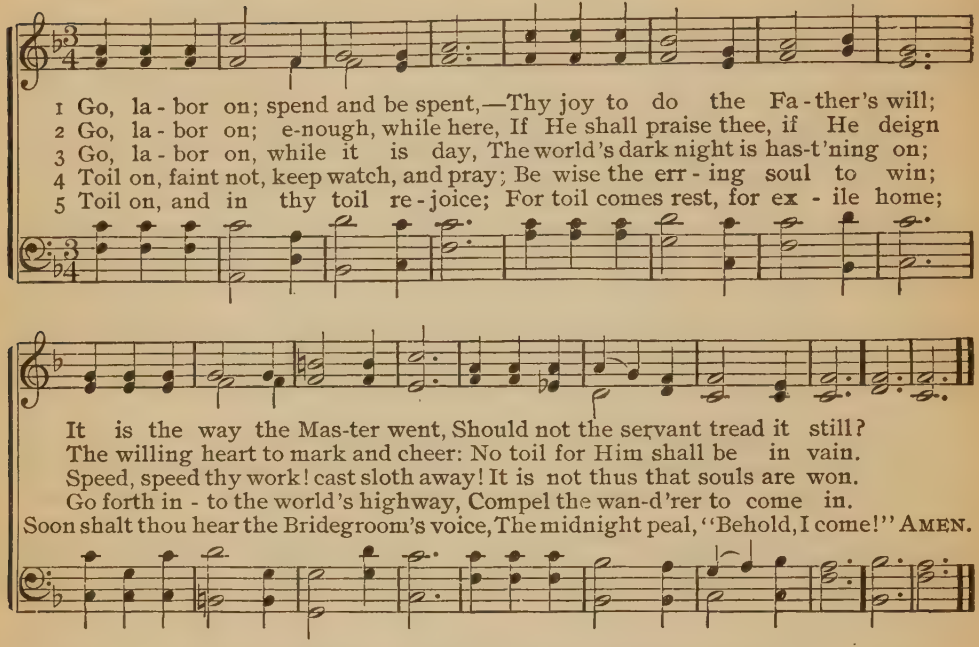
252 Vouchsafe, O Lord, Thy presence now

GEORGE B. IDE — MANOAH — GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI


1 Vouchsafe, O Lord, Thy pres - ence now; Di - rect us in Thy fear;
2 Give us the men whom Thou shalt choose Thy house on earth to guide;
3 In - spired with wis - dom from a - bove, And with dis - cre - tion blest,
4 These are the men we seek of Thee, O God of right-eous-ness!
Be - fore Thy throne we hum-bly bow, And of - fer fer - vent pray'r.
Those who shall ne'er their pow'r a-buse, Or rule with haugh-ty pride.
Dis - play-ing meekness, temp'rance, love, Of ev - 'ry grace pos-sessed—
Such may Thy serv - ants ev - er be; With such Thy peo - ple bless. A - MEN.

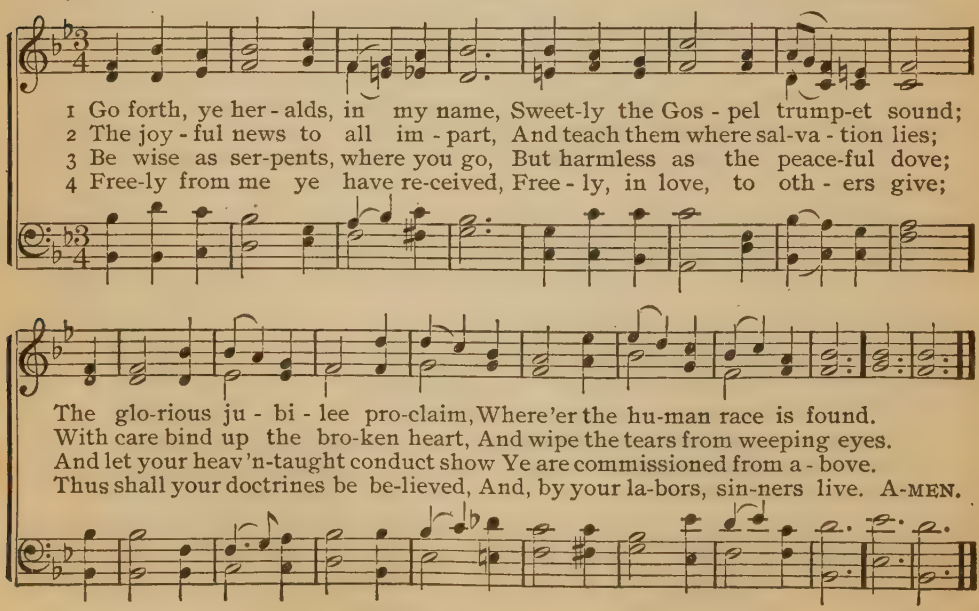
253 Go, labor on; spend and be spent

HORATIUS BONAR — QUEBEC — HENRY BAKER


1 Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent,—Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
2 Go, la - bor on; e-nough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
3 Go, la - bor on, while it is day, The world's dark night is has-t'ning on;
4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray; Be wise the err - ing soul to win;
5 Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;
It is the way the Mas-ter went, Should not the servant tread it still?
The willing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won.
Go forth in - to the world's highway, Compel the wan-d'rer to come in.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!" AMEN.

254 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name

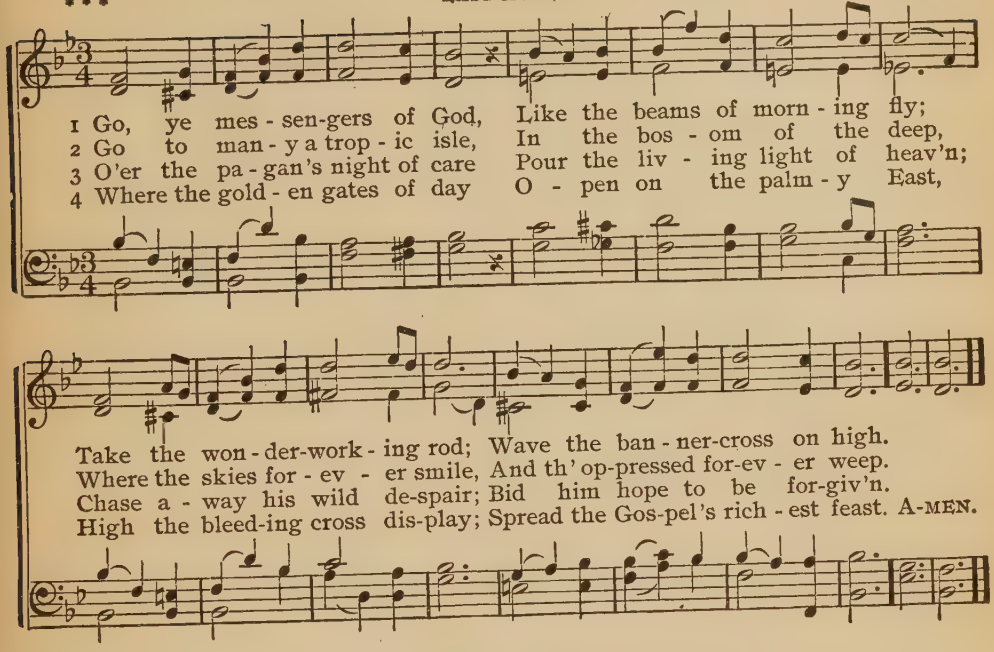
JOHN LOGAN — GERMANY — LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN


1 Go forth, ye her - alds, in my name, Sweet-ly the Gos - pel trump-et sound;
2 The joy - ful news to all im - part, And teach them where sal-va - tion lies;
3 Be wise as ser-pents, where you go, But harmless as the peace-ful dove;
4 Free-ly from me ye have re-ceived, Free - ly, in love, to oth - ers give;
The glo-rious ju - bi - lee pro-claim, Where'er the hu-man race is found.
With care bind up the bro-ken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show Ye are commissioned from a - bove.
Thus shall your doctrines be be-lieved, And, by your la-bors, sin-ners live. A-MEN.

255 Go, ye messengers of God

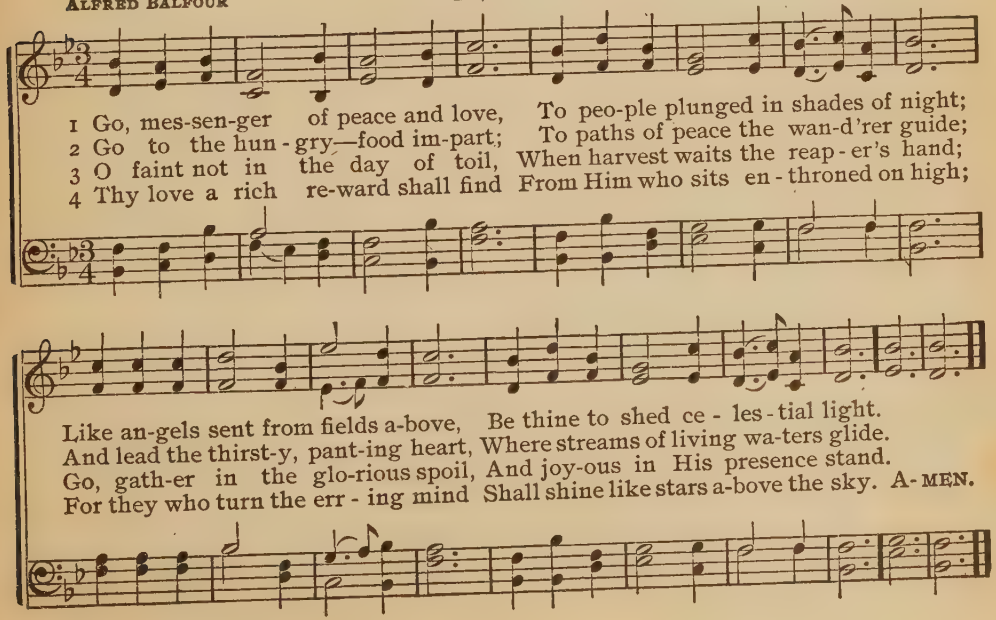
* * *

LAST HOPE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1 Go, ye mes - sen-gers of God, Like the beams of morn - ing fly;
2 Go to man - y a trop - ic isle, In the bos - om of the deep,
3 O'er the pa - gan's night of care Pour the liv - ing light of heav'n;
4 Where the gold - en gates of day O - pen on the palm - y East,
Take the won - der-work - ing rod; Wave the ban - ner-cross on high.
Where the skies for - ev - er smile, And th' op-pressed for-ev - er weep.
Chase a - way his wild de-spair; Bid him hope to be for-giv'n.
High the bleed-ing cross dis-play; Spread the Gos-pel's rich - est feast. A-MEN.

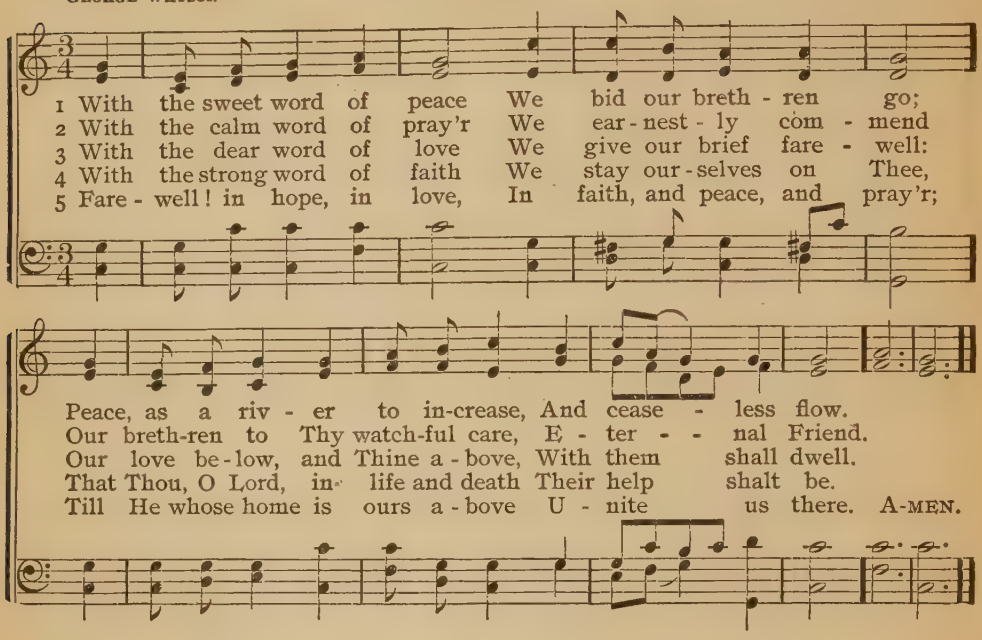
256 Go, messenger of peace and love

ALFRED BALFOUR — MENDON — SAMUEL DYER


1 Go, mes-sen-ger of peace and love, To peo-ple plunged in shades of night;
2 Go to the hun - gry—food im-part; To paths of peace the wan-d'rer guide;
3 O faint not in the day of toil, When harvest waits the reap - er's hand;
4 Thy love a rich re-ward shall find From Him who sits en - throned on high;
Like an-gels sent from fields a-bove, Be thine to shed ce - les - tial light.
And lead the thirst-y, pant-ing heart, Where streams of living wa-ters glide.
Go, gath-er in the glo-rious spoil, And joy-ous in His presence stand.
For they who turn the err - ing mind Shall shine like stars a-bove the sky. A-MEN.

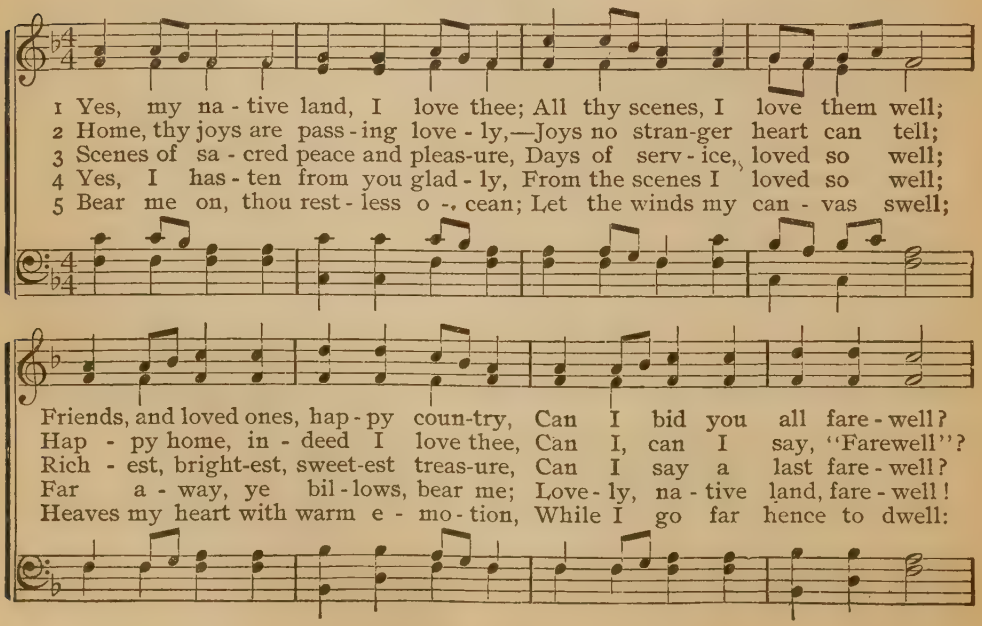
257 With the sweet word of peace

GEORGE WATSON BOYLSTON LOWELL MASON

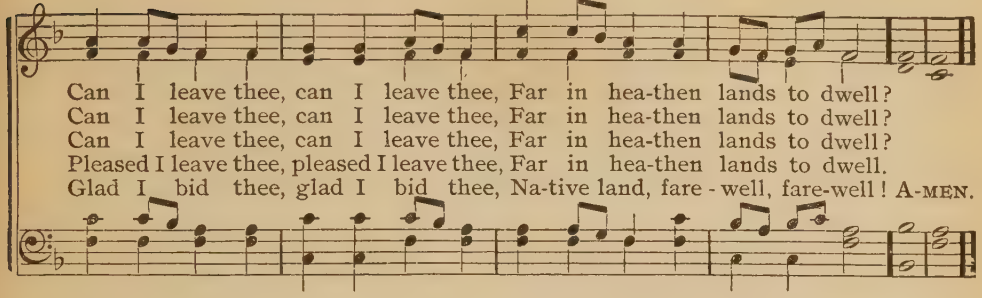

1 With the sweet word of peace We bid our breth - ren go;
2 With the calm word of pray'r We ear - nest - ly com - mend
3 With the dear word of love We give our brief fare - well:
4 With the strong word of faith We stay our - selves on Thee,
5 Fare - well! in hope, in love, In faith, and peace, and pray'r;
Peace, as a riv - er to in-crease, And cease - less flow.
Our breth-ren to Thy watch-ful care, E - ter - - nal Friend.
Our love be - low, and Thine a - bove, With them shall dwell.
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death Their help shalt be.
Till He whose home is ours a - bove U - nite us there. A-MEN.

258 Yes, my native land, I love thee

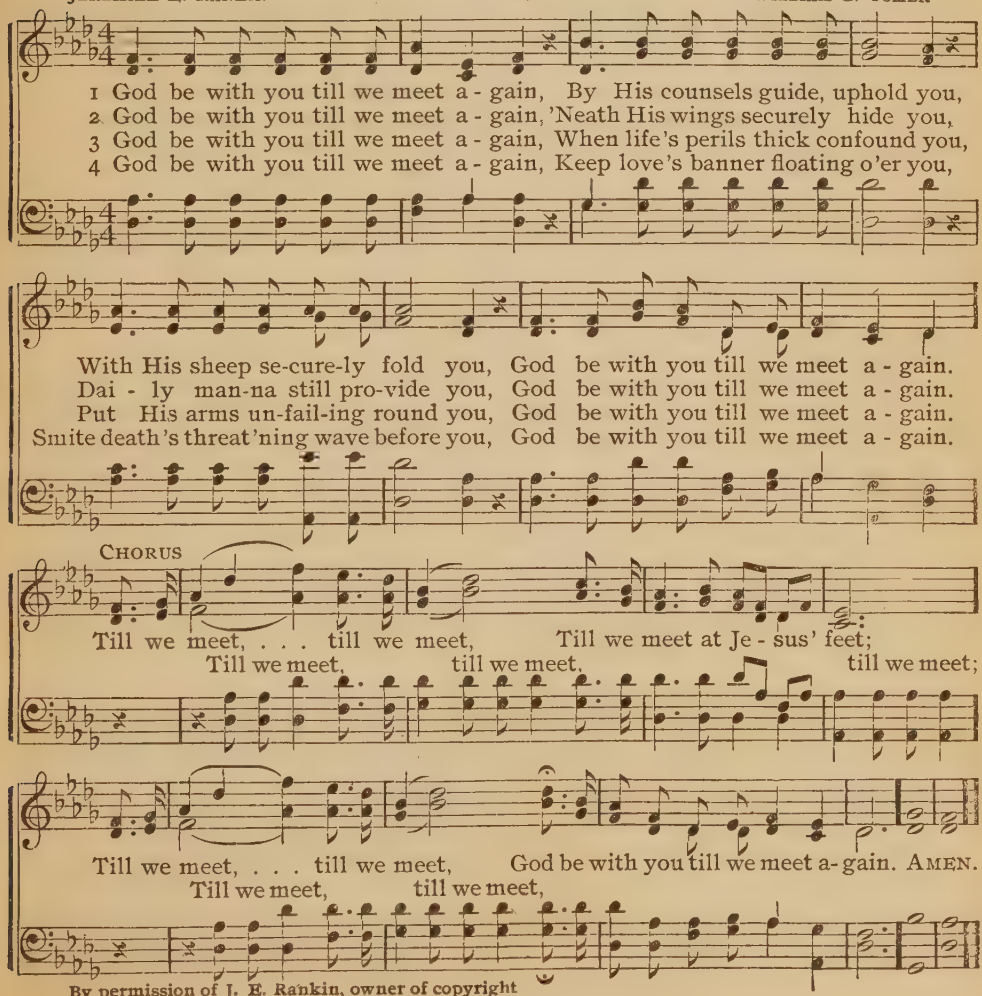
SAMUEL F. SMITH GREENVILLE JEAN J. ROUSSEAU


1 Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
2 Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly,—Joys no stran-ger heart can tell;
3 Scenes of sa - cred peace and pleas-ure, Days of serv - ice, loved so well;
4 Yes, I has - ten from you glad - ly, From the scenes I loved so well;
5 Bear me on, thou rest - less o - cean; Let the winds my can - vas swell;
Friends, and loved ones, hap - py coun-try, Can I bid you all fare - well?
Hap - py home, in - deed I love thee, Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
Rich - est, bright-est, sweet-est treas-ure, Can I say a last fare - well?
Far a - way, ye bil - lows, bear me; Love - ly, na - tive land, fare - well!
Heaves my heart with warm e - mo - tion, While I go far hence to dwell:

Yes, my native land, I love thee


Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.
Glad I bid thee, glad I bid thee, Na-tive land, fare-well, fare-well! A-MEN.

259 God be with you till we meet again

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN MOORE WILLIAM G. TOMER

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. AMEN.
Till we meet, till we meet,

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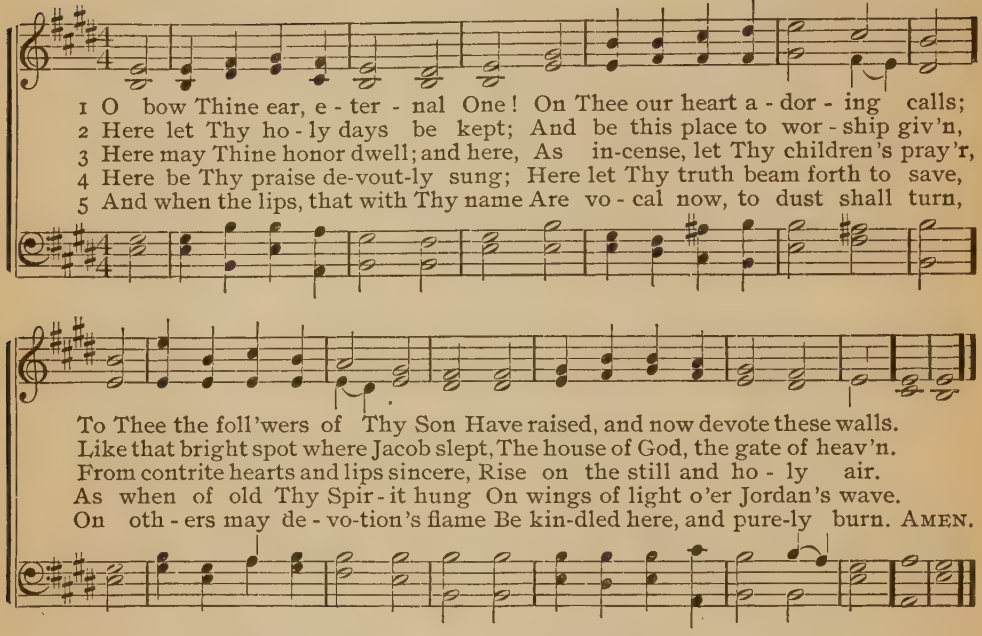
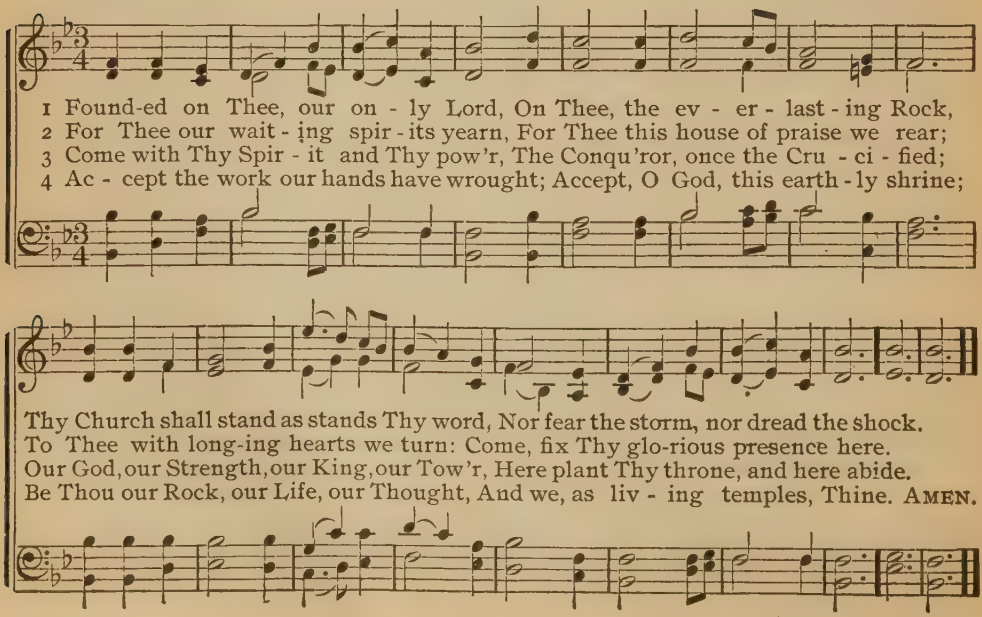
260 O bow Thine ear, eternal One

JOHN PIERPONT — UXBRIDGE — LOWELL MASON


1 O bow Thine ear, e - ter - nal One! On Thee our heart a - dor - ing calls;
2 Here let Thy ho - ly days be kept; And be this place to wor - ship giv'n,
3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here, As in-cense, let Thy children's pray'r,
4 Here be Thy praise de-vout-ly sung; Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
5 And when the lips, that with Thy name Are vo - cal now, to dust shall turn,
To Thee the foll'wers of Thy Son Have raised, and now devote these walls.
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept, The house of God, the gate of heav'n.
From contrite hearts and lips sincere, Rise on the still and ho - ly air.
As when of old Thy Spir - it hung On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
On oth - ers may de - vo-tion's flame Be kin-dled here, and pure-ly burn. AMEN.

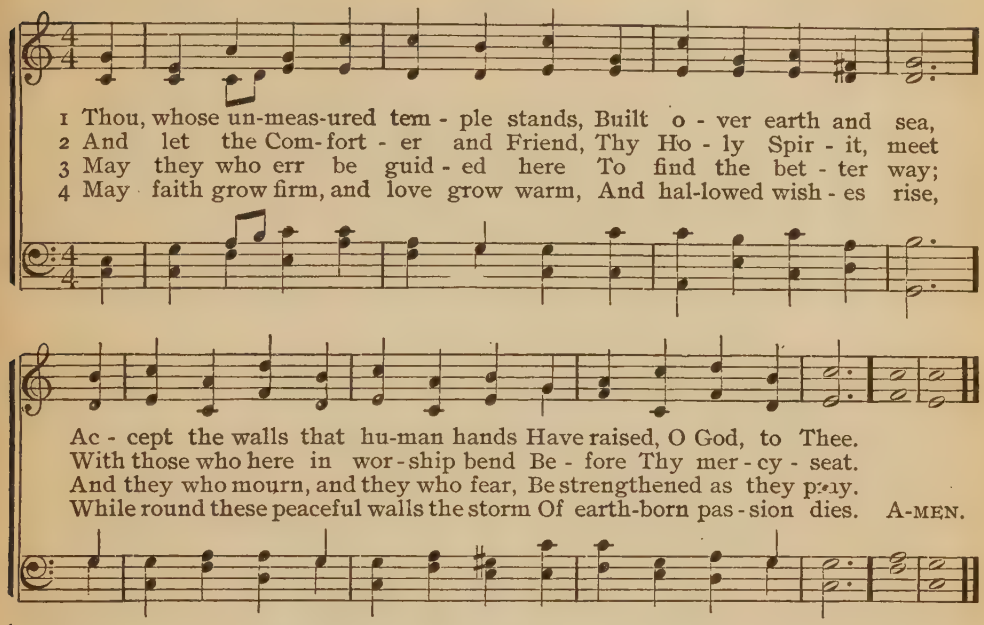
261 Founded on Thee, our only Lord

SAMUEL F. SMITH — WARRINGTON — RALPH HARRISON


1 Found-ed on Thee, our on - ly Lord, On Thee, the ev - er - last - ing Rock,
2 For Thee our wait - ing spir - its yearn, For Thee this house of praise we rear;
3 Come with Thy Spir - it and Thy pow'r, The Conqu'ror, once the Cru - ci - fied;
4 Ac - cept the work our hands have wrought; Accept, O God, this earth - ly shrine;
Thy Church shall stand as stands Thy word, Nor fear the storm, nor dread the shock.
To Thee with long-ing hearts we turn: Come, fix Thy glo-rious presence here.
Our God, our Strength, our King, our Tow'r, Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.
Be Thou our Rock, our Life, our Thought, And we, as liv - ing temples, Thine. AMEN.

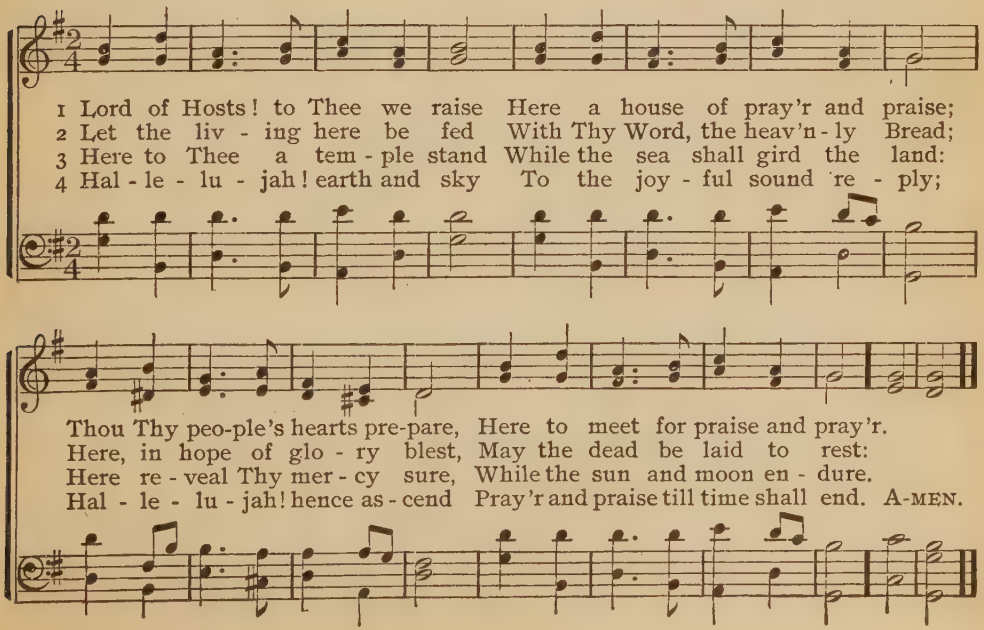
262 Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands

WILLIAM C. BRYANT — ST. ANNE — WILLIAM CROFT


1 Thou, whose un-meas-ured tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
2 And let the Com-fort - er and Friend, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, meet
3 May they who err be guid - ed here To find the bet - ter way;
4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And hal-lowed wish - es rise,
Ac - cept the walls that hu-man hands Have raised, O God, to Thee.
With those who here in wor - ship bend Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat.
And they who mourn, and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.
While round these peaceful walls the storm Of earth-born pas - sion dies. A-MEN.

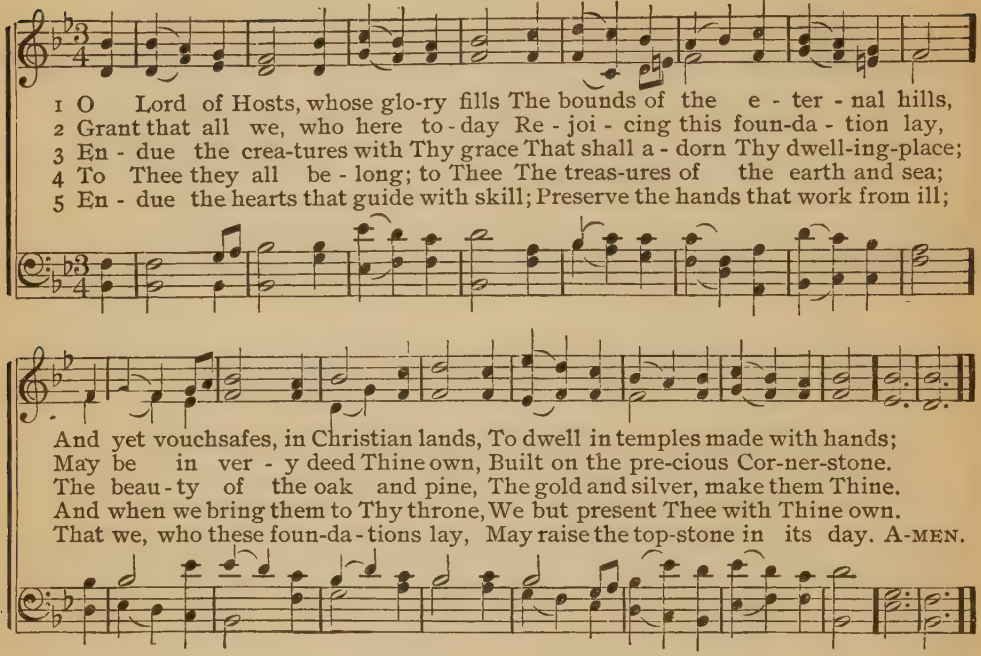
263 Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise

JAMES MONTGOMERY — PLEYEL'S HYMN — IGNACE PLEYEL


1 Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise;
2 Let the liv - ing here be fed With Thy Word, the heav'n - ly Bread;
3 Here to Thee a tem - ple stand While the sea shall gird the land:
4 Hal - le - lu - jah! earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply;
Thou Thy peo-ple's hearts pre-pare, Here to meet for praise and pray'r.
Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest:
Here re - veal Thy mer - cy sure, While the sun and moon en - dure.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hence as - cend Pray'r and praise till time shall end. A-MEN.

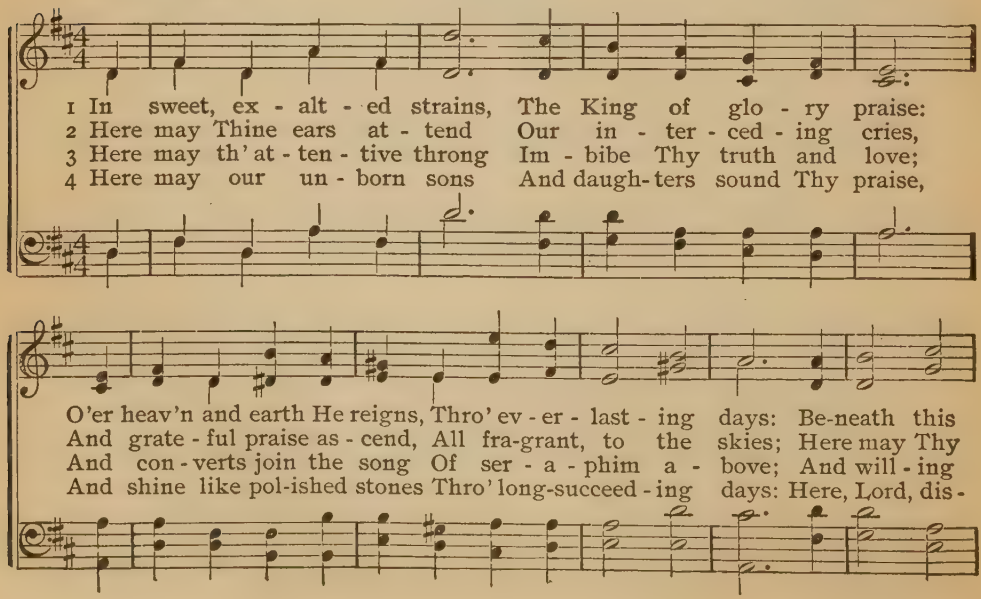
264 O Lord of Hosts, whose glory fills

JOHN M. NEALE — WAREHAM — WILLIAM KNAPP

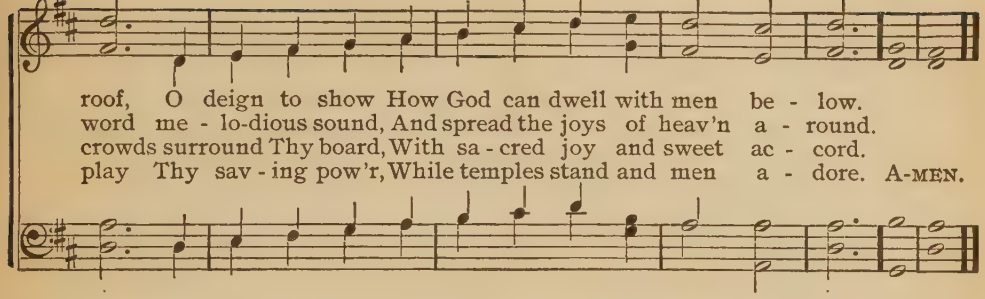

1 O Lord of Hosts, whose glo-ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
2 Grant that all we, who here to-day Re - joi - cing this foun-da - tion lay,
3 En - due the crea-tures with Thy grace That shall a - dorn Thy dwell-ing-place;
4 To Thee they all be - long; to Thee The treas-ures of the earth and sea;
5 En - due the hearts that guide with skill; Preserve the hands that work from ill;
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands;
May be in ver - y deed Thine own, Built on the pre-cious Cor-ner-stone.
The beau-ty of the oak and pine, The gold and silver, make them Thine.
And when we bring them to Thy throne, We but present Thee with Thine own.
That we, who these foun-da-tions lay, May raise the top-stone in its day. A-MEN.

265 In sweet, exalted strains

BENJAMIN FRANCIS — DARWALL — JOHN DARWALL

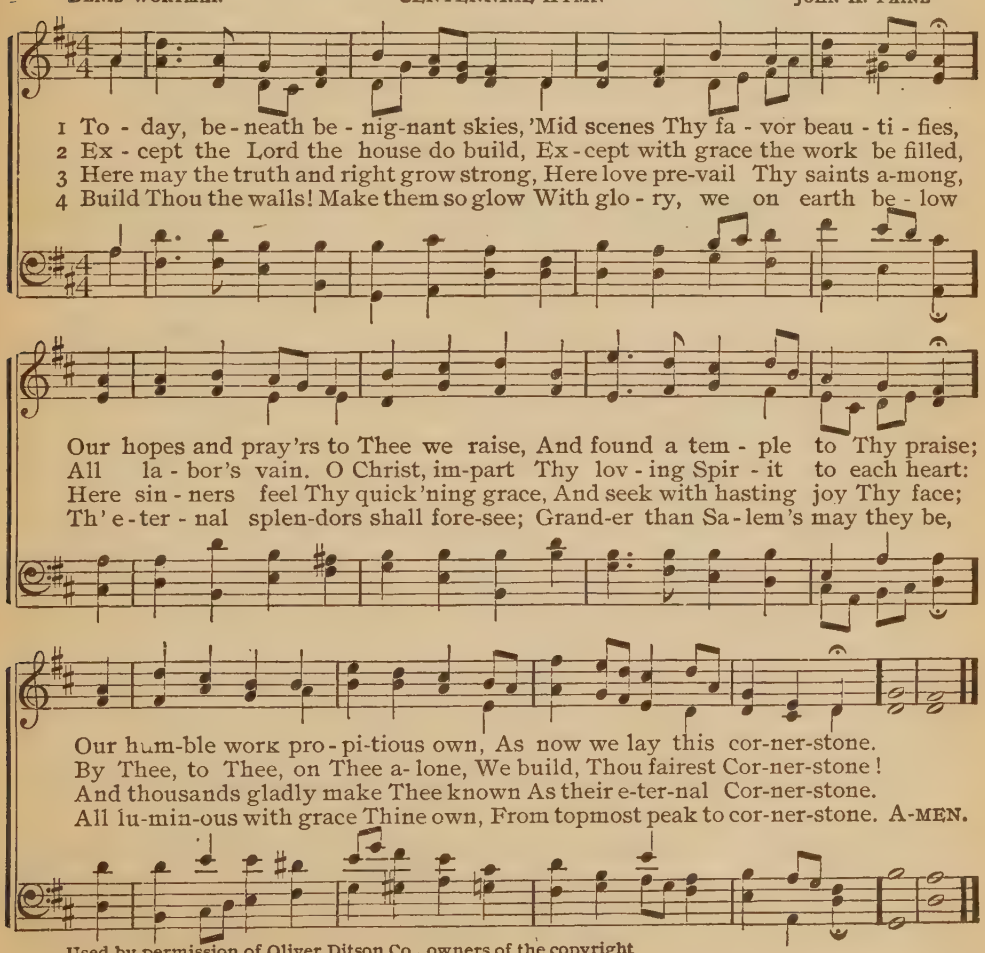

1 In sweet, ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise:
2 Here may Thine ears at - tend Our in - ter - ced - ing cries,
3 Here may th' at - ten - tive throng Im - bibe Thy truth and love;
4 Here may our un - born sons And daugh-ters sound Thy praise,
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days: Be-neath this
And grate - ful praise as - cend, All fra-grant, to the skies; Here may Thy
And con - verts join the song Of ser - a - phim a - bove; And will - ing
And shine like pol-ished stones Thro' long-succeed - ing days: Here, Lord, dis -

In sweet, exalted strains


roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.
word me - lo-dious sound, And spread the joys of heav'n a - round.
crowds surround Thy board, With sa - cred joy and sweet ac - cord.
play Thy sav - ing pow'r, While temples stand and men a - dore. A-MEN.

266 To-day, beneath benignant skies

DENIS WORTMAN — CENTENNIAL HYMN — JOHN K. PAINE


1 To - day, be - neath be - nig-nant skies, 'Mid scenes Thy fa - vor beau - ti - fies,
2 Ex - cept the Lord the house do build, Ex - cept with grace the work be filled,
3 Here may the truth and right grow strong, Here love pre-vail Thy saints a-mong,
4 Build Thou the walls! Make them so glow With glo - ry, we on earth be - low
Our hopes and pray'rs to Thee we raise, And found a tem - ple to Thy praise;
All la - bor's vain. O Christ, im-part Thy lov - ing Spir - it to each heart:
Here sin - ners feel Thy quick'ning grace, And seek with hasting joy Thy face;
Th' e - ter - nal splen-dors shall fore-see; Grand-er than Sa - lem's may they be,
Our hum-ble work pro - pi-tious own, As now we lay this cor-ner-stone.
By Thee, to Thee, on Thee a - lone, We build, Thou fairest Cor-ner-stone!
And thousands gladly make Thee known As their e-ter-nal Cor-ner-stone.
All lu-min-ous with grace Thine own, From topmost peak to cor-ner-stone. A-MEN.

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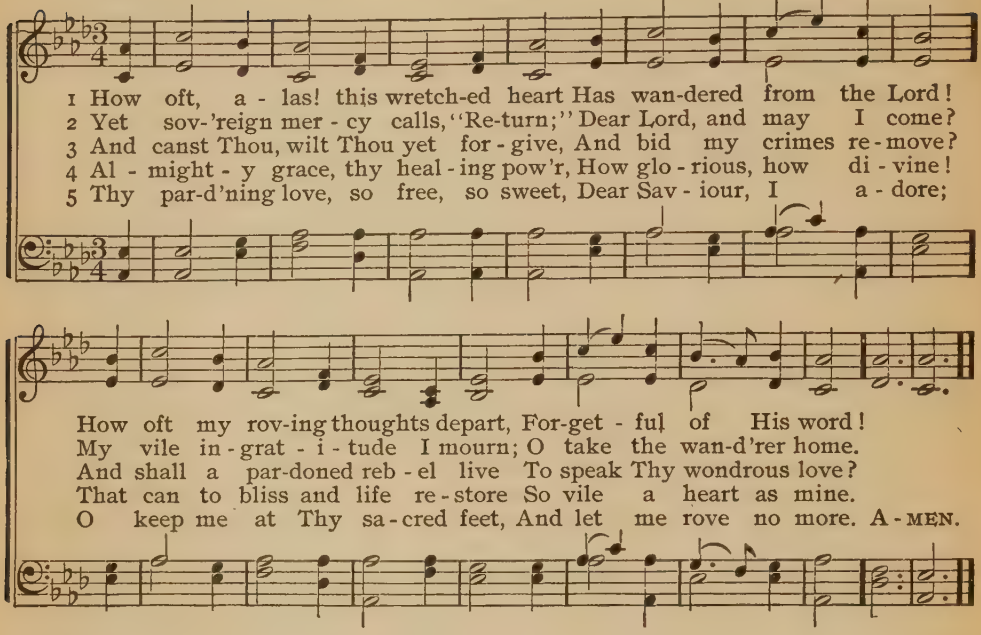
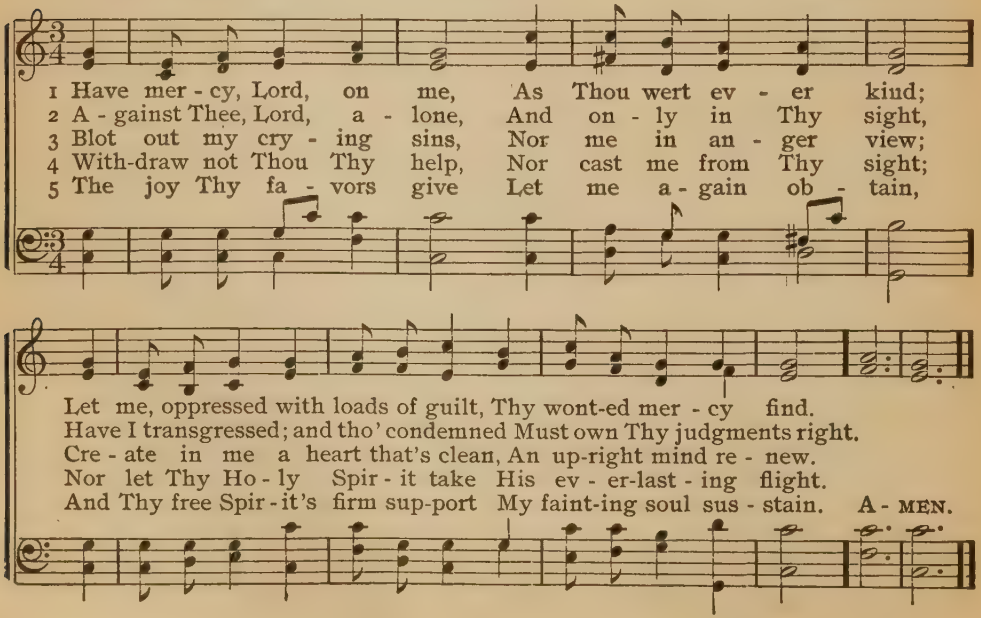
267 How oft, alas! this wretched heart

ANNE STEELE — BALERMA — ROBERT SIMPSON


1 How oft, a - las! this wretch-ed heart Has wan-dered from the Lord!
2 Yet sov-'reign mer - cy calls, "Re-turn;" Dear Lord, and may I come?
3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet for - give, And bid my crimes re - move?
4 Al - might - y grace, thy heal - ing pow'r, How glo - rious, how di - vine!
5 Thy par-d'ning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Sav - iour, I a - dore;
How oft my rov-ing thoughts depart, For-get - ful of His word!
My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; O take the wan-d'rer home.
And shall a par-doned reb - el live To speak Thy wondrous love?
That can to bliss and life re - store So vile a heart as mine.
O keep me at Thy sa-cred feet, And let me rove no more. A - MEN.

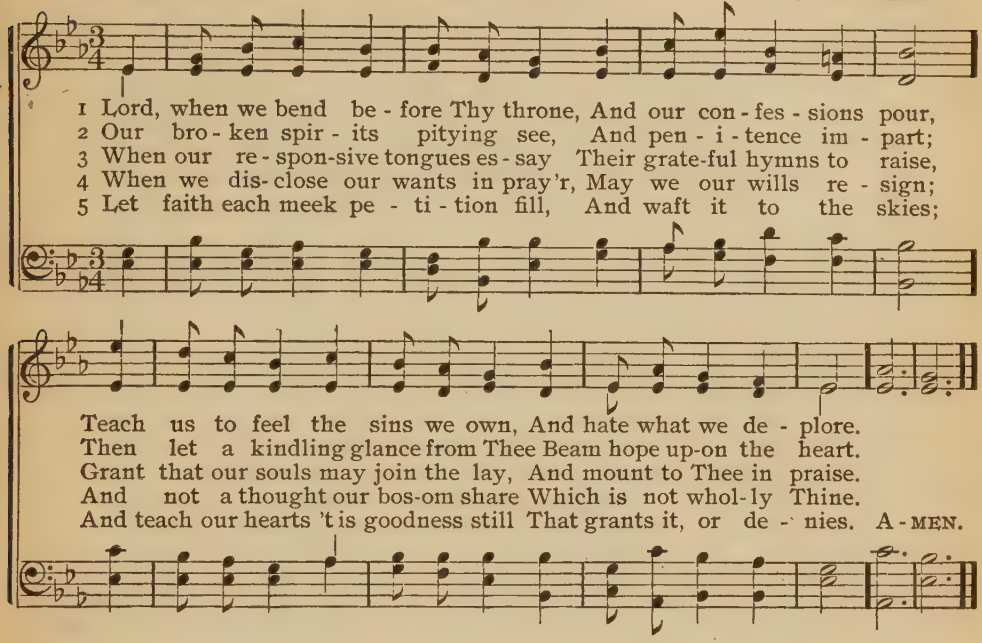
268 Have mercy, Lord, on me

Tate and Brady's New Version — BOYLSTON — LOWELL MASON


1 Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind;
2 A - gainst Thee, Lord, a - lone, And on - ly in Thy sight,
3 Blot out my cry - ing sins, Nor me in an - ger view;
4 With-draw not Thou Thy help, Nor cast me from Thy sight;
5 The joy Thy fa - vors give Let me a - gain ob - tain,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont-ed mer - cy find.
Have I transgressed; and tho' condemned Must own Thy judgments right.
Cre - ate in me a heart that's clean, An up-right mind re - new.
Nor let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it take His ev - er-last - ing flight.
And Thy free Spir - it's firm sup-port My faint-ing soul sus - stain. A - MEN.

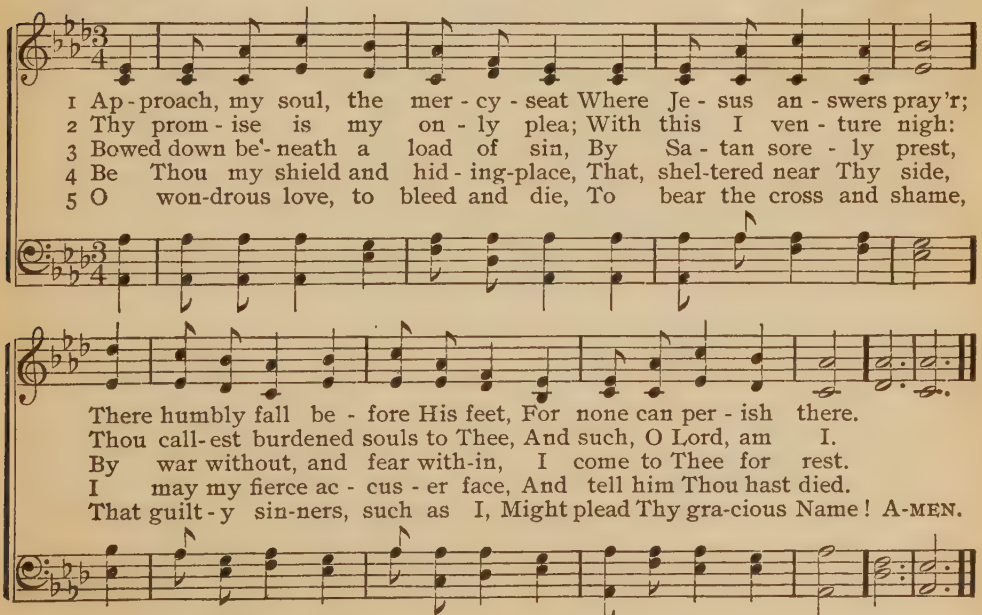
269 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE — DOWNS — LOWELL MASON


1 Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
2 Our bro - ken spir - its pitying see, And pen - i - tence im - part;
3 When our re - spon-sive tongues es - say Their grate-ful hymns to raise,
4 When we dis- close our wants in pray'r, May we our wills re - sign;
5 Let faith each meek pe - ti - tion fill, And waft it to the skies;
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.
Then let a kindling glance from Thee Beam hope up-on the heart.
Grant that our souls may join the lay, And mount to Thee in praise.
And not a thought our bos-om share Which is not whol-ly Thine.
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still That grants it, or de - nies. A - MEN.

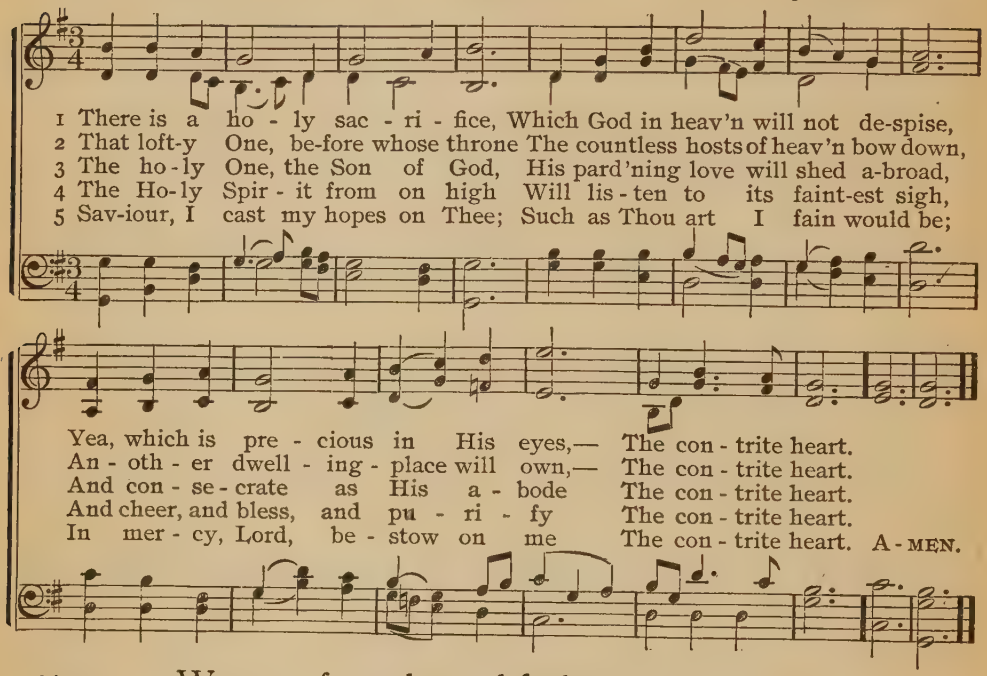
270 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat

JOHN NEWTON — EVAN — WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL


1 Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;
2 Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea; With this I ven - ture nigh:
3 Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly prest,
4 Be Thou my shield and hid - ing-place, That, shel-tered near Thy side,
5 O won-drous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,
There humbly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call-est burdened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war without, and fear with-in, I come to Thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell him Thou hast died.
That guilt - y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gra-cious Name! A - MEN.

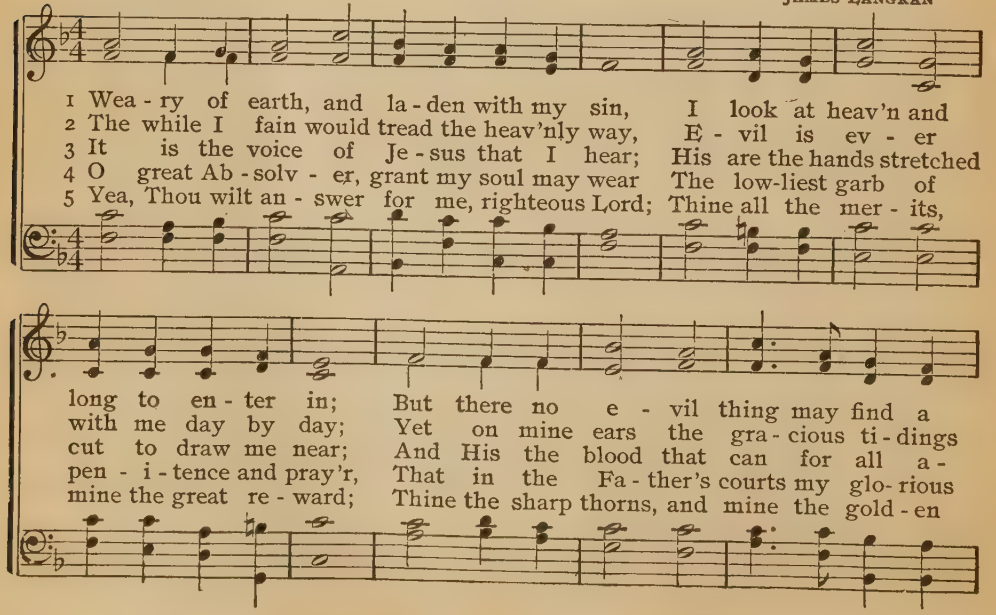
271 There is a holy sacrifice

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES

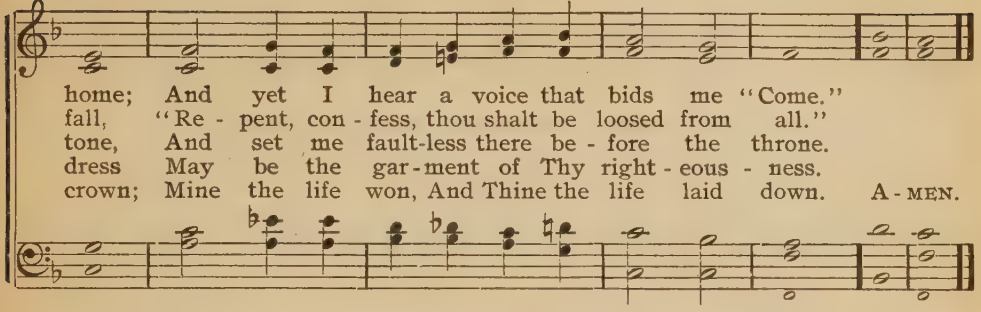

1 There is a ho - ly sac - ri - fice, Which God in heav'n will not de-spise,
2 That loft-y One, be-fore whose throne The countless hosts of heav'n bow down,
3 The ho-ly One, the Son of God, His pard'ning love will shed a-broad,
4 The Ho-ly Spir - it from on high Will lis - ten to its faint-est sigh,
5 Sav-iour, I cast my hopes on Thee; Such as Thou art I fain would be;
Yea, which is pre - cious in His eyes,— The con - trite heart.
An - oth - er dwell - ing - place will own,— The con - trite heart.
And con - se - crate as His a - bode The con - trite heart.
And cheer, and bless, and pu - ri - fy The con - trite heart.
In mer - cy, Lord, be - stow on me The con - trite heart. A - MEN.

272 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin

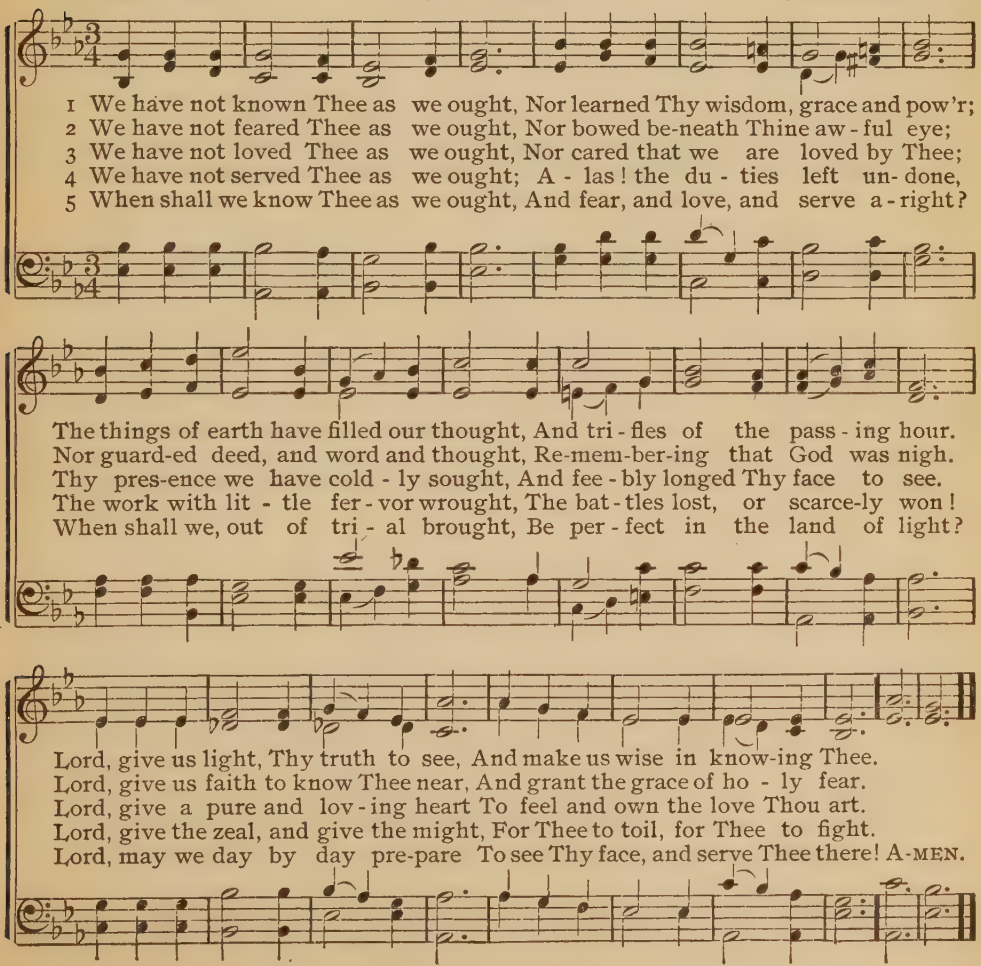
SAMUEL J. STONE — LANGRAN — JAMES LANGRAN


1 Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
2 The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is ev - er
3 It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the hands stretched
4 O great Ab - solv - er, grant my soul may wear The low-liest garb of
5 Yea, Thou wilt an - swer for me, righteous Lord; Thine all the mer - its,
long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a
with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious ti - dings
cut to draw me near; And His the blood that can for all a -
pen - i - tence and pray'r, That in the Fa - ther's courts my glo - rious
mine the great re - ward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the gold - en

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin

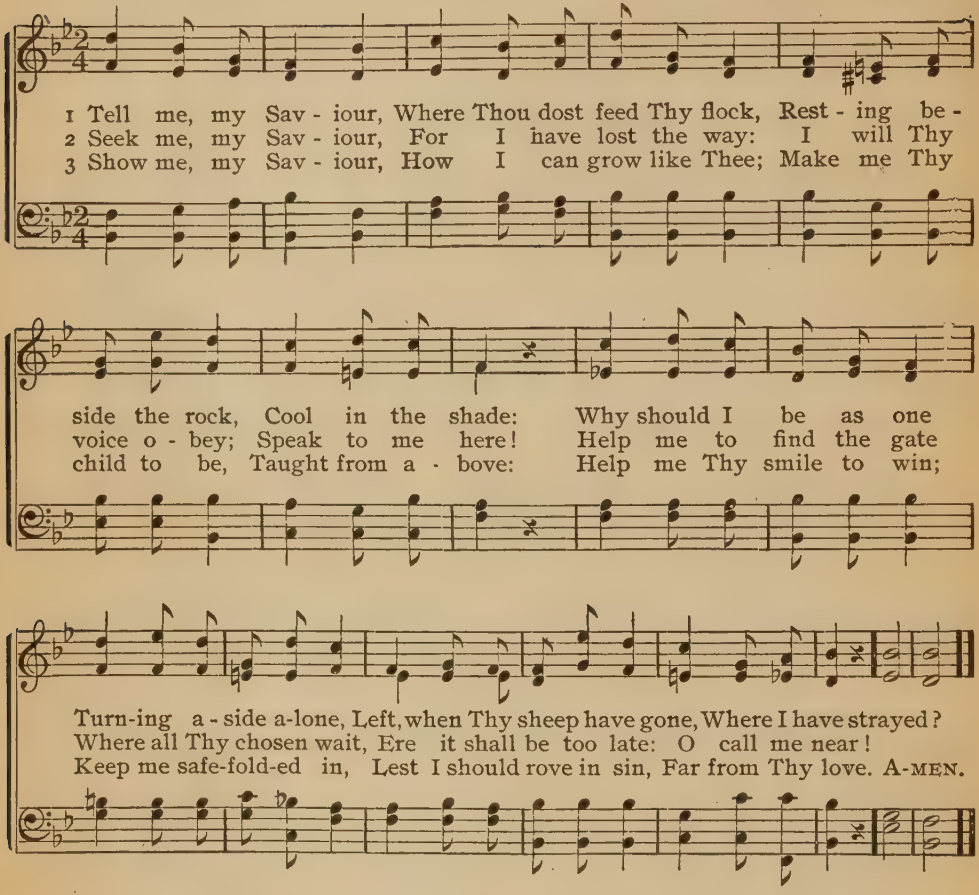

home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
tone, And set me fault-less there be - fore the throne.
dress May be the gar - ment of Thy right - eous - ness.
crown; Mine the life won, And Thine the life laid down. A - MEN.

273 We have not known Thee as we ought

THOMAS B. POLLOCK JESU, DOMINE JOSEPH BARNBY

1 We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace and pow'r;
2 We have not feared Thee as we ought, Nor bowed be-neath Thine aw - ful eye;
3 We have not loved Thee as we ought, Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
4 We have not served Thee as we ought; A - las! the du - ties left un - done,
5 When shall we know Thee as we ought, And fear, and love, and serve a - right?
The things of earth have filled our thought, And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour.
Nor guard-ed deed, and word and thought, Re-mem-ber-ing that God was nigh.
Thy pres-ence we have cold - ly sought, And fee - bly longed Thy face to see.
The work with lit - tle fer - vor wrought, The bat - tles lost, or scarce-ly won!
When shall we, out of tri - al brought, Be per - fect in the land of light?
Lord, give us light, Thy truth to see, And make us wise in know-ing Thee.
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near, And grant the grace of ho - ly fear.
Lord, give a pure and lov - ing heart To feel and own the love Thou art.
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might, For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.
Lord, may we day by day pre-pare To see Thy face, and serve Thee there! A-MEN.

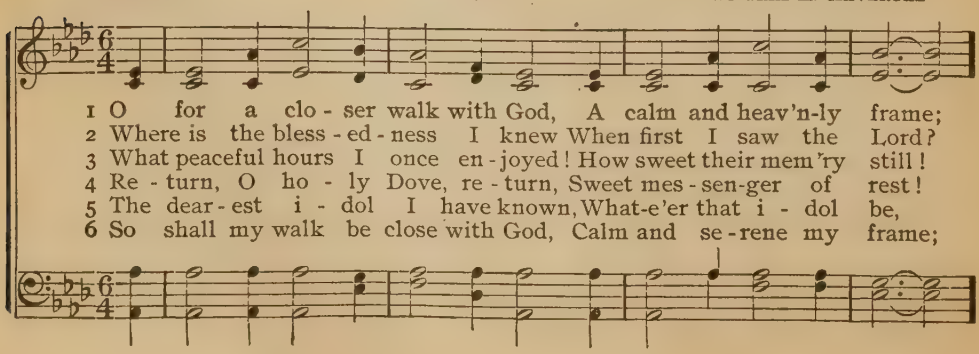
274 Tell me, my Saviour

CHARLES S. ROBINSON — LYNDE — Thuringian Folk-Song

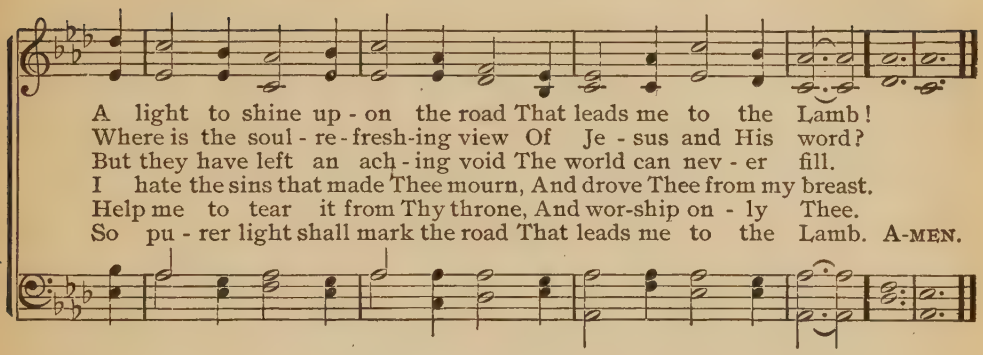

1 Tell me, my Sav - iour, Where Thou dost feed Thy flock, Rest - ing be -
2 Seek me, my Sav - iour, For I have lost the way: I will Thy
3 Show me, my Sav - iour, How I can grow like Thee; Make me Thy
side the rock, Cool in the shade: Why should I be as one
voice o - bey; Speak to me here! Help me to find the gate
child to be, Taught from a - bove: Help me Thy smile to win;
Turn-ing a - side a-lone, Left, when Thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?
Where all Thy chosen wait, Ere it shall be too late: O call me near!
Keep me safe-fold-ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from Thy love. A-MEN.

275 O for a closer walk with God

WILLIAM COWPER — EVAN — WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL

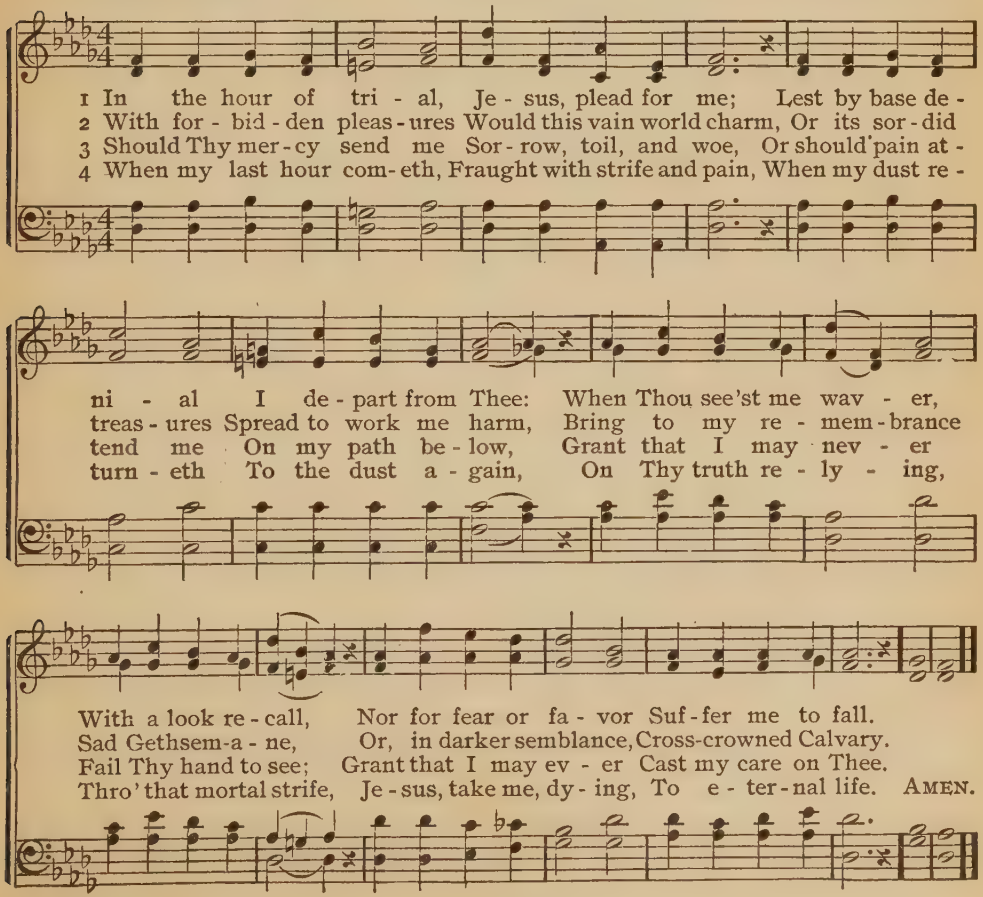

1 O for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame;
2 Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3 What peaceful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4 Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen-ger of rest!
5 The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,
6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

O for a closer walk with God


A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.
So pu - rer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A-MEN.

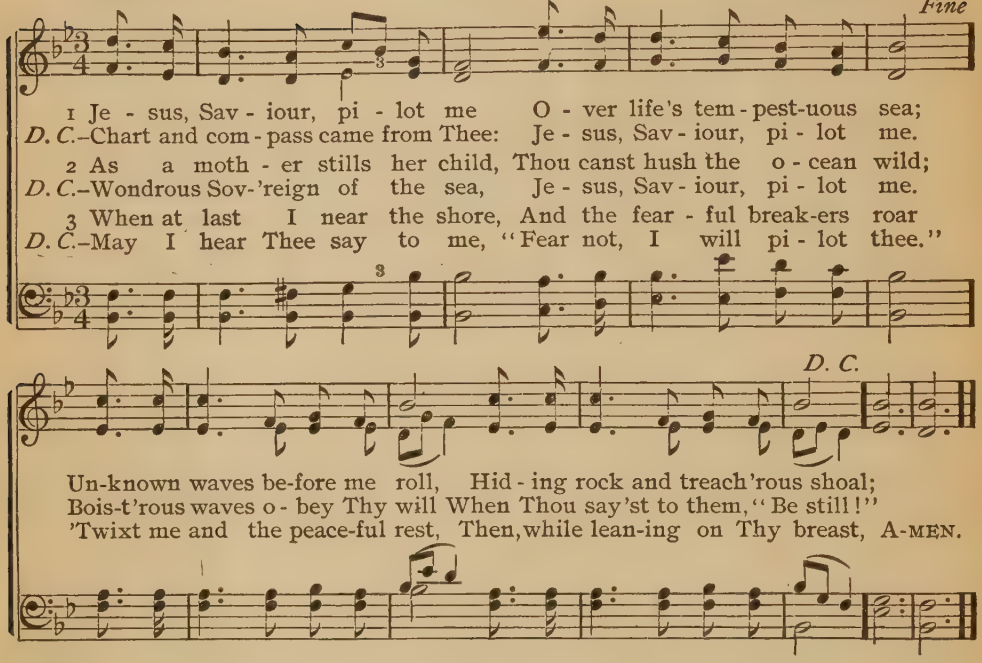
276 In the hour of trial

JAMES MONTGOMERY BREEDEN SPENCER LANE


1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
2 With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did
3 Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe, Or should pain at -
4 When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -
ni - al I de - part from Thee: When Thou see'st me wav - er,
treas - ures Spread to work me harm, Bring to my re - mem - brance
tend me On my path be - low, Grant that I may nev - er
turn - eth To the dust a - gain, On Thy truth re - ly - ing,
With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Sad Gethsem-a - ne, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Thro' that mortal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. AMEN.

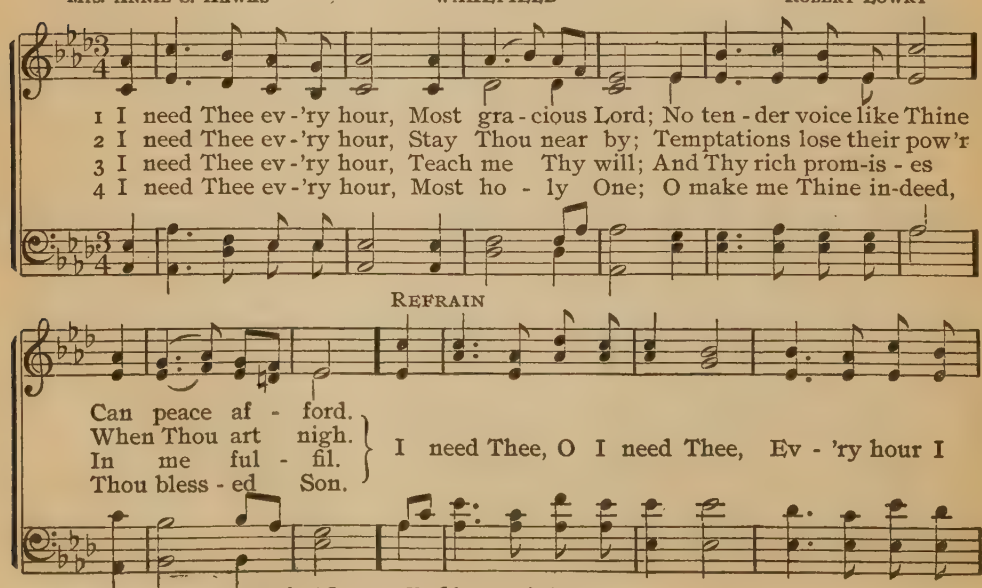
277 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me

EDWARD HOPPER — PILOT — JOHN E. GOULD


Fine
1 Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
D. C.–Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2 As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D. C.–Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3 When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D. C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
D. C.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast, A-MEN.

278 I need Thee every hour

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS — WAKEFIELD — ROBERT LOWRY


1 I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
2 I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
3 I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is - es
4 I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-deed,
REFRAIN
Can peace af - ford.
When Thou art nigh.
In me ful - fil.
Thou bless - ed Son.
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I

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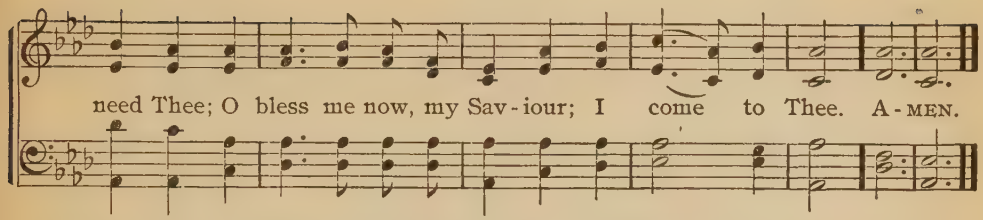
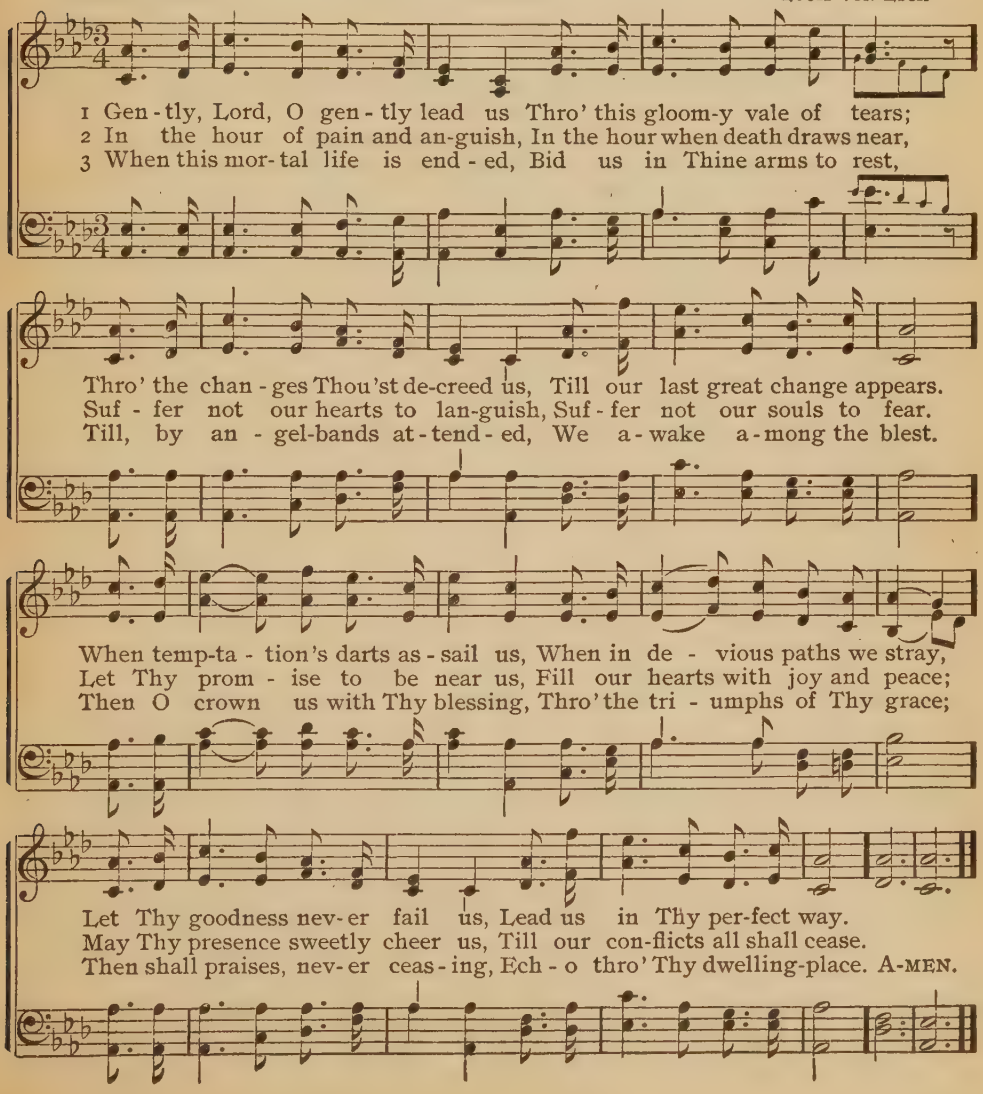
I need Thee every hour

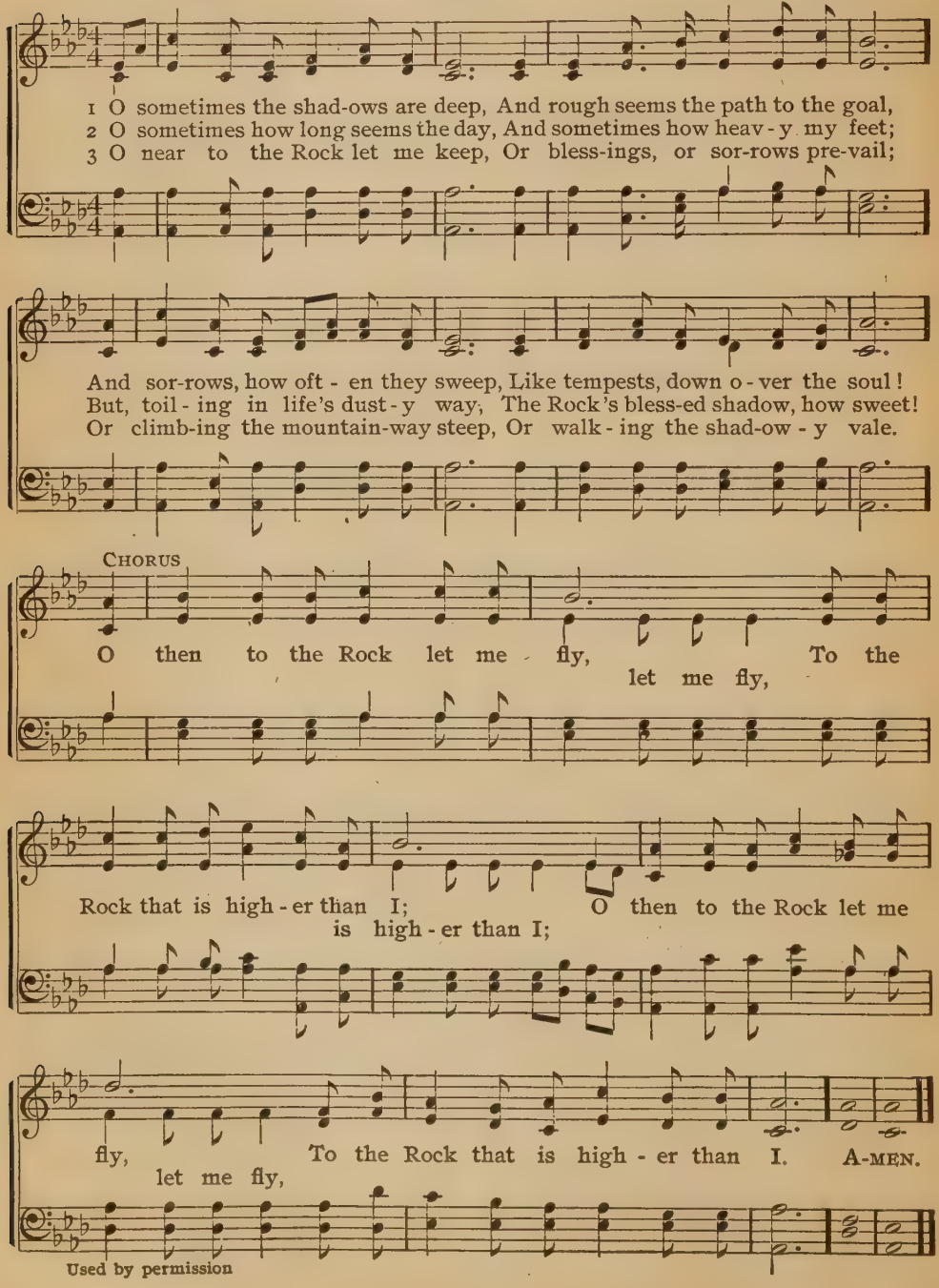


279 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us

THOMAS HASTINGS AUTUMN LOUIS VON ESCH


1 Gen-tly, Lord, O gen-tly lead us Thro' this gloom-y vale of tears;
2 In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
3 When this mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Thro' the chan-ges Thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change appears.
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.
Till, by an-gel-bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.
When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray,
Let Thy prom-ise to be near us, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Then O crown us with Thy blessing, Thro' the tri-umphs of Thy grace;
Let Thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
May Thy presence sweetly cheer us, Till our con-flicts all shall cease.
Then shall praises, nev-er ceas-ing, Ech-o thro' Thy dwelling-place. A-MEN.

280 O sometimes the shadows are deep

ELIAS H. JOHNSON JENKINS WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1 O sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2 O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heav-y my feet;
3 O near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless-ings, or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sor-rows, how oft-en they sweep, Like tempests, down o-ver the soul!
But, toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.
CHORUS
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I;
let me fly,
O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I. A-MEN.
let me fly,

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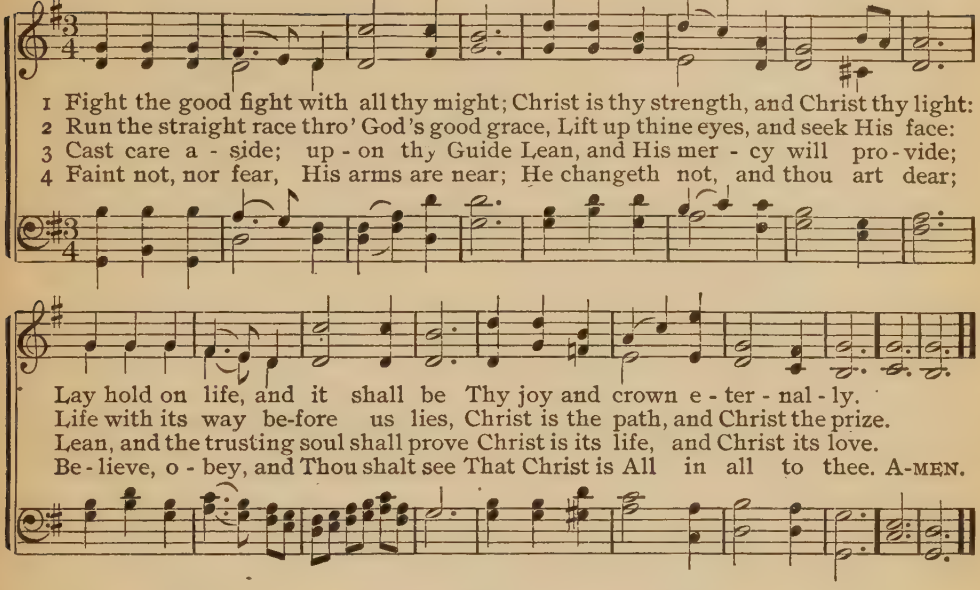
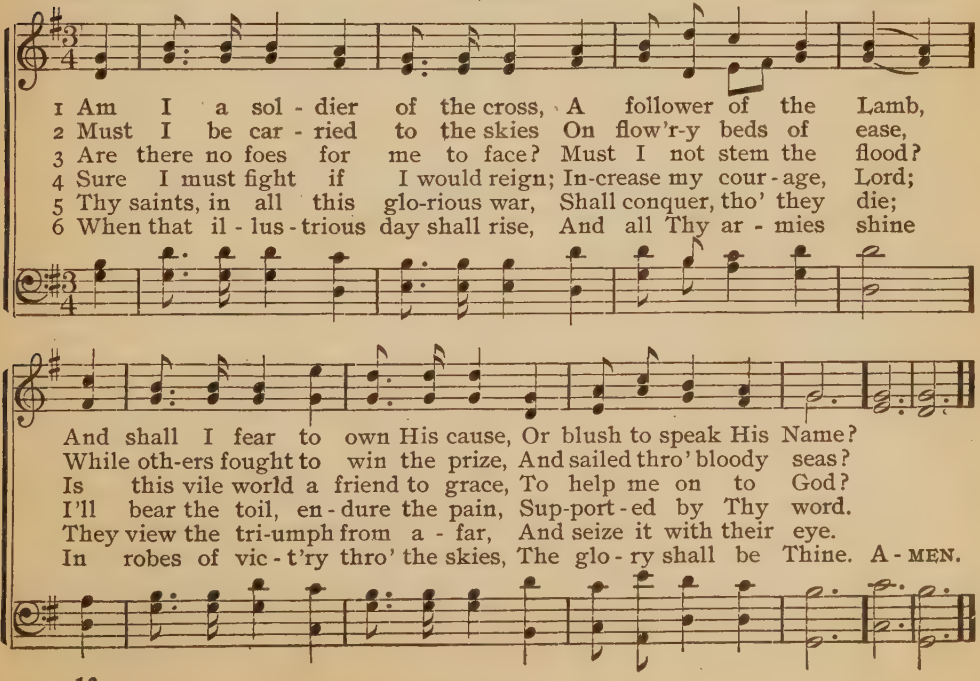
281 Fight the good fight

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — ZELOTES — JOHANN W. A. MOZART


1 Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy light:
2 Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face:
3 Cast care a - side; up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro - vide;
4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be-fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
Be - lieve, o - bey, and Thou shalt see That Christ is All in all to thee. A-MEN.

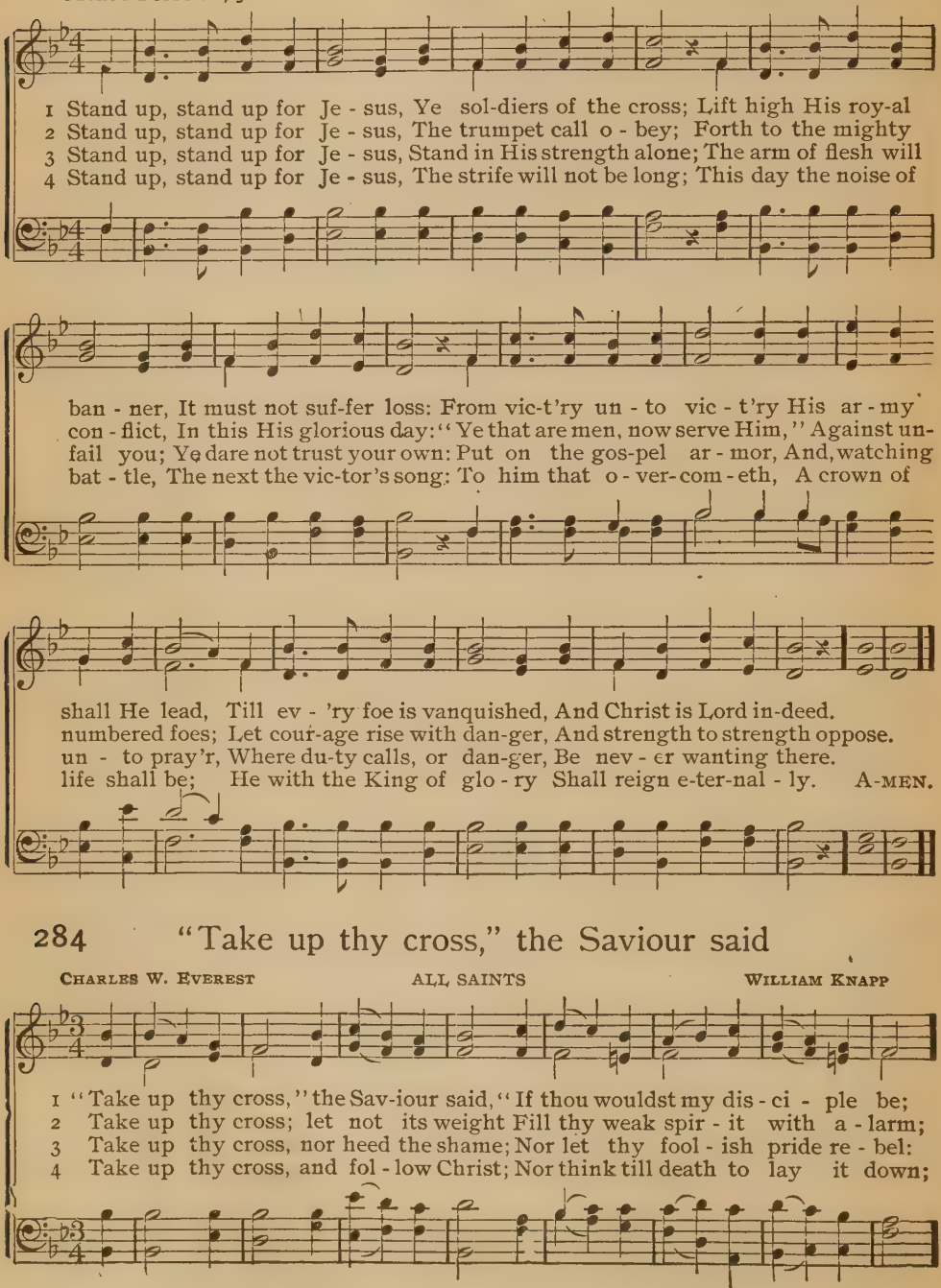
282 Am I a soldier of the cross

ISAAC WATTS — ARLINGTON — THOMAS A. ARNE


1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4 Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
5 Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;
6 When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
They view the tri-umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine. A - MEN.

283 Stand up, stand up for Jesus

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. WEBB GEORGE J. WEBB

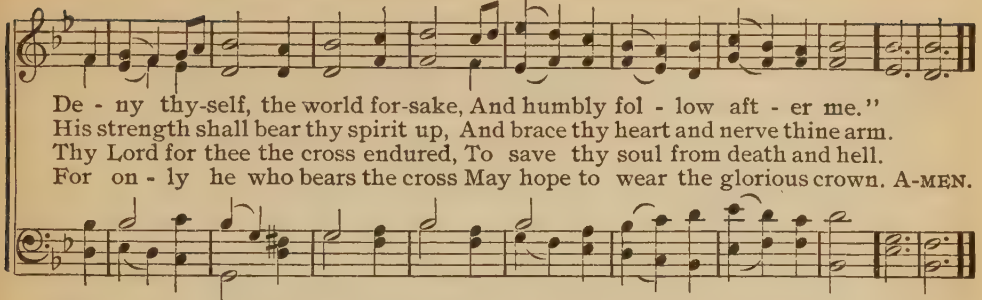

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
3 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my
con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," Against un-
fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos-pel ar - mor, And, watching
bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of
shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
numbered foes; Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
un - to pray'r, Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal - ly. A-MEN.

284 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said

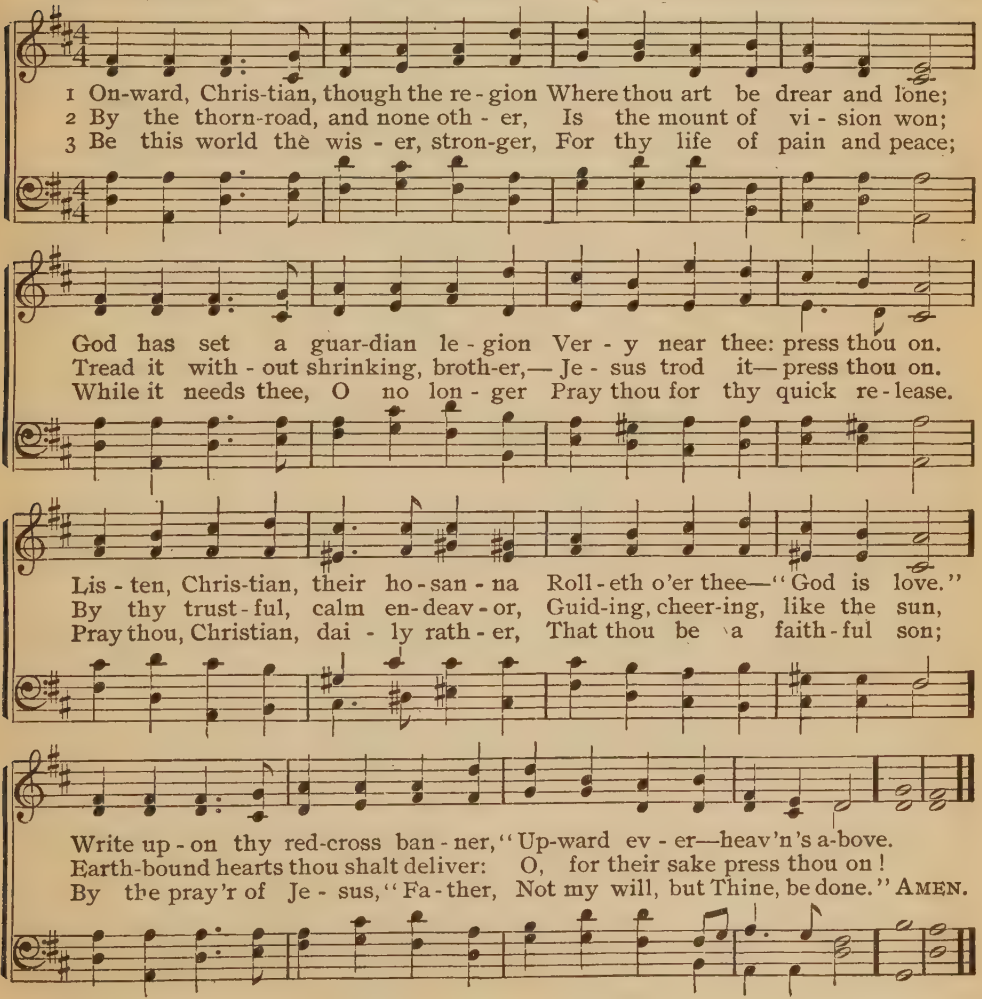
CHARLES W. EVEREST ALL SAINTS WILLIAM KNAPP

1 "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm;
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool - ish pride re - bel:
4 Take up thy cross, and fol - low Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said

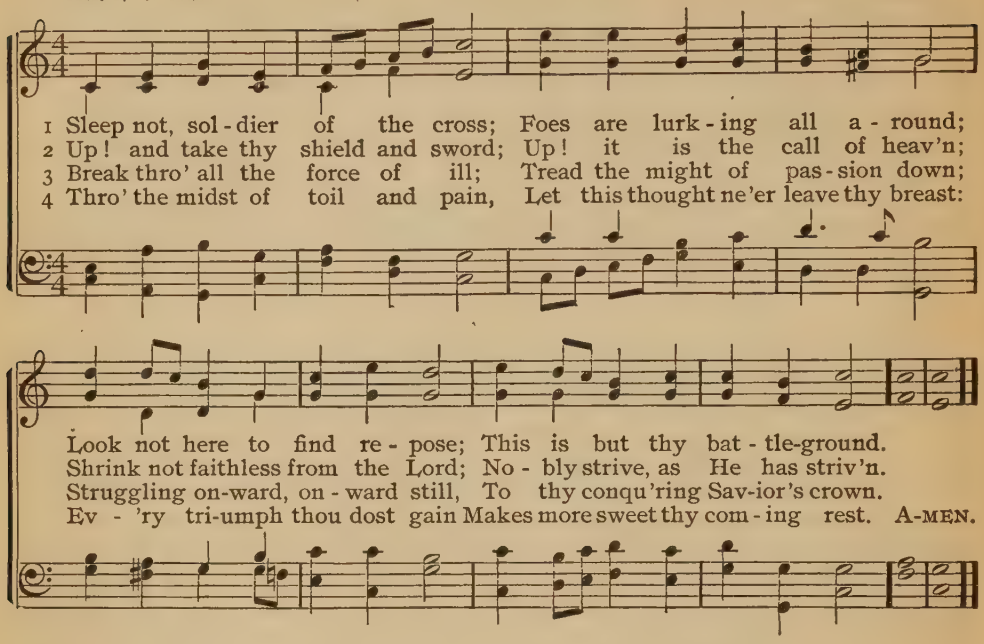

De - ny thy-self, the world for-sake, And humbly fol - low aft - er me."
His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glorious crown. A-MEN.

285 Onward, Christian, though the region

SAMUEL JOHNSON ST. ASAPH WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE

1 On-ward, Chris-tian, though the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
2 By the thorn-road, and none oth - er, Is the mount of vi - sion won;
3 Be this world the wis - er, stron-ger, For thy life of pain and peace;
God has set a guar-dian le - gion Ver - y near thee: press thou on.
Tread it with - out shrinking, broth-er,— Je - sus trod it— press thou on.
While it needs thee, O no lon - ger Pray thou for thy quick re - lease.
Lis - ten, Chris-tian, their ho - san - na Roll - eth o'er thee—"God is love."
By thy trust - ful, calm en-deav - or, Guid-ing, cheer-ing, like the sun,
Pray thou, Christian, dai - ly rath - er, That thou be a faith - ful son;
Write up - on thy red-cross ban - ner, "Up-ward ev - er—heav'n's a-bove.
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver: O, for their sake press thou on!
By the pray'r of Je - sus, "Fa - ther, Not my will, but Thine, be done." AMEN.

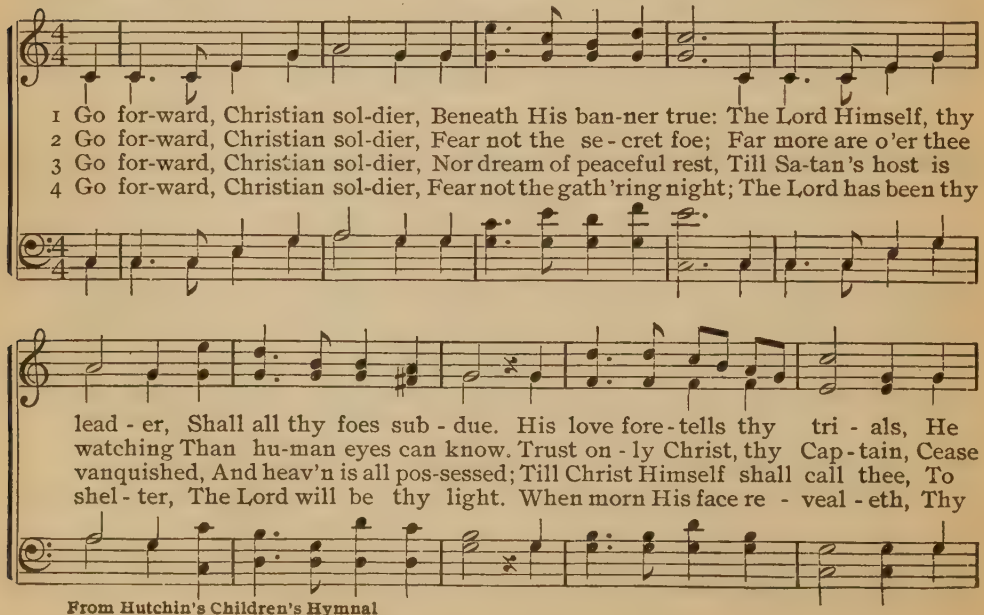
286 Sleep not, soldier of the cross

Mrs. E. C. GASKELL — MONKLAND — JOHN B. WILKES


1 Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross; Foes are lurk-ing all a-round;
2 Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up! it is the call of heav'n;
3 Break thro' all the force of ill; Tread the might of pas-sion down;
4 Thro' the midst of toil and pain, Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Look not here to find re-pose; This is but thy bat-tle-ground.
Shrink not faithless from the Lord; No-bly strive, as He has striv'n.
Struggling on-ward, on-ward still, To thy conqu'ring Sav-ior's crown.
Ev-'ry tri-umph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy com-ing rest. A-MEN.

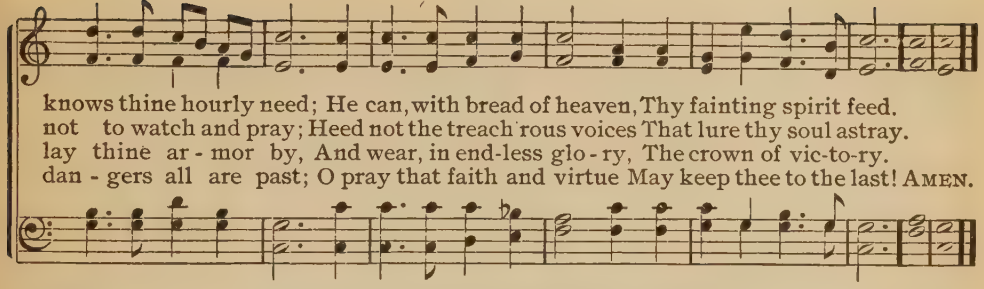
287 Go forward, Christian soldier

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT — FARMER — JOHN FARMER

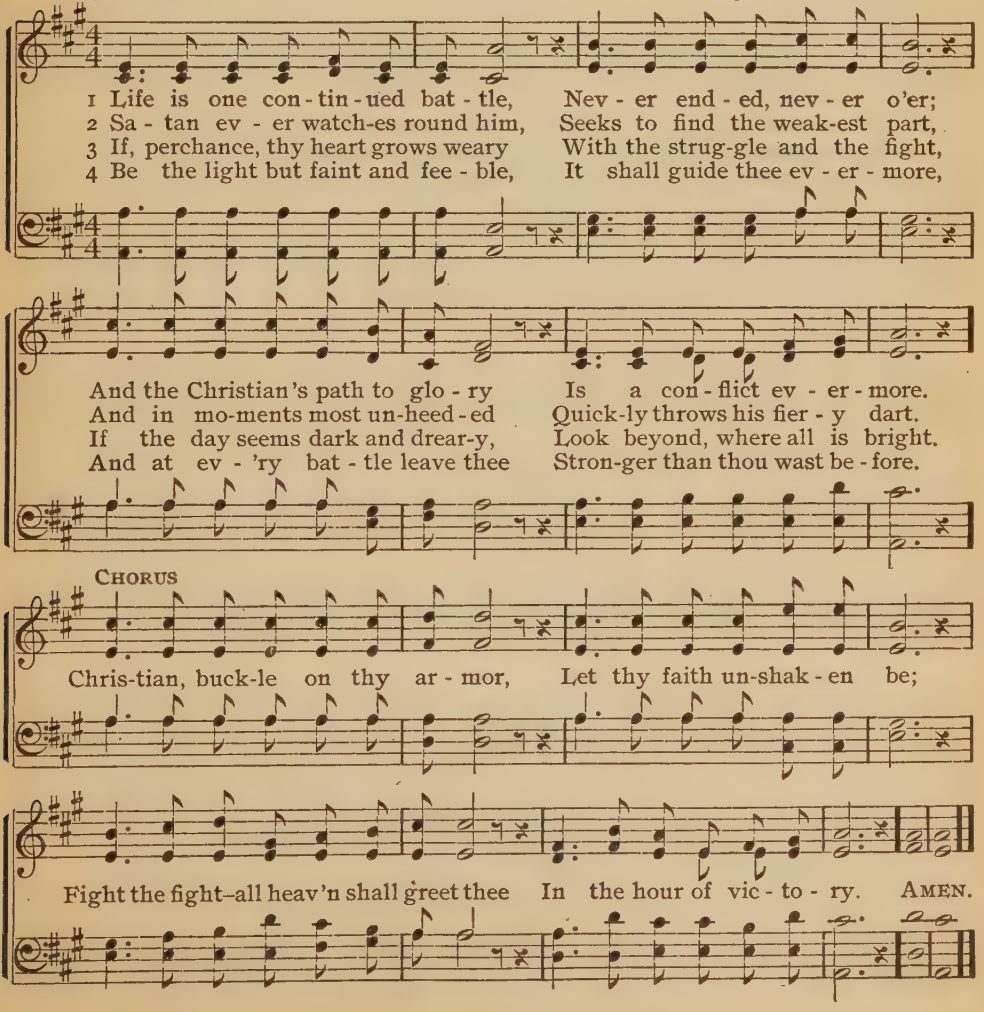

1 Go for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Beneath His ban-ner true: The Lord Himself, thy
2 Go for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Fear not the se-cret foe; Far more are o'er thee
3 Go for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Sa-tan's host is
4 Go for-ward, Christian sol-dier, Fear not the gath'ring night; The Lord has been thy
lead-er, Shall all thy foes sub-due. His love fore-tells thy tri-als, He
watching Than hu-man eyes can know. Trust on-ly Christ, thy Cap-tain, Cease
vanquished, And heav'n is all pos-sessed; Till Christ Himself shall call thee, To
shel-ter, The Lord will be thy light. When morn His face re-veal-eth, Thy

From Hutchin's Children's Hymnal

Go forward, Christian soldier


knows thine hourly need; He can, with bread of heaven, Thy fainting spirit feed.
not to watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voices That lure thy soul astray.
lay thine ar - mor by, And wear, in end-less glo - ry, The crown of vic-to-ry.
dan - gers all are past; O pray that faith and virtue May keep thee to the last! AMEN.

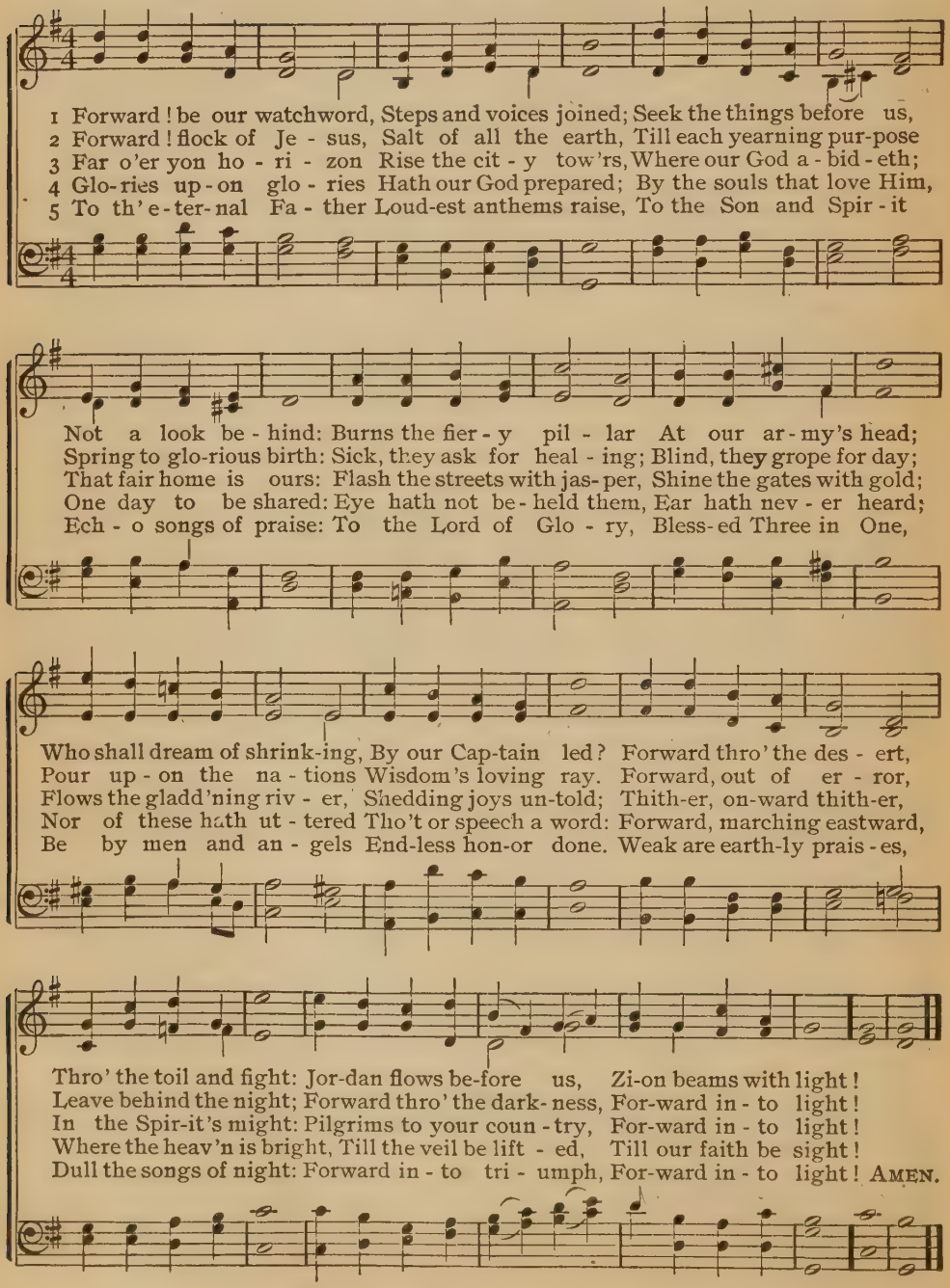
288 Life is one continued battle

C. JAY SMITH ROSECRANS JAMES H. ROSECRANS

1 Life is one con - tin - ued bat - tle, Nev - er end - ed, nev - er o'er;
2 Sa - tan ev - er watch-es round him, Seeks to find the weak-est part,
3 If, perchance, thy heart grows weary With the strug-gle and the fight,
4 Be the light but faint and fee - ble, It shall guide thee ev - er - more,
And the Christian's path to glo - ry Is a con - flict ev - er - more.
And in mo-ments most un-heed - ed Quick-ly throws his fier - y dart.
If the day seems dark and drear-y, Look beyond, where all is bright.
And at ev - 'ry bat - tle leave thee Stron-ger than thou wast be - fore.
CHORUS
Chris-tian, buck-le on thy ar - mor, Let thy faith un-shak - en be;
Fight the fight–all heav'n shall greet thee In the hour of vic - to - ry. AMEN.

289

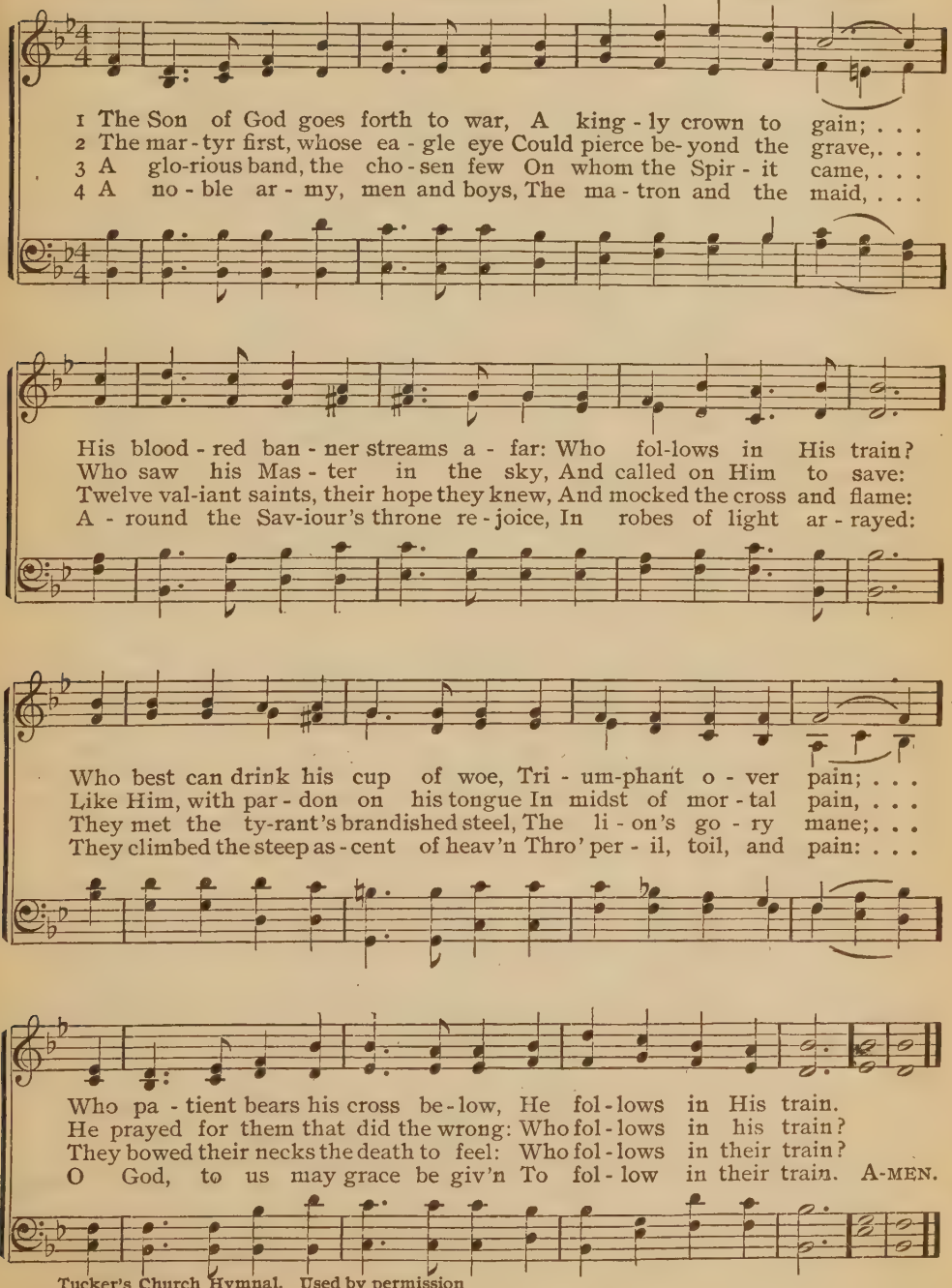
Forward! be our watchword

HENRY ALFORD — ST. BOTOLPH — HENRY SMART


1 Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
2 Forward! flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each yearning pur-pose
3 Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a - bid - eth;
4 Glo-ries up-on glo - ries Hath our God prepared; By the souls that love Him,
5 To th' e-ter-nal Fa - ther Loud-est anthems raise, To the Son and Spir - it
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Spring to glo-rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal - ing; Blind, they grope for day;
That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas-per, Shine the gates with gold;
One day to be shared: Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;
Ech - o songs of praise: To the Lord of Glo - ry, Bless-ed Three in One,
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
Pour up - on the na - tions Wisdom's loving ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
Flows the gladd'ning riv - er, Shedding joys un-told; Thith-er, on-ward thith-er,
Nor of these hath ut - tered Tho't or speech a word: Forward, marching eastward,
Be by men and an - gels End-less hon-or done. Weak are earth-ly prais - es,
Thro' the toil and fight: Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light!
Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the dark - ness, For-ward in - to light!
In the Spir-it's might: Pilgrims to your coun - try, For-ward in - to light!
Where the heav'n is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!
Dull the songs of night: Forward in - to tri - umph, For-ward in - to light! AMEN.

290 The Son of God goes forth to war

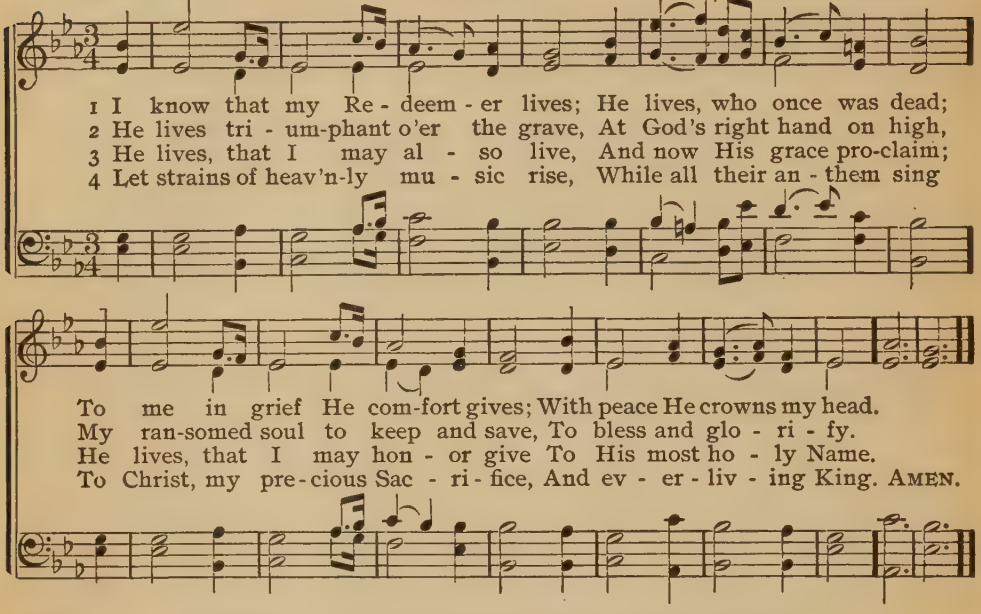
REGINALD HEBER — EMULATION — HENRY S. CUTLER


1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; . . .
2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave, . . .
3 A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came, . . .
4 A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid, . . .
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain; . . .
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, . . .
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; . . .
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: . . .
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train. A-MEN.

Tucker's Church Hymnal. Used by permission

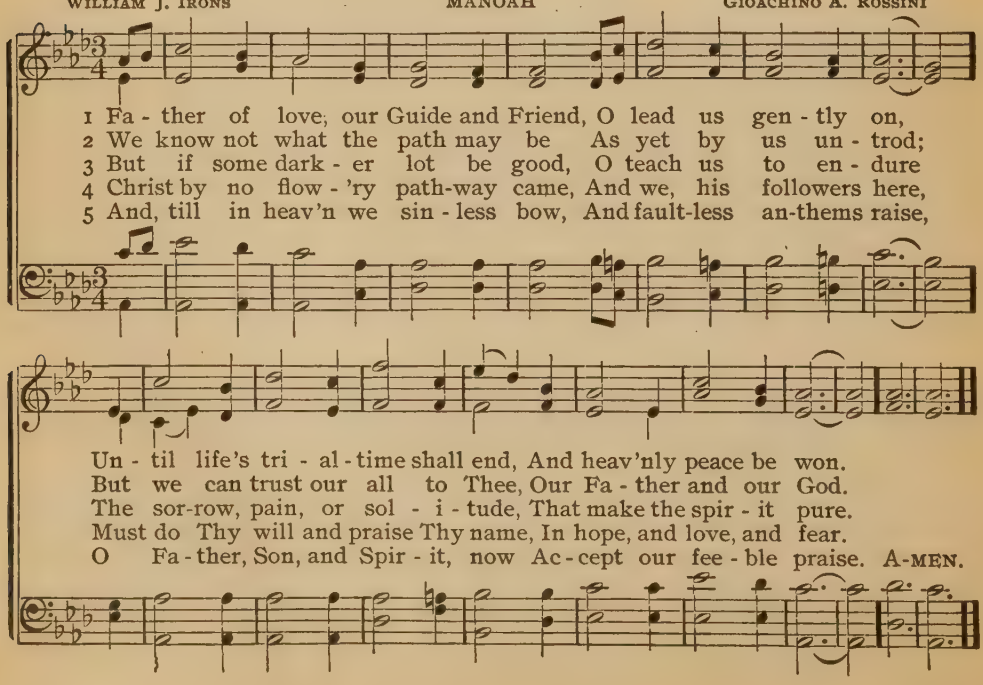
291 I know that my Redeemer lives

CHARLES WESLEY — BRADFORD — GEORGE F. HANDEL


1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives; He lives, who once was dead;
2 He lives tri - um-phant o'er the grave, At God's right hand on high,
3 He lives, that I may al - so live, And now His grace pro-claim;
4 Let strains of heav'n-ly mu - sic rise, While all their an - them sing
To me in grief He com-fort gives; With peace He crowns my head.
My ran-somed soul to keep and save, To bless and glo - ri - fy.
He lives, that I may hon - or give To His most ho - ly Name.
To Christ, my pre-cious Sac - ri - fice, And ev - er - liv - ing King. AMEN.

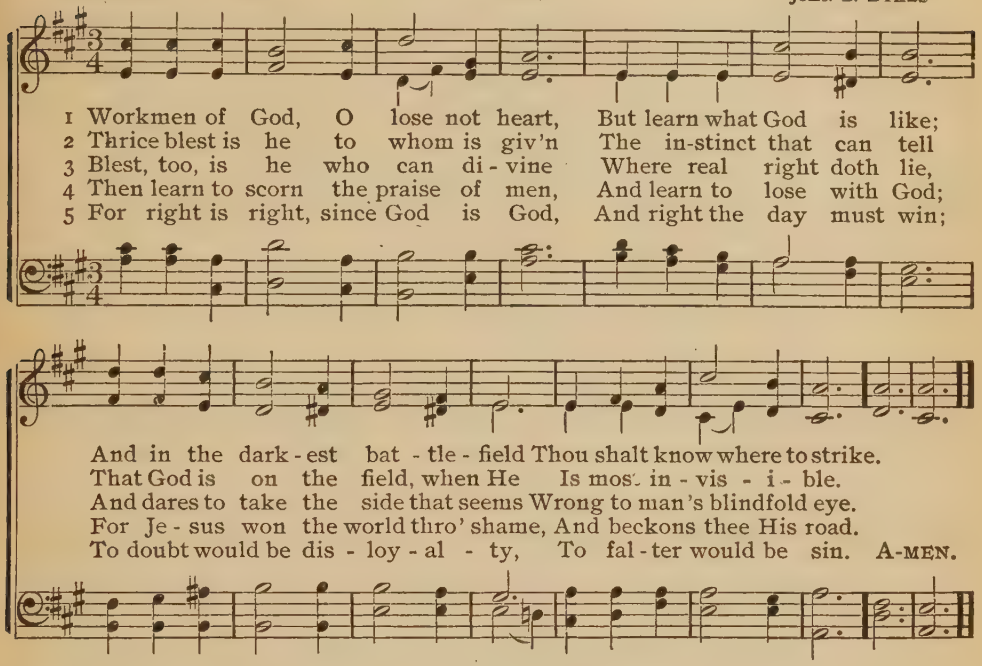
292 Father of love, our Guide and Friend

WILLIAM J. IRONS — MANOAH — GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI


1 Fa - ther of love, our Guide and Friend, O lead us gen - tly on,
2 We know not what the path may be As yet by us un - trod;
3 But if some dark - er lot be good, O teach us to en - dure
4 Christ by no flow - 'ry path-way came, And we, his followers here,
5 And, till in heav'n we sin - less bow, And fault-less an-thems raise,
Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heav'nly peace be won.
But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God.
The sor-row, pain, or sol - i - tude, That make the spir - it pure.
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name, In hope, and love, and fear.
O Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, now Ac - cept our fee - ble praise. A-MEN.

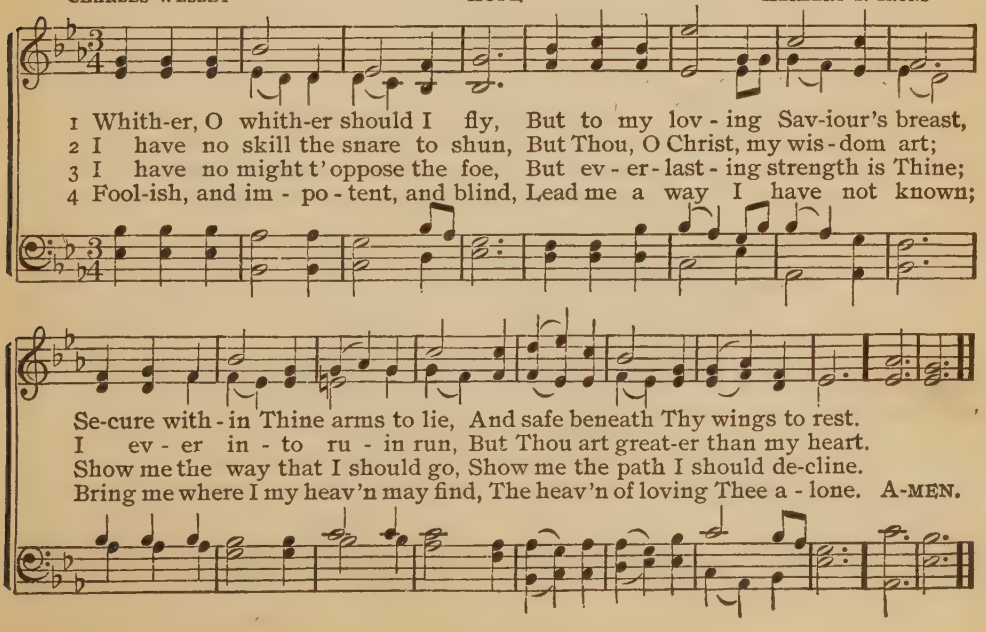
293 Workmen of God, O lose not heart

FREDERICK W. FABER — ST. AGNES — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Workmen of God, O lose not heart, But learn what God is like;
2 Thrice blest is he to whom is giv'n The in-stinct that can tell
3 Blest, too, is he who can di-vine Where real right doth lie,
4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
5 For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;
And in the dark-est bat-tle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.
That God is on the field, when He Is mos- in-vis-i-ble.
And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
For Je-sus won the world thro' shame, And beckons thee His road.
To doubt would be dis-loy-al-ty, To fal-ter would be sin. A-MEN.

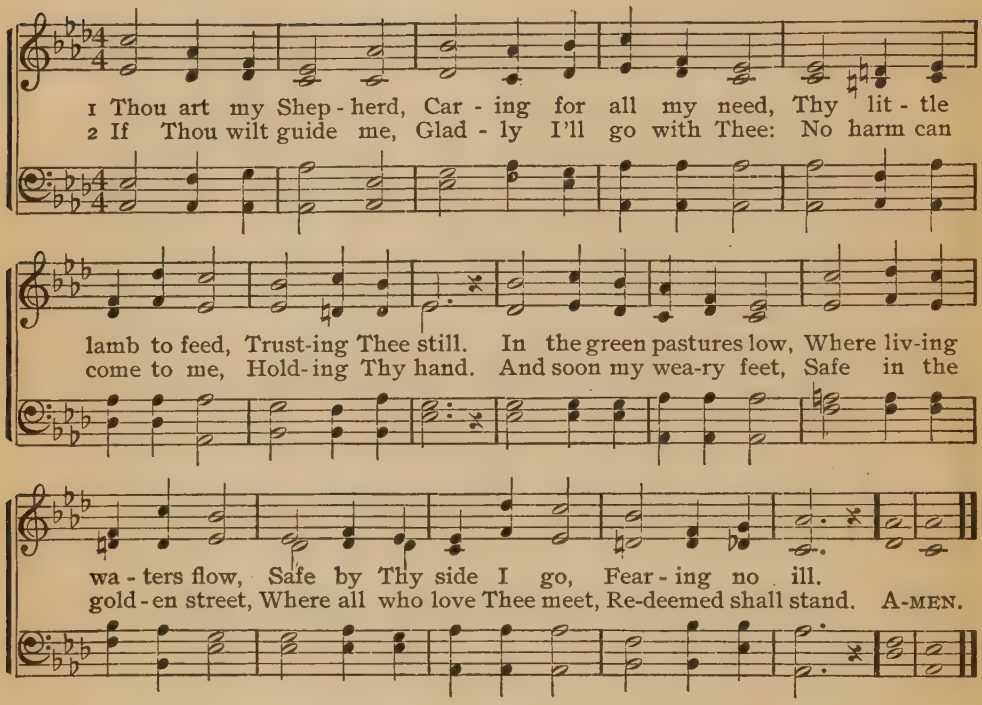
294 Whither, O whither should I fly

CHARLES WESLEY — HOPE — HERBERT S. IRONS


1 Whith-er, O whith-er should I fly, But to my lov-ing Sav-iour's breast,
2 I have no skill the snare to shun, But Thou, O Christ, my wis-dom art;
3 I have no might t' oppose the foe, But ev-er-last-ing strength is Thine;
4 Fool-ish, and im-po-tent, and blind, Lead me a way I have not known;
Se-cure with-in Thine arms to lie, And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.
I ev-er in-to ru-in run, But Thou art great-er than my heart.
Show me the way that I should go, Show me the path I should de-cline.
Bring me where I my heav'n may find, The heav'n of loving Thee a-lone. A-MEN.

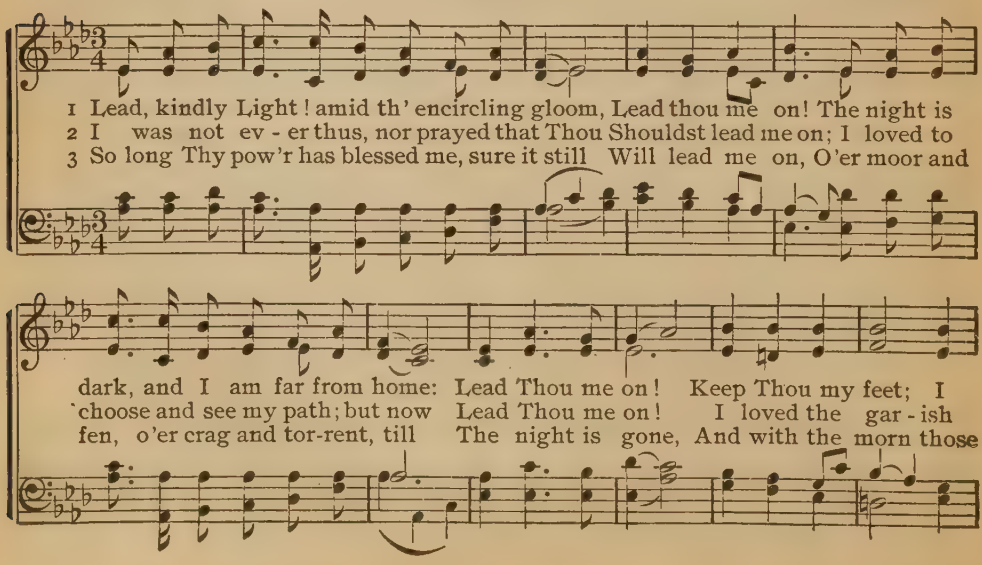
295 Thou art my Shepherd

M. B. THALHEIMER — KENDALL — JOHN CRAMER

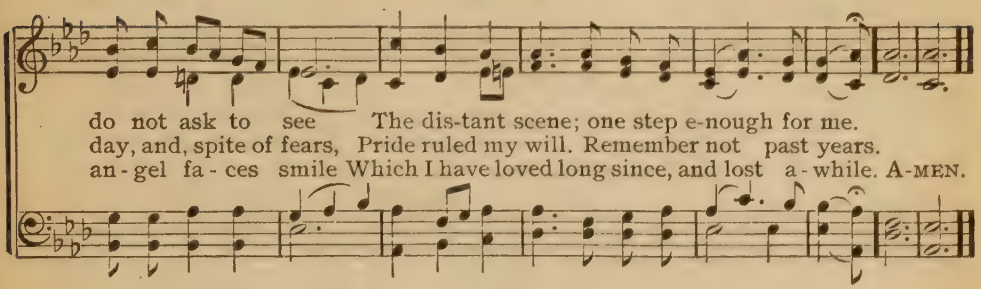

1 Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing for all my need, Thy lit - tle
2 If Thou wilt guide me, Glad - ly I'll go with Thee: No harm can
lamb to feed, Trust-ing Thee still. In the green pastures low, Where liv-ing
come to me, Hold-ing Thy hand. And soon my wea-ry feet, Safe in the
wa - ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
gold - en street, Where all who love Thee meet, Re-deemed shall stand. A-MEN.

296 Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom

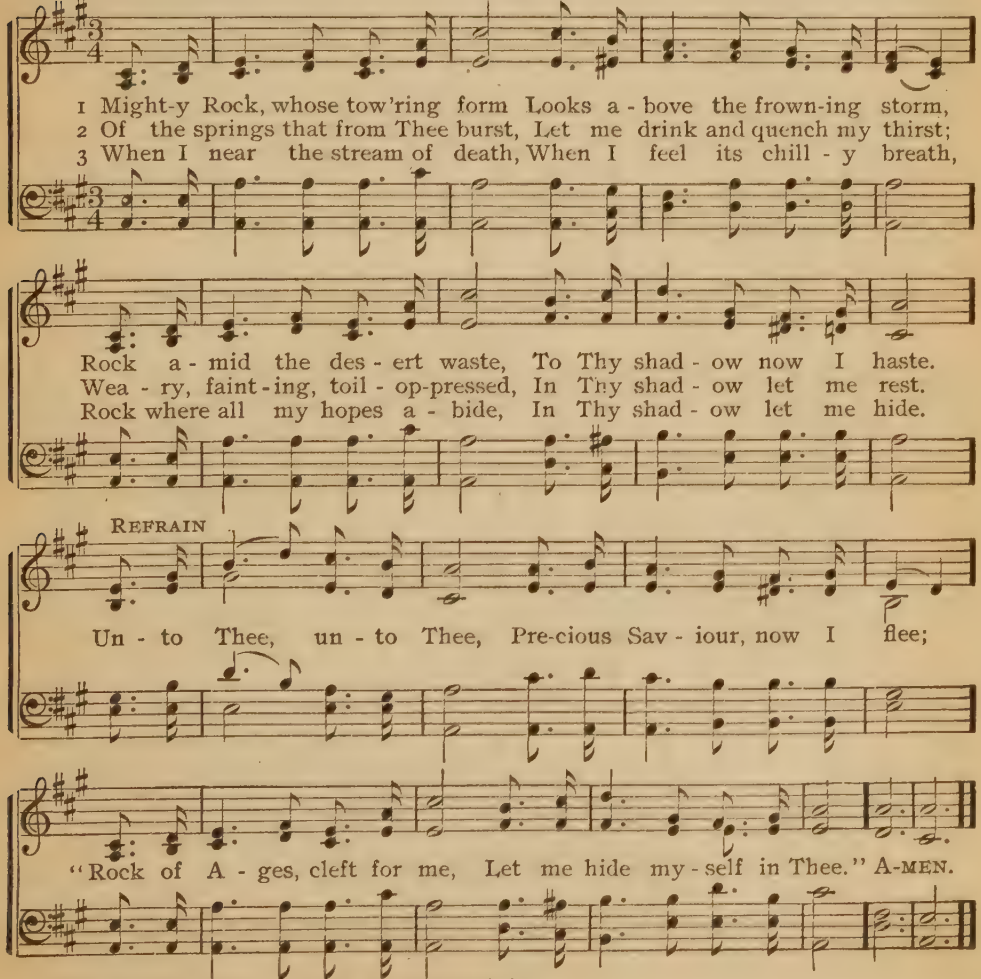
JOHN H. NEWMAN — LUX BENIGNA — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3 So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home: Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom


do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.
an-gel fa-ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while. A-MEN.

297 Mighty Rock, whose towering form

FANNY J. CROSBY WILES TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1 Might-y Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a-bove the frown-ing storm,
2 Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3 When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill-y breath,
Rock a-mid the des-ert waste, To Thy shad-ow now I haste.
Wea-ry, faint-ing, toil-op-pressed, In Thy shad-ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a-bide, In Thy shad-ow let me hide.
REFRAIN
Un-to Thee, un-to Thee, Pre-cious Sav-iour, now I flee;
"Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee." A-MEN.

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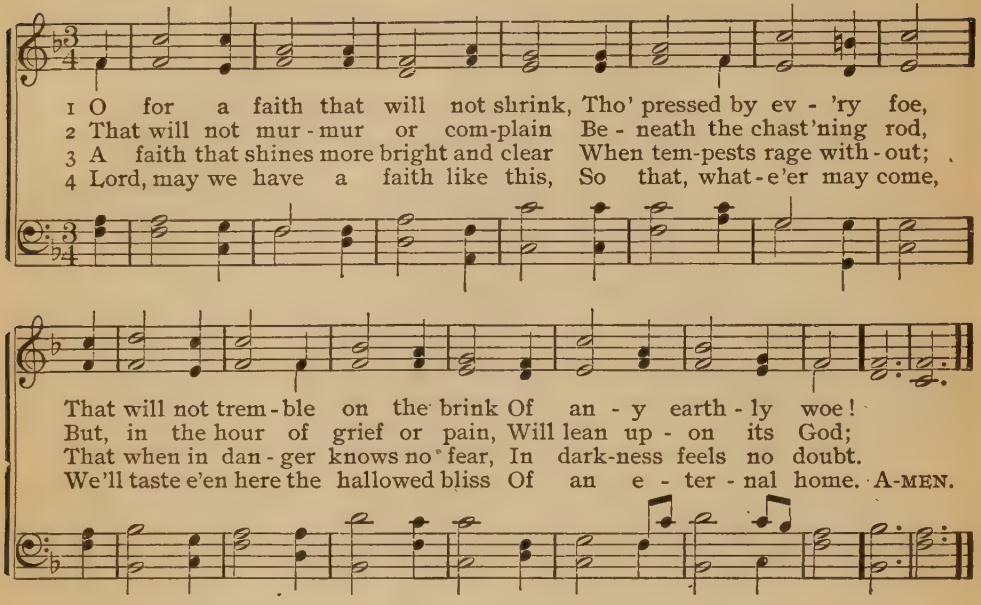
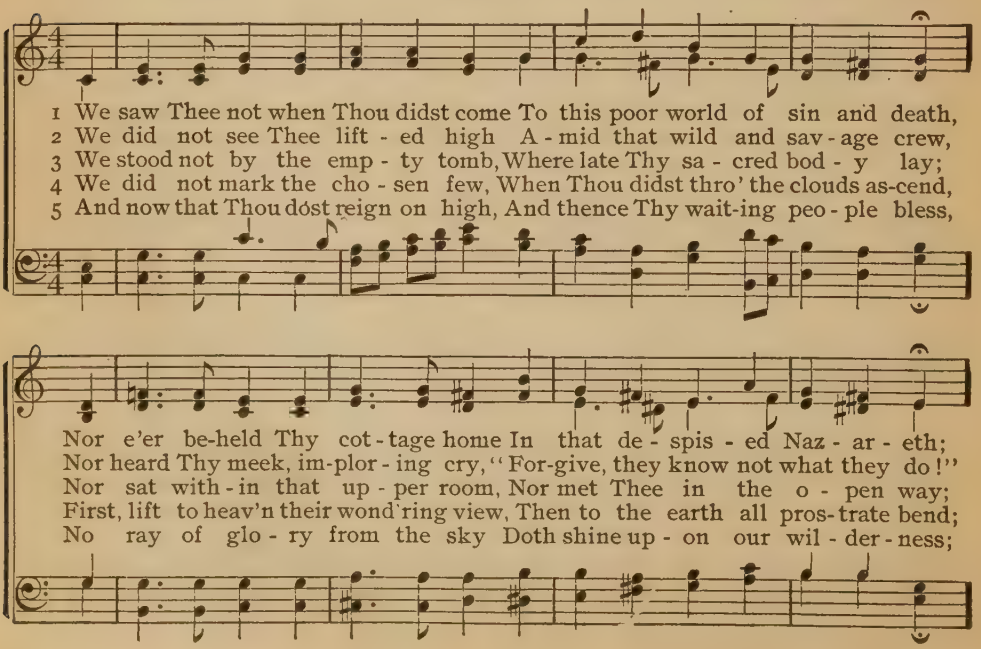
298 O for a faith that will not shrink

WILLIAM H. BATHURST — MEAR — AARON WILLIAMS

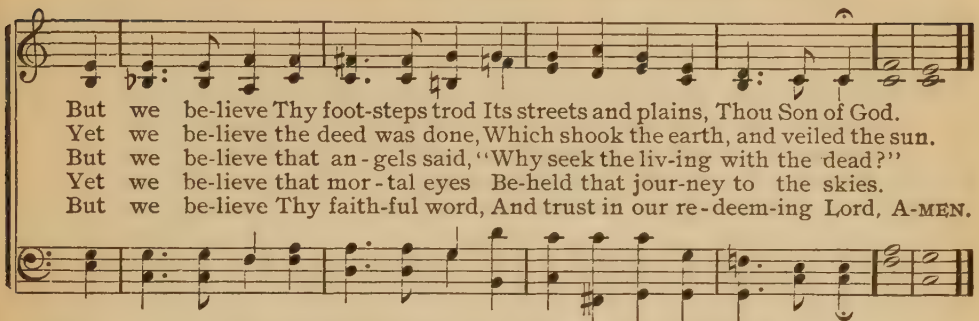

1 O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2 That will not mur - mur or com-plain Be - neath the chast'ning rod,
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with - out;
4 Lord, may we have a faith like this, So that, what - e'er may come,
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

299 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come

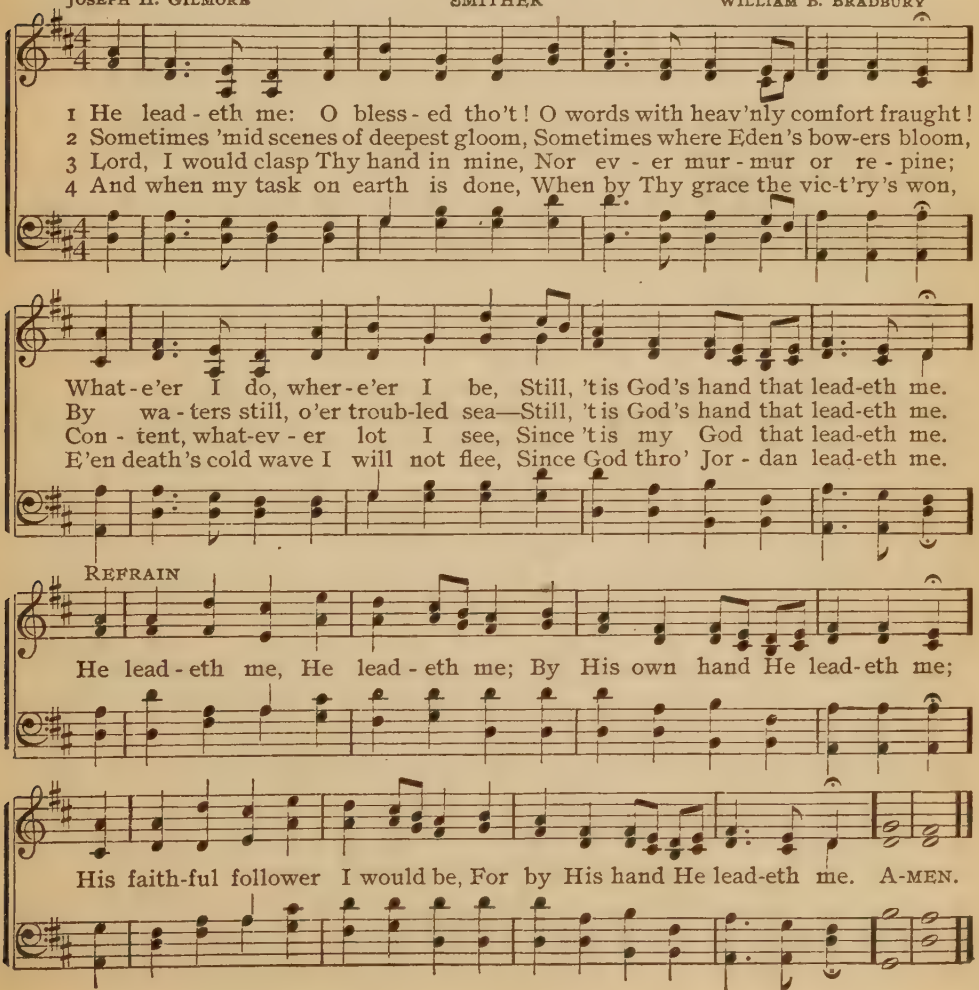
* * * — MELITA — JOHN B. DYKES


1 We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,
2 We did not see Thee lift - ed high A - mid that wild and sav - age crew,
3 We stood not by the emp - ty tomb, Where late Thy sa - cred bod - y lay;
4 We did not mark the cho - sen few, When Thou didst thro' the clouds as-cend,
5 And now that Thou dost reign on high, And thence Thy wait-ing peo - ple bless,
Nor e'er be-held Thy cot - tage home In that de - spis - ed Naz - ar - eth;
Nor heard Thy meek, im-plor - ing cry, "For-give, they know not what they do!"
Nor sat with - in that up - per room, Nor met Thee in the o - pen way;
First, lift to heav'n their wond'ring view, Then to the earth all pros-trate bend;
No ray of glo - ry from the sky Doth shine up - on our wil - der - ness;

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come

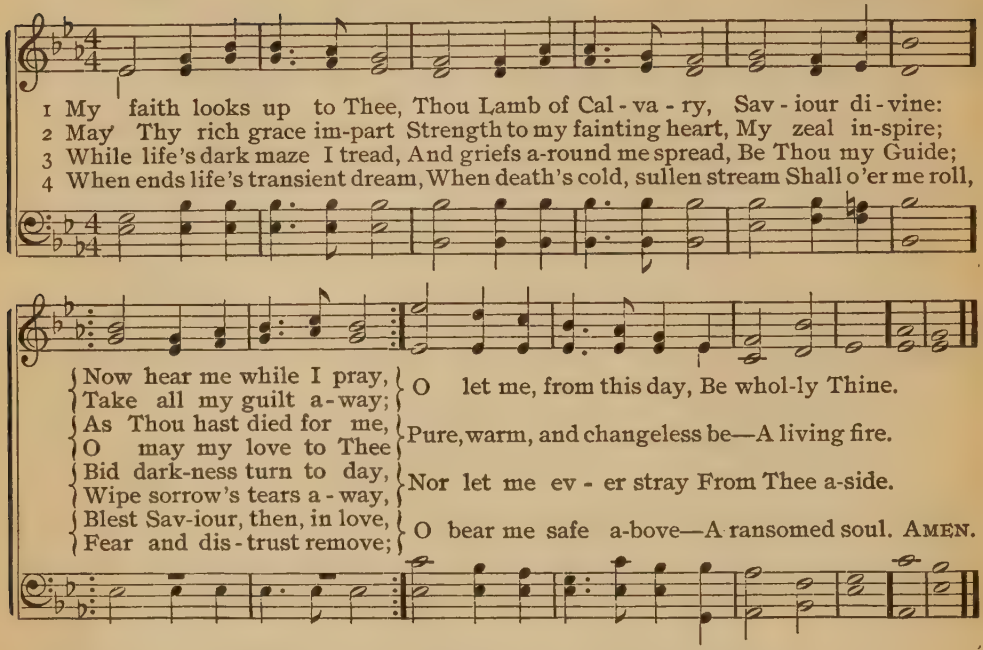

But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
Yet we be-lieve the deed was done, Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
Yet we be-lieve that mor-tal eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies.
But we be-lieve Thy faith-ful word, And trust in our re-deem-ing Lord, A-MEN.

300 He leadeth me: O blessed thought

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — SMITHER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1 He lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
4 And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 't is God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still, 't is God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

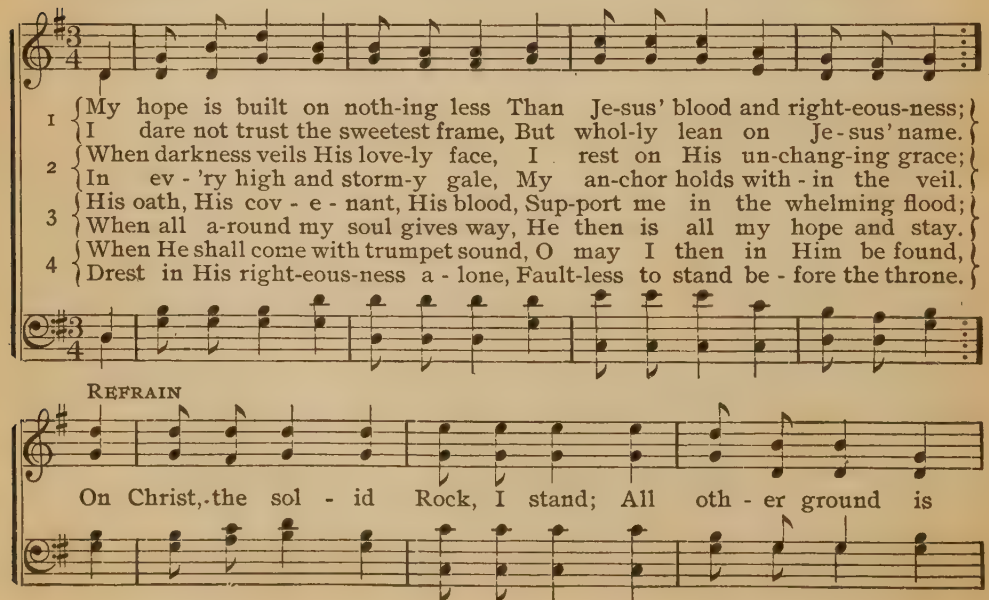
304 My faith looks up to Thee

RAY PALMER — OLIVET — LOWELL MASON

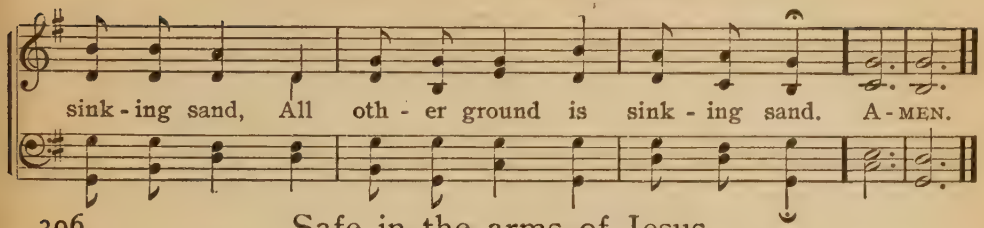

1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine:
2 May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire;
3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide;
4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way;
As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee
Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way,
Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis - trust remove;
O let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.
Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.
Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
O bear me safe a-bove—A ransomed soul. AMEN.

305 My hope is built on nothing less

EDWARD MOTE — SOLID ROCK — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
2 When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
3 His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood;
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4 When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.
REFRAIN
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

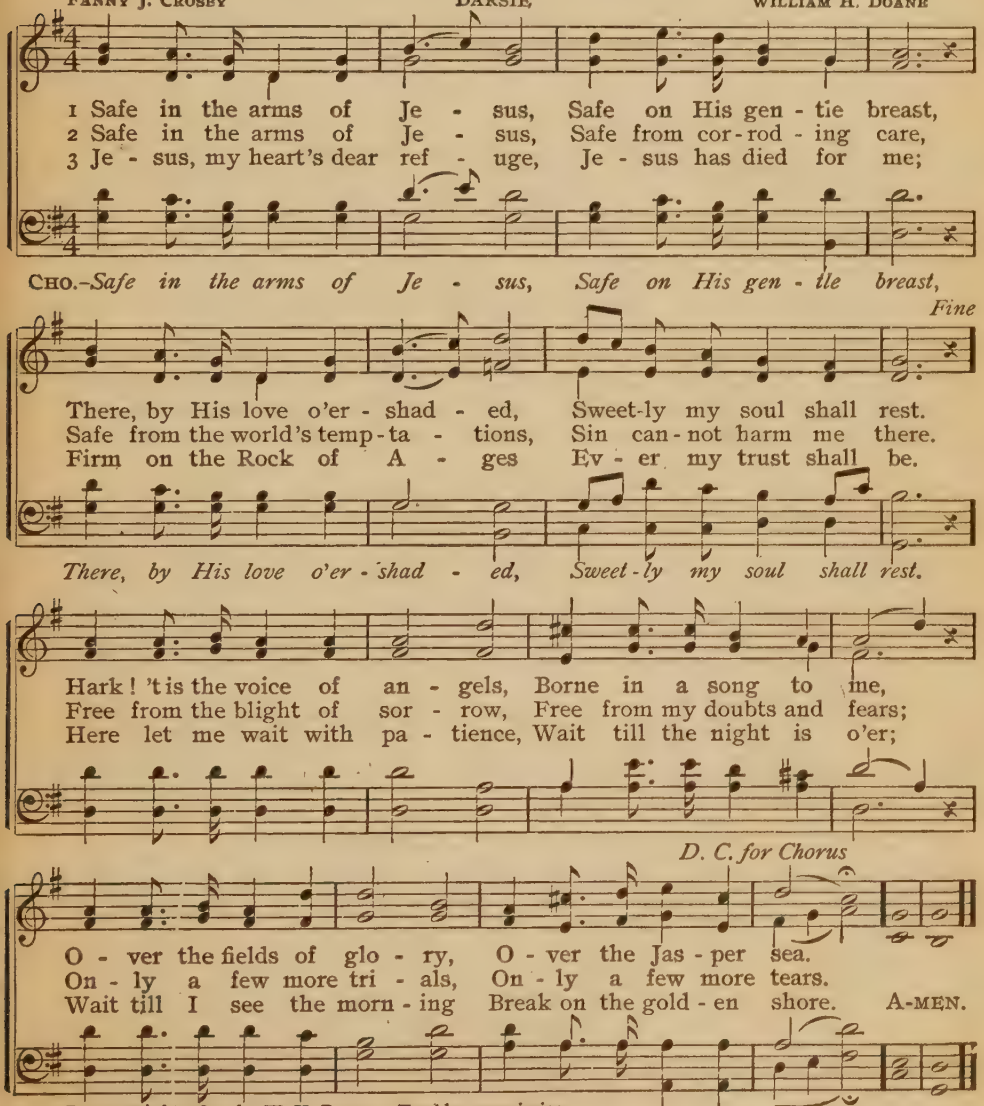
My hope is built on nothing less



306

Safe in the arms of Jesus

FANNY J. CROSBY DARSIE WILLIAM H. DOANE


1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tie breast,
2 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3 Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
CHO.–Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
Fine
There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.
There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 't is the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C. for Chorus
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. A-MEN.

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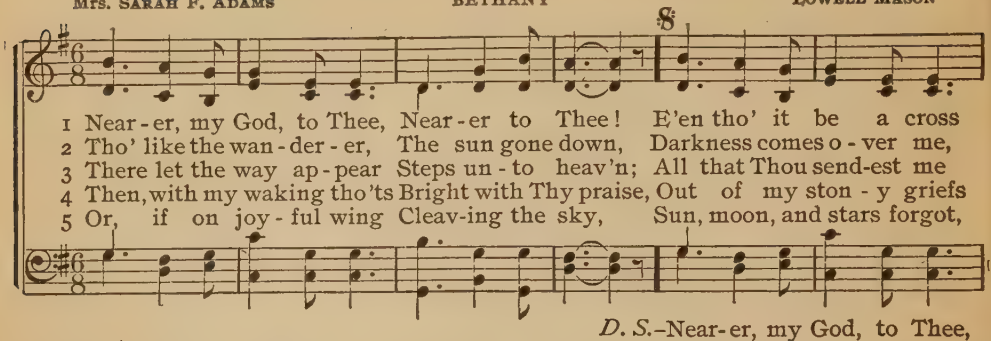
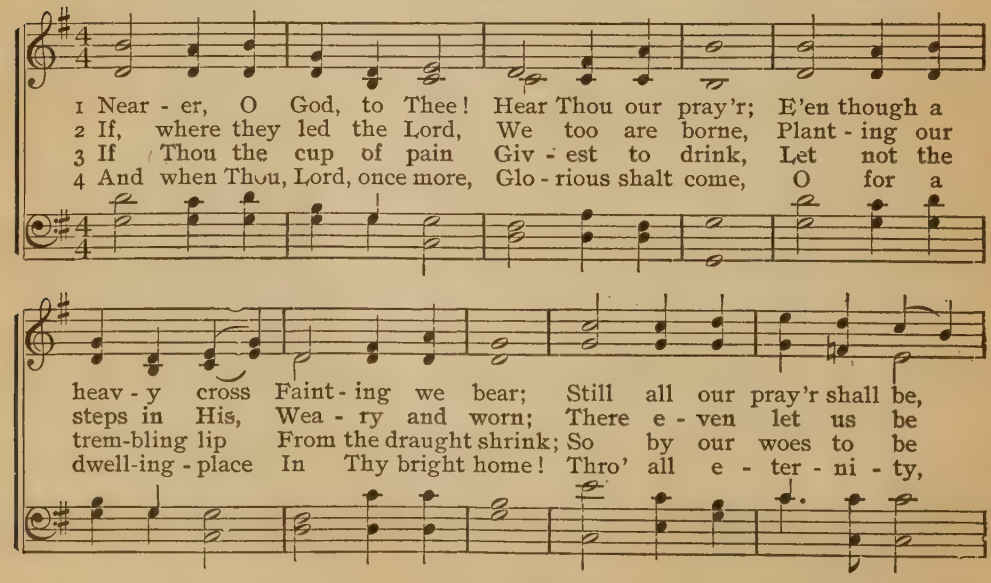
307 Nearer, my God, to Thee

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams — BETHANY — Lowell Mason

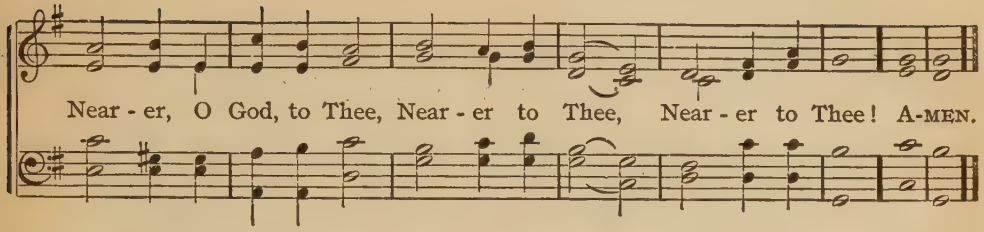

1 Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2 Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness comes o-ver me,
3 There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4 Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
5 Or, if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
D. S.–Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Fine
D. S.
That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, A-MEN.
Near-er to Thee!

308 Nearer, O God, to Thee

William W. How — PROPIOR DEO — Arthur S. Sullivan

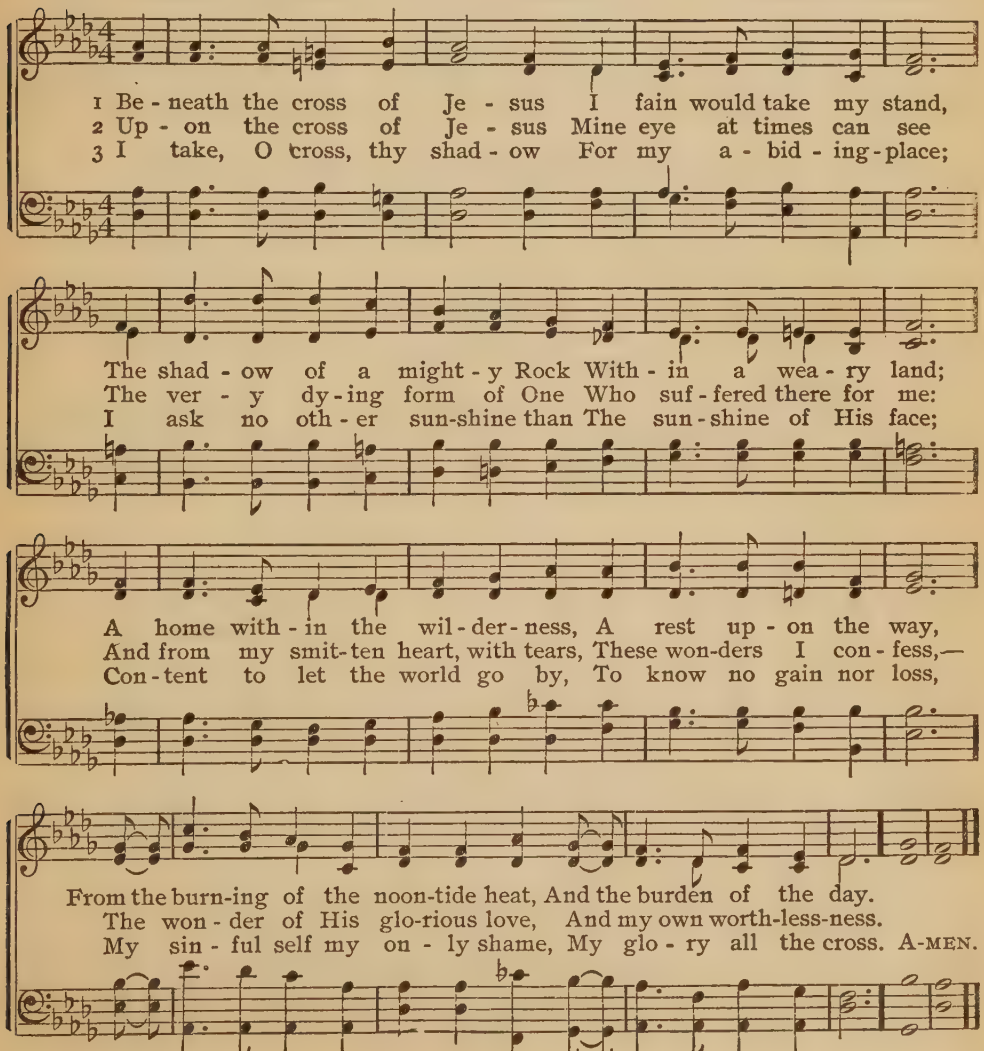

1 Near-er, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou our pray'r; E'en though a
2 If, where they led the Lord, We too are borne, Plant-ing our
3 If Thou the cup of pain Giv-est to drink, Let not the
4 And when Thou, Lord, once more, Glo-rious shalt come, O for a
heav-y cross Faint-ing we bear; Still all our pray'r shall be,
steps in His, Wea-ry and worn; There e-ven let us be
trem-bling lip From the draught shrink; So by our woes to be
dwell-ing-place In Thy bright home! Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty,

Nearer, O God, to Thee



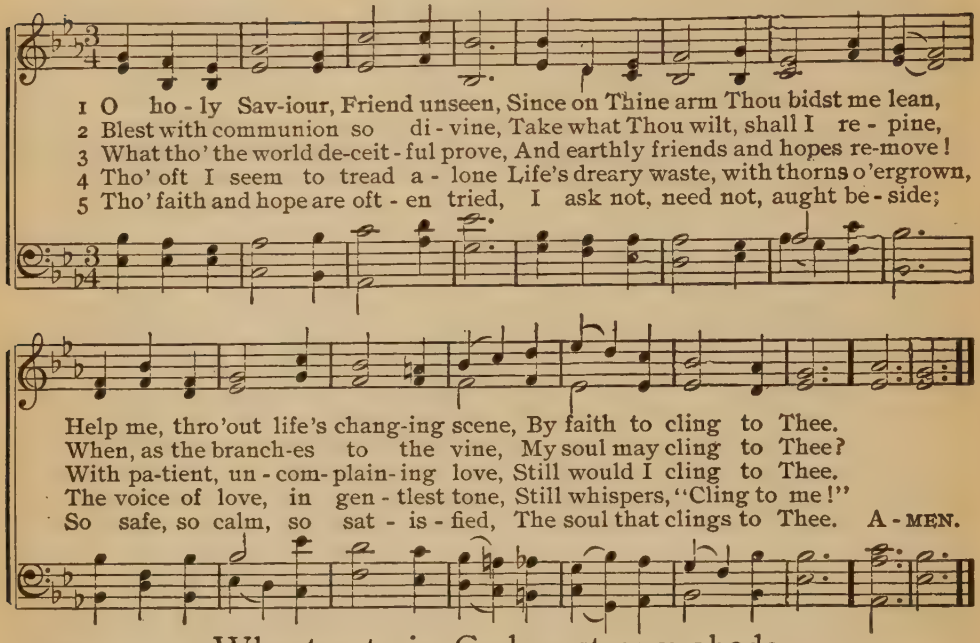
309

Beneath the cross of Jesus

MRS. ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE ST. CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK C. MAKER

1 Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2 Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3 I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place;
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart, with tears, These won-ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the burden of the day.
The won - der of His glo-rious love, And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A-MEN.

310 O holy Saviour, Friend unseen

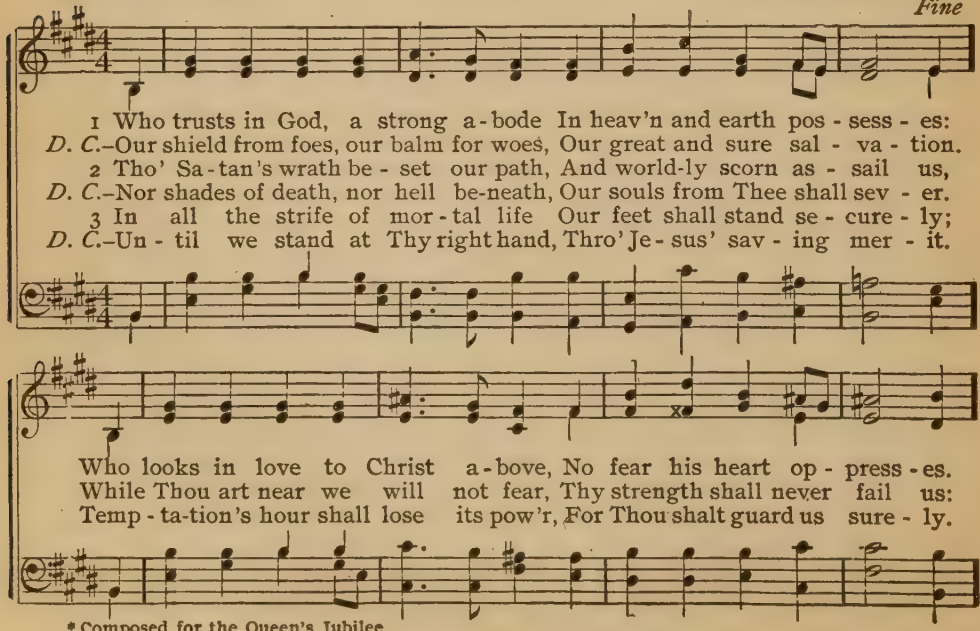
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — MISERECORDIA — HENRY SMART


1 O ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend unseen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
2 Blest with communion so di - vine, Take what Thou wilt, shall I re - pine,
3 What tho' the world de-ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re-move!
4 Tho' oft I seem to tread a - lone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
5 Tho' faith and hope are oft - en tried, I ask not, need not, aught be - side;
Help me, thro'out life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
When, as the branch-es to the vine, My soul may cling to Thee?
With pa-tient, un - com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
The voice of love, in gen - tlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
So safe, so calm, so sat - is - fied, The soul that clings to Thee. A - MEN.

311 Who trusts in God, a strong abode

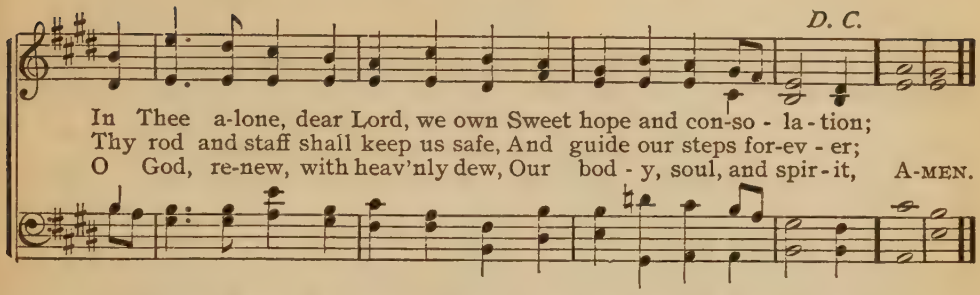
JOACHIM MADGEBURG
Tr. by B. H. KENNEDY — JUBILEE* — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Fine

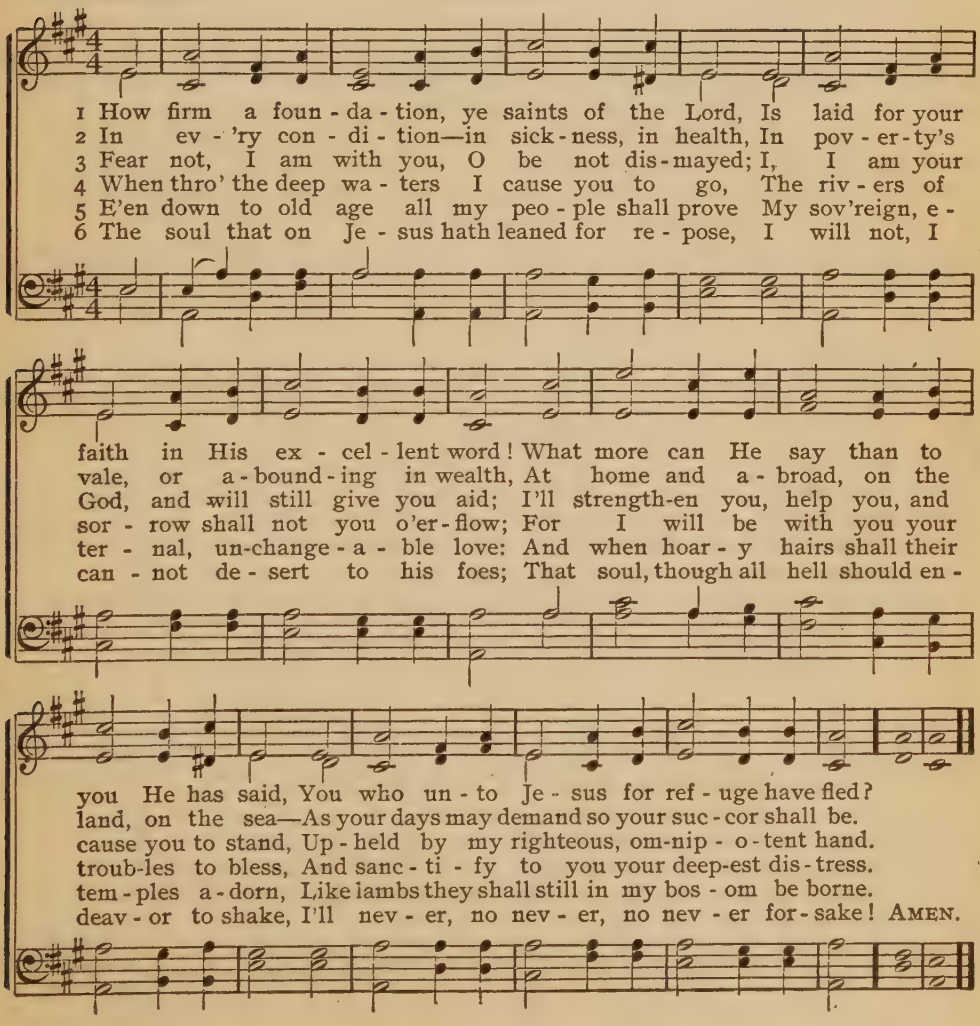

1 Who trusts in God, a strong a - bode In heav'n and earth pos - sess - es:
D. C.–Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.
2 Tho' Sa - tan's wrath be - set our path, And world-ly scorn as - sail us,
D. C.–Nor shades of death, nor hell be-neath, Our souls from Thee shall sev - er.
3 In all the strife of mor - tal life Our feet shall stand se - cure - ly;
D. C.–Un - til we stand at Thy right hand, Thro' Je - sus' sav - ing mer - it.
Who looks in love to Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es.
While Thou art near we will not fear, Thy strength shall never fail us:
Temp - ta-tion's hour shall lose its pow'r, For Thou shalt guard us sure - ly.

* Composed for the Queen's Jubilee

Who trusts in God, a strong abode

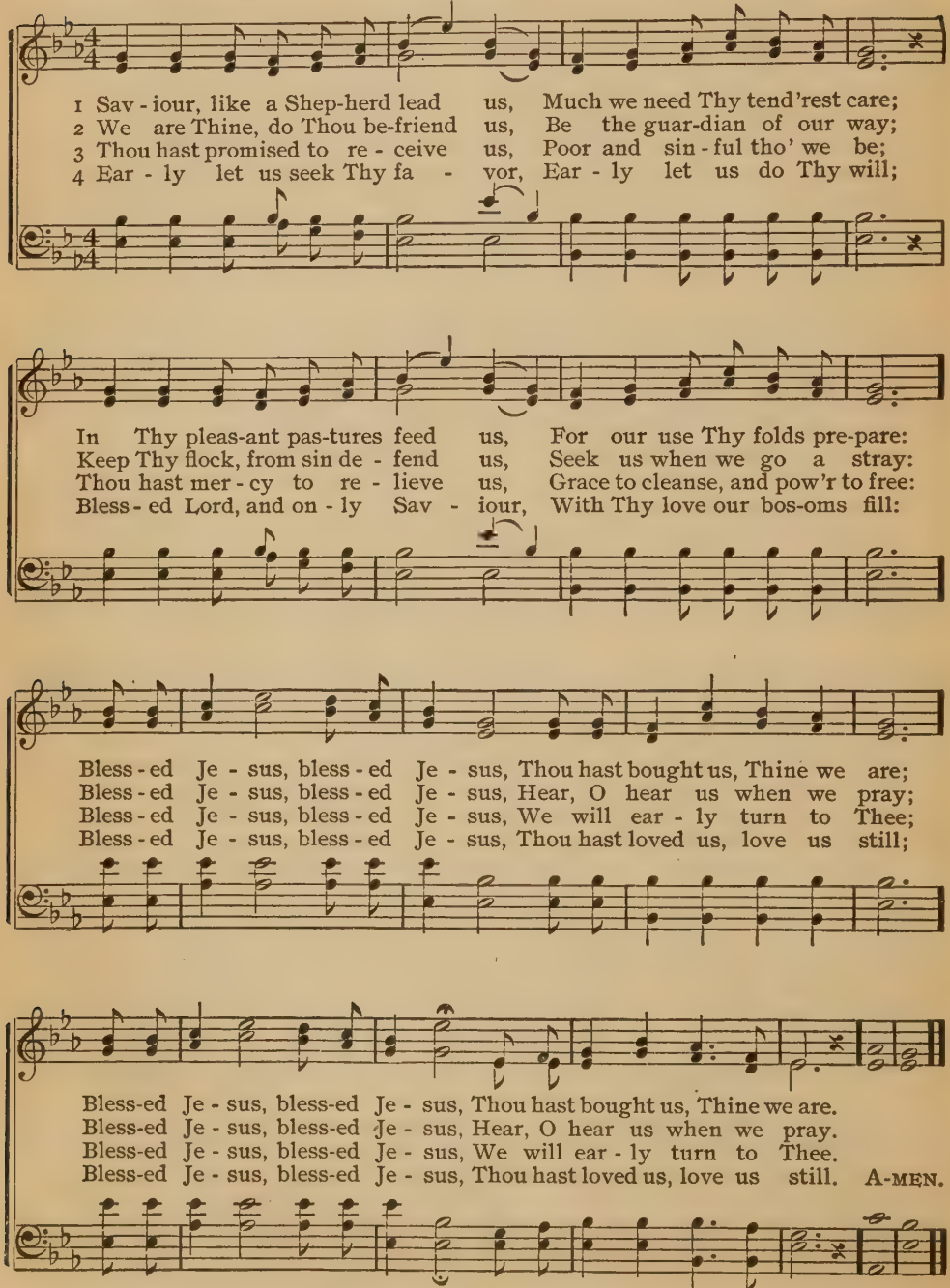

D. C.
In Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con-so - la-tion;
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe, And guide our steps for-ev - er;
O God, re-new, with heav'nly dew, Our bod - y, soul, and spir-it, A-MEN.

312 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord

GEORGE KEITH FOUNDATION * * *

1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2 In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3 Fear not, I am with you, O be not dis-mayed; I, I am your
4 When thro' the deep wa - ters I cause you to go, The riv - ers of
5 E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -
6 The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the
God, and will still give you aid; I'll strength-en you, help you, and
sor - row shall not you o'er-flow; For I will be with you your
ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love: And when hoar - y hairs shall their
can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -
you He has said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea—As your days may demand so your suc - cor shall be.
cause you to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om-nip - o - tent hand.
troub-les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to you your deep-est dis - tress.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake! AMEN.

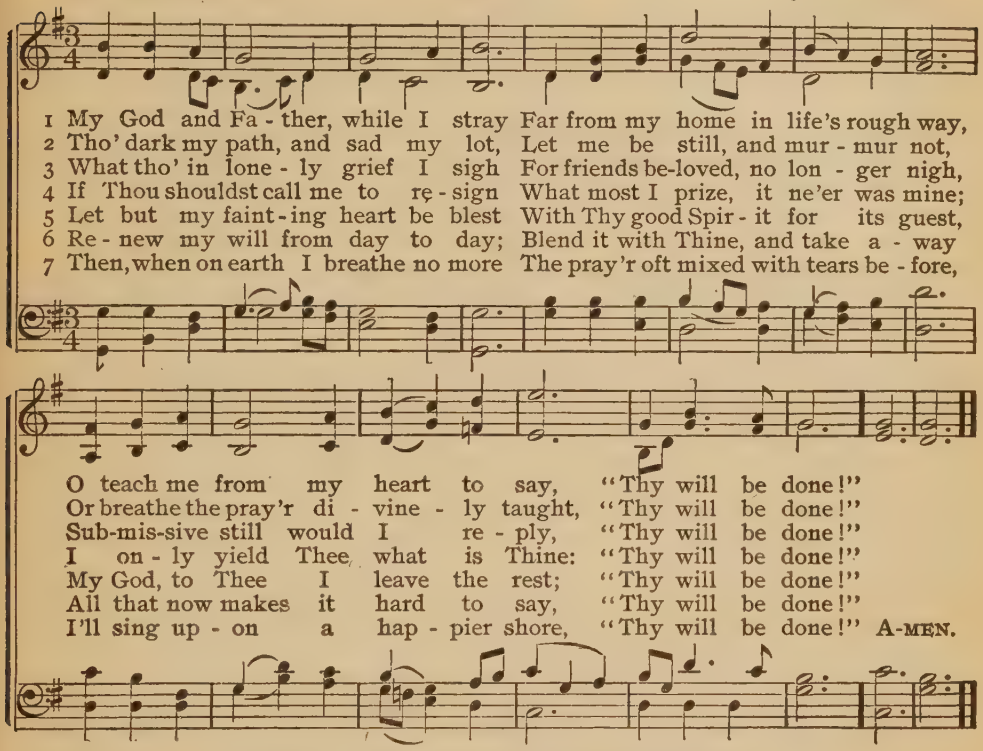
313

Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us

DOROTHY A. THRUPP — RUSSELL — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1 Sav - iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2 We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guar-dian of our way;
3 Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
4 Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A-MEN.

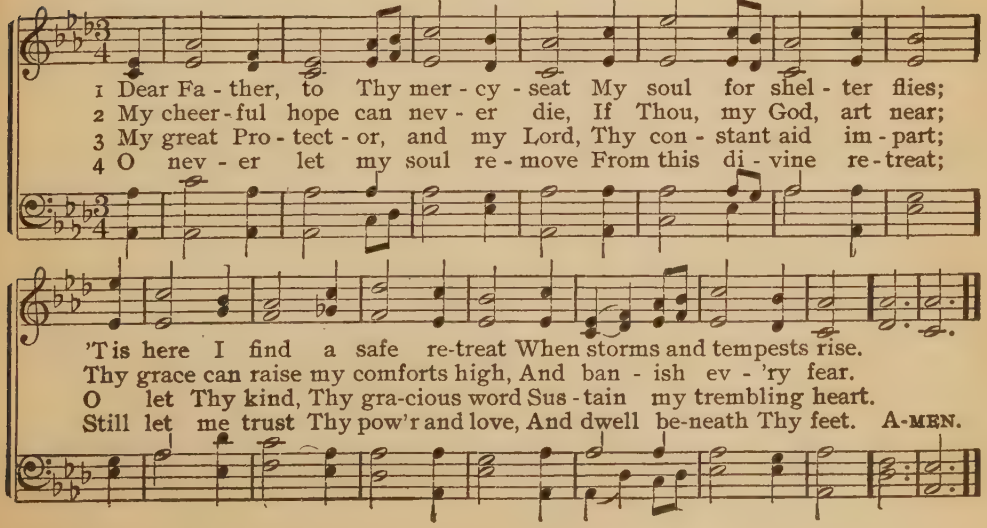
314 My God and Father, while I stray

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,
2 Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still, and mur - mur not,
3 What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no lon - ger nigh,
4 If Thou shouldst call me to re - sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
5 Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy good Spir - it for its guest,
6 Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take a - way
7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r oft mixed with tears be - fore,
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"
Sub-mis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
I on - ly yield Thee what is Thine: "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will be done!"
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.

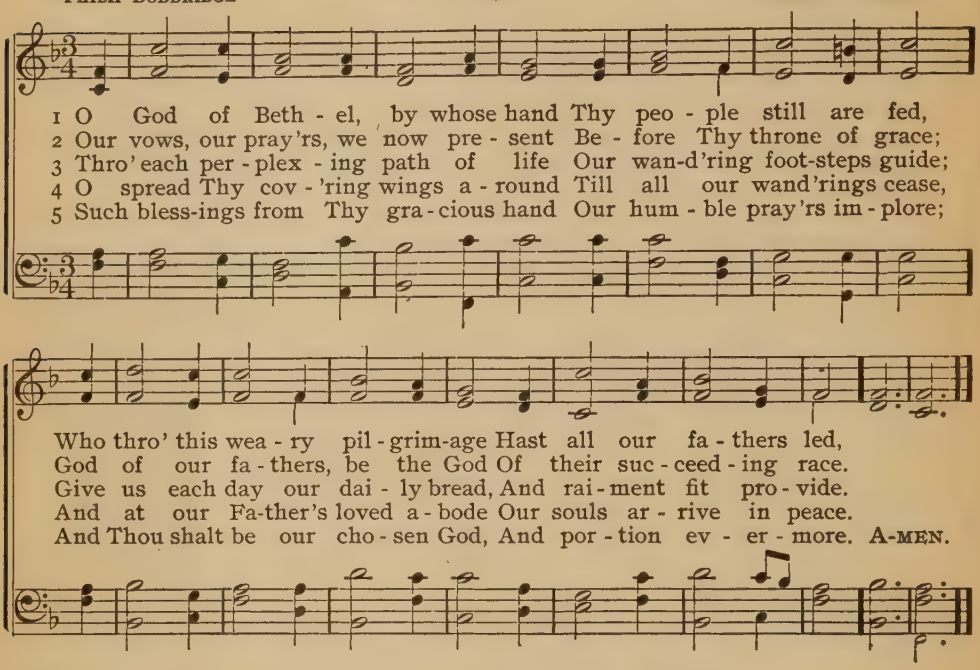
315 Dear Father, to Thy mercy-seat

ANNE STEELE — AVON — HUGH WILSON

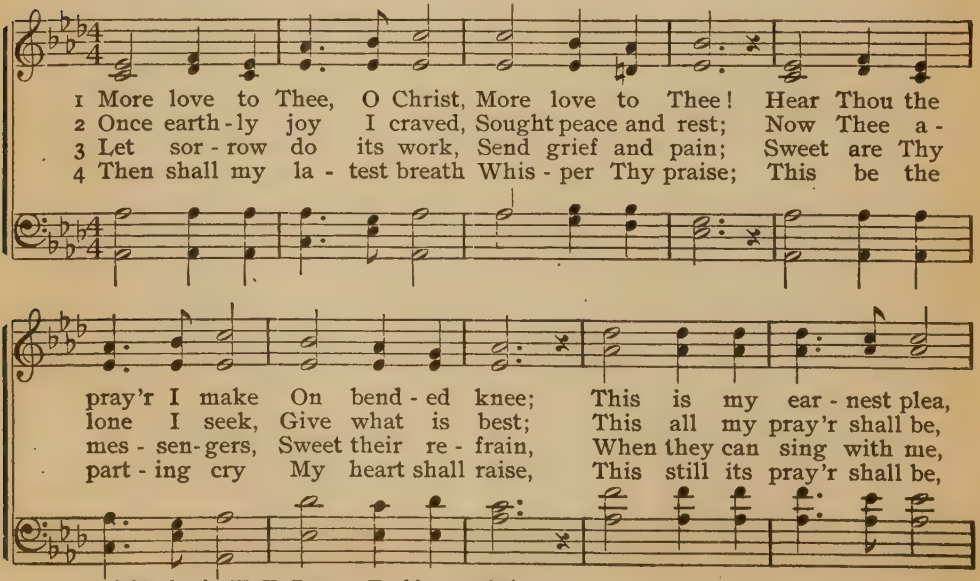

1 Dear Fa - ther, to Thy mer - cy - seat My soul for shel - ter flies;
2 My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3 My great Pro - tect - or, and my Lord, Thy con - stant aid im - part;
4 O nev - er let my soul re - move From this di - vine re - treat;
'T is here I find a safe re-treat When storms and tempests rise.
Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
O let Thy kind, Thy gra-cious word Sus - tain my trembling heart.
Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet. A-MEN.

316 O God of Bethel, by whose hand

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — MEAR — AARON WILLIAMS


1 O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed,
2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3 Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
4 O spread Thy cov - 'ring wings a - round Till all our wand'rings cease,
5 Such bless-ings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;
Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led,
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa-ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.
And Thou shalt be our cho - sen God, And por - tion ev - er - more. A-MEN.

317 More love to Thee, O Christ

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS — PENDLETON — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2 Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3 Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4 Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,

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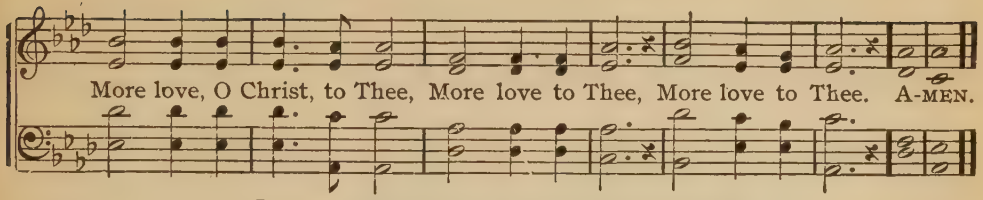
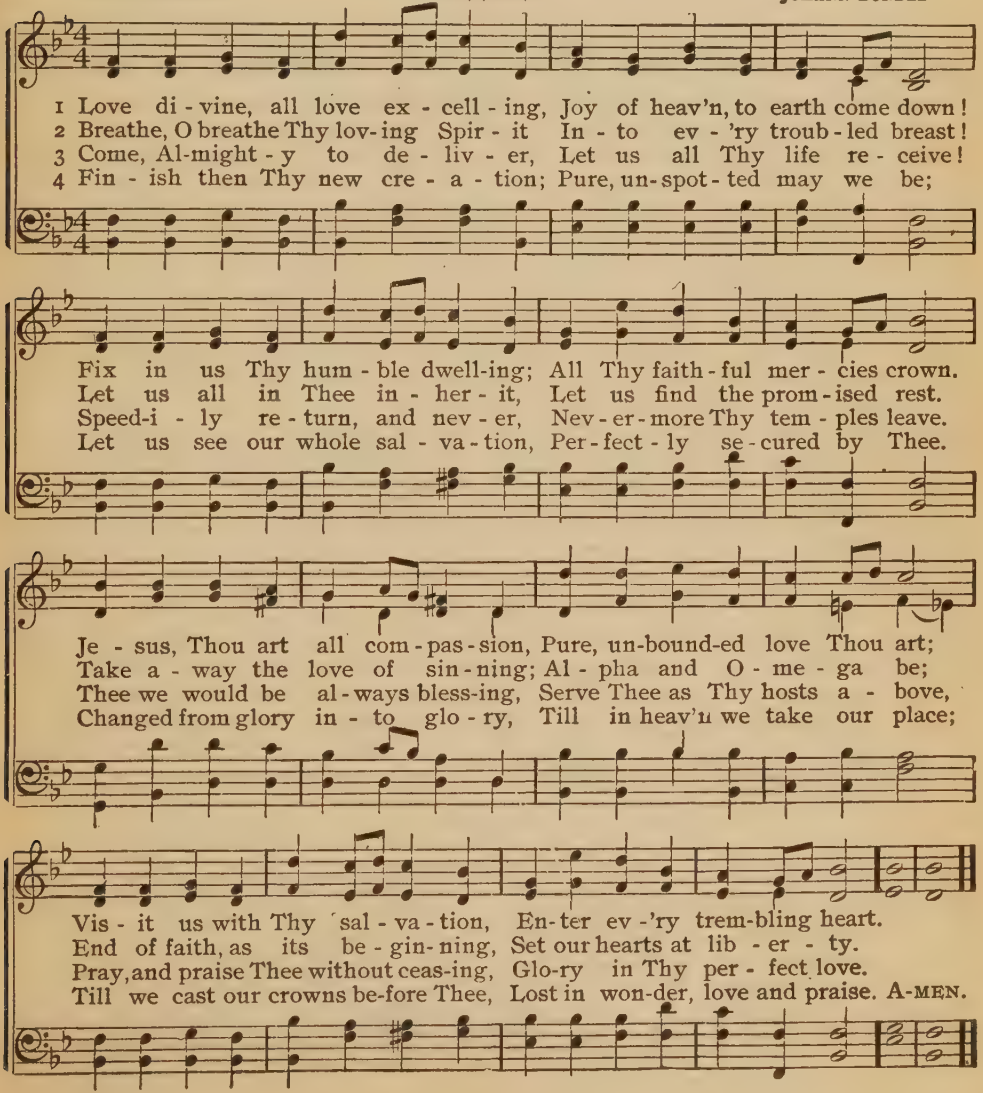
More love to Thee, O Christ



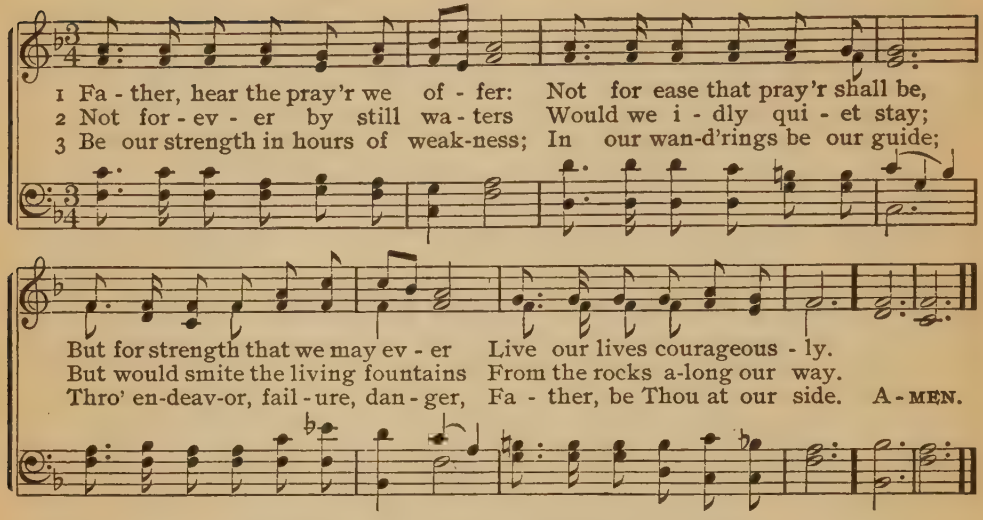
318 Love divine, all love excelling

CHARLES WESLEY — BEECHER — JOHANN ZUNDEL


1 Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3 Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive!
4 Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure, un-spot - ted may we be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
Speed-i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise. A-MEN.

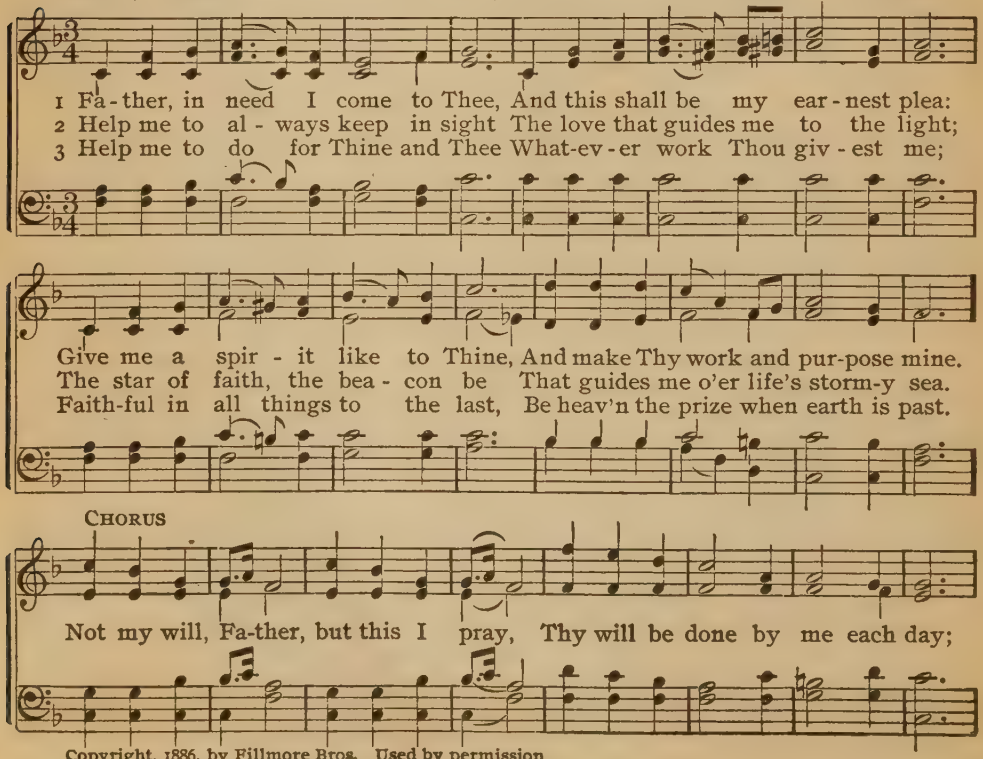
319 Father, hear the prayer we offer

* * * ST. SYLVESTER JOHN B. DYKES


1 Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
2 Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly qui - et stay;
3 Be our strength in hours of weak-ness; In our wan-d'rings be our guide;
But for strength that we may ev - er Live our lives courageous - ly.
But would smite the living fountains From the rocks a-long our way.
Thro' en-deav-or, fail - ure, dan - ger, Fa - ther, be Thou at our side. A - MEN.

320 Father, in need I come to Thee

EBEN E. REXFORD THY WILL BE DONE FREDERICK A. FILLMORE


1 Fa - ther, in need I come to Thee, And this shall be my ear - nest plea:
2 Help me to al - ways keep in sight The love that guides me to the light;
3 Help me to do for Thine and Thee What-ev - er work Thou giv - est me;
Give me a spir - it like to Thine, And make Thy work and pur-pose mine.
The star of faith, the bea - con be That guides me o'er life's storm-y sea.
Faith-ful in all things to the last, Be heav'n the prize when earth is past.
CHORUS
Not my will, Fa-ther, but this I pray, Thy will be done by me each day;

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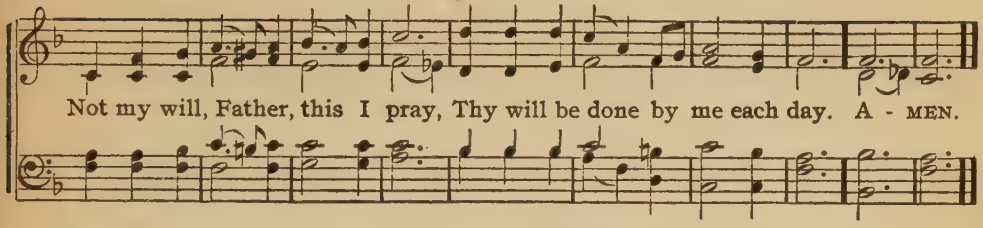
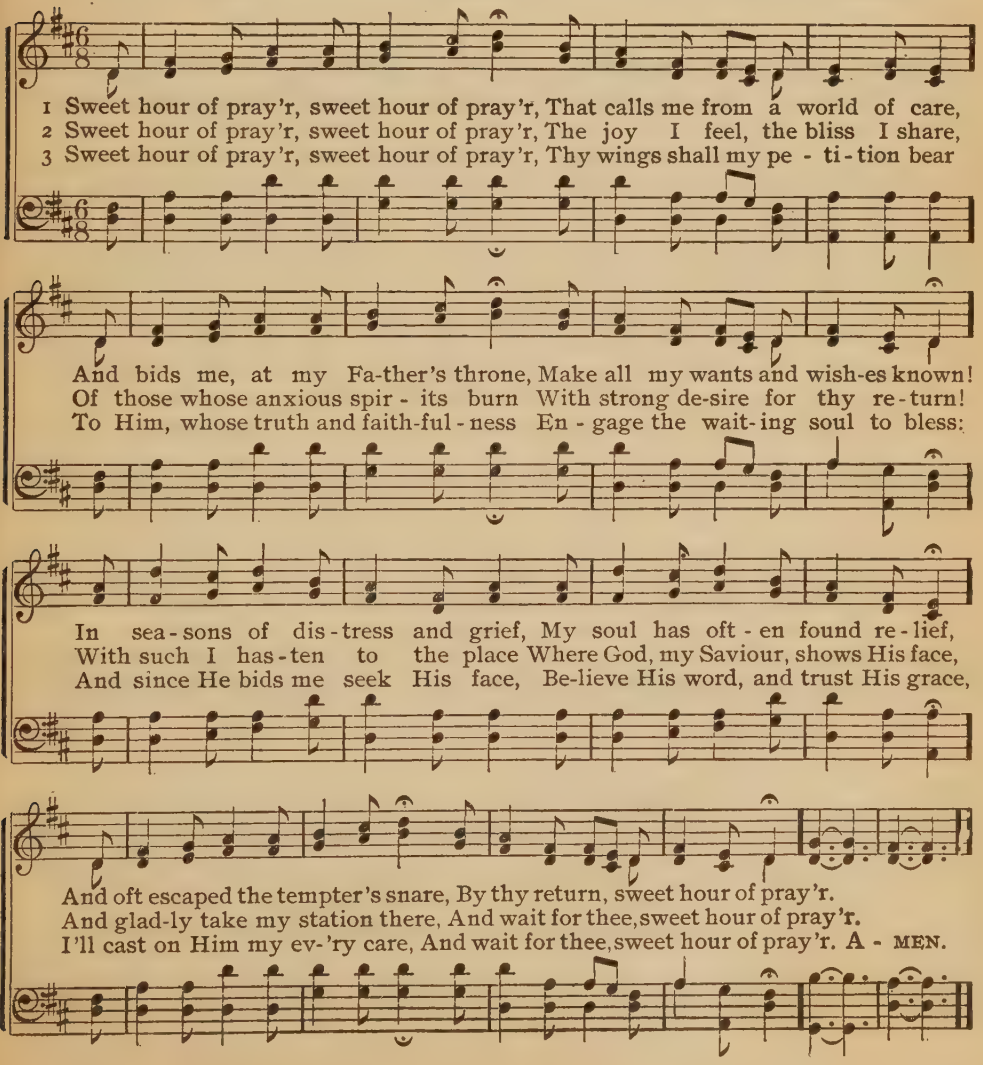
Father, in need I come to Thee



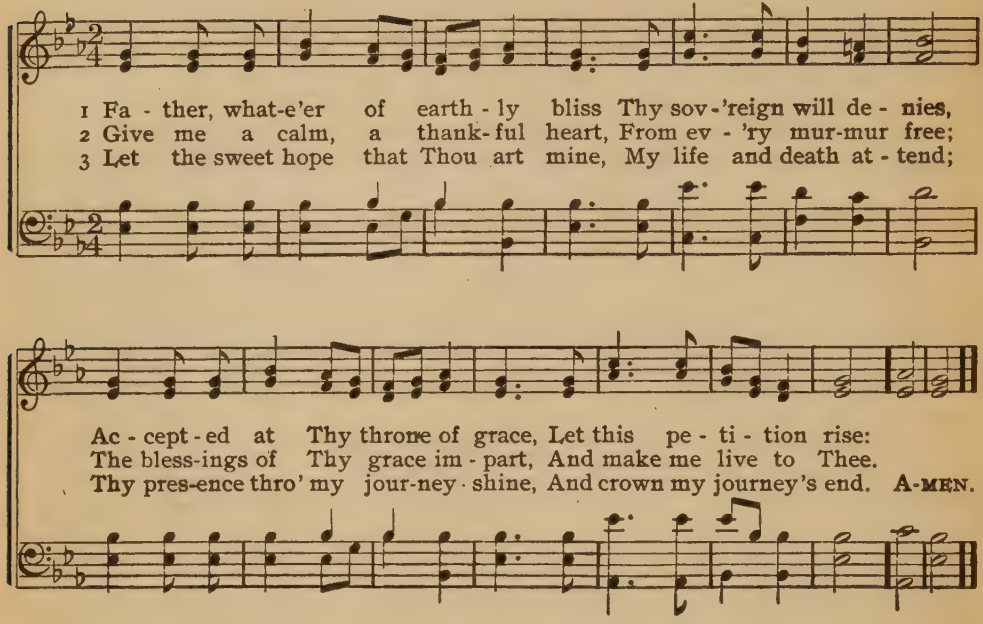
321 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer

WILLIAM W. WALFORD WALFORD WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3 Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sire for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r. A - MEN.

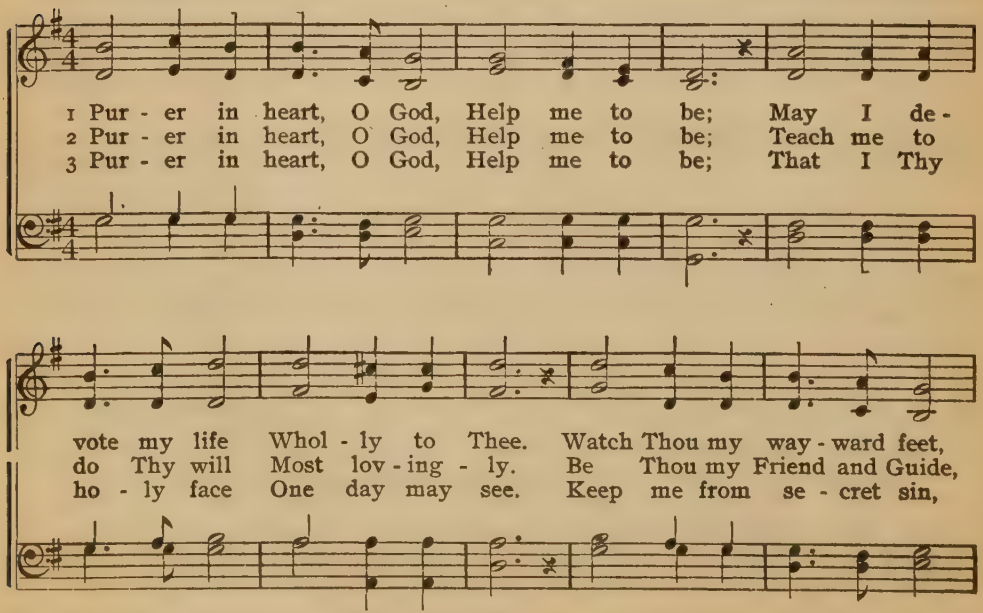
322 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

ANNE STEELE NAOMI HANS G. NAGELI

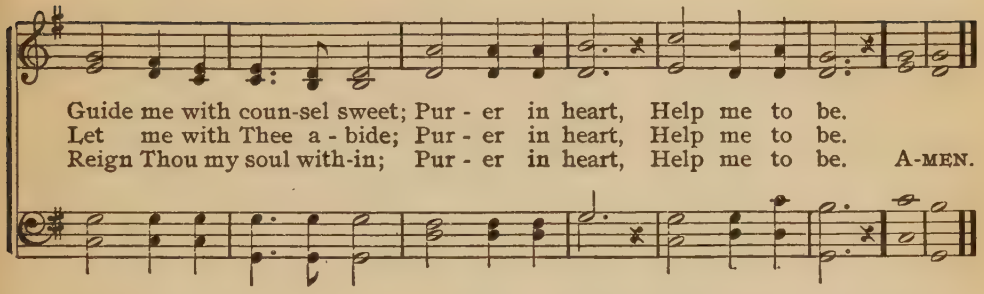

1 Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2 Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;
Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless-ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end. A-MEN.

323 Purer in heart, O God

MRS. ANNA L. DAVISON PURER IN HEART JAMES H. FILLMORE

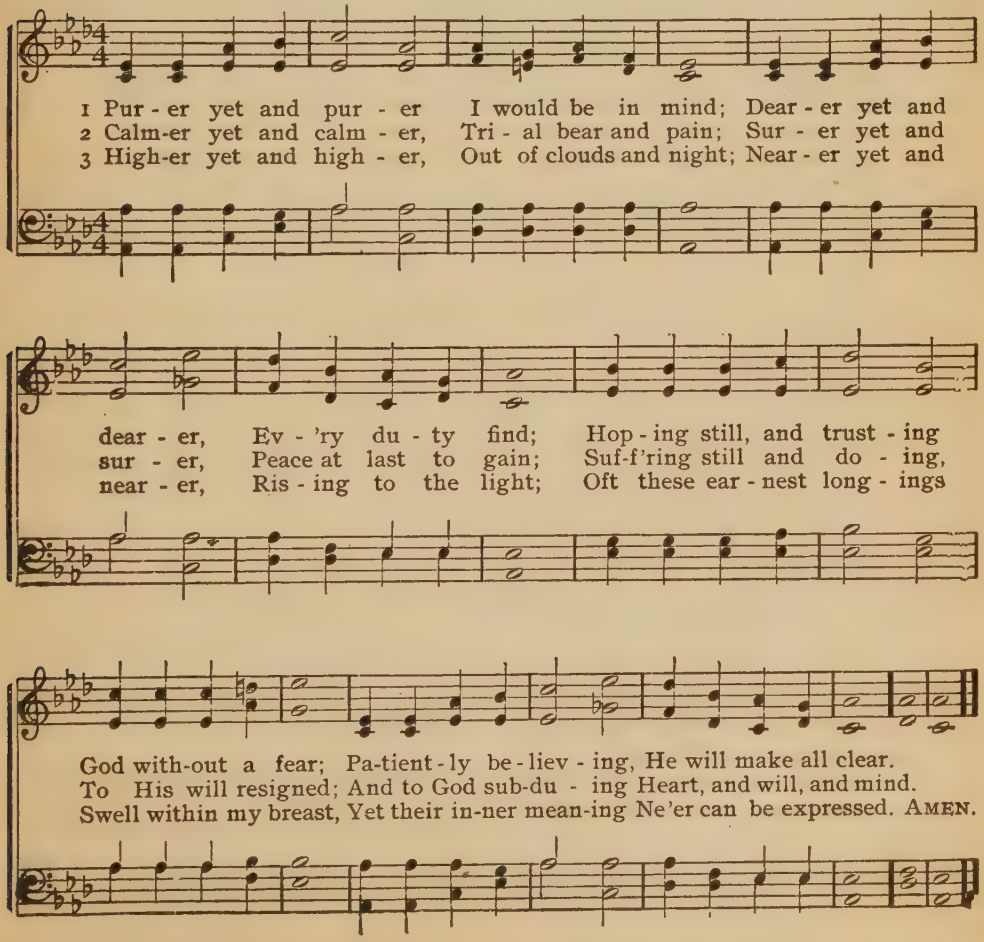

1 Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de -
2 Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3 Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy
vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,
do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Purer in heart, O God


Guide me with coun-sel sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul with-in; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be. A-MEN.

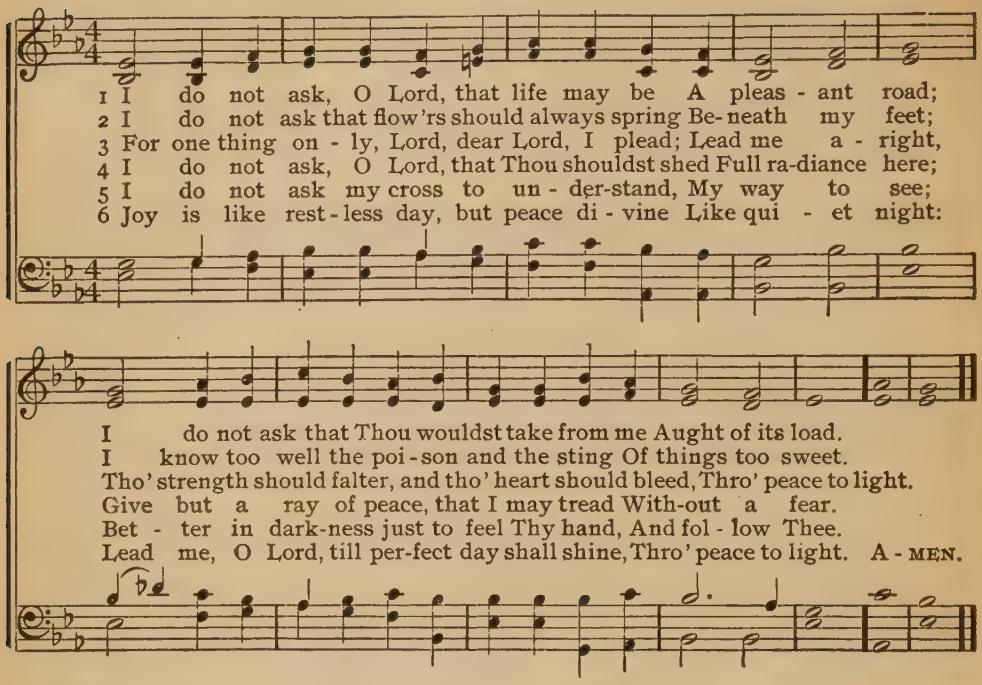
324

Purer yet and purer

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE, Tr. EXCELSIOR SAMUEL J. VAIL

1 Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind; Dear - er yet and
2 Calm-er yet and calm - er, Tri - al bear and pain; Sur - er yet and
3 High-er yet and high - er, Out of clouds and night; Near - er yet and
dear - er, Ev - 'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still, and trust - ing
sur - er, Peace at last to gain; Suf-f'ring still and do - ing,
near - er, Ris - ing to the light; Oft these ear - nest long - ings
God with-out a fear; Pa-tient - ly be - liev - ing, He will make all clear.
To His will resigned; And to God sub-du - ing Heart, and will, and mind.
Swell within my breast, Yet their in-ner mean-ing Ne'er can be expressed. AMEN.

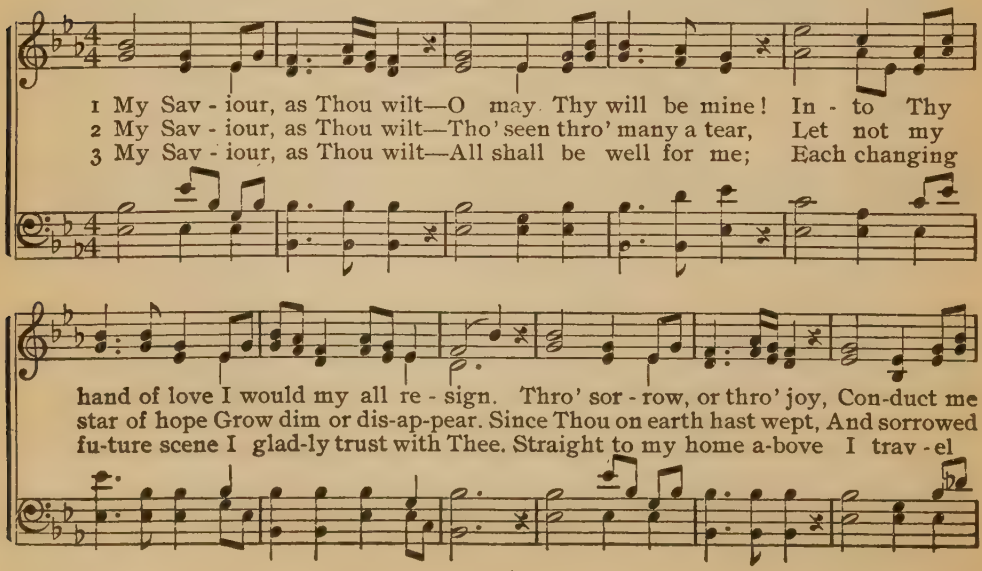
325 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — SUBMISSION — ALBERT L. PEACE

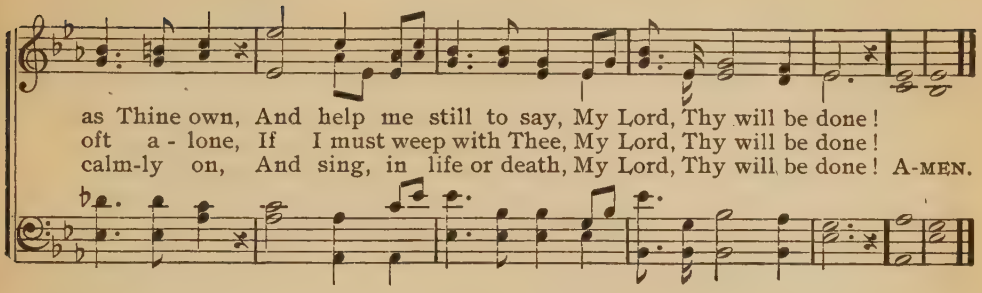

1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;
2 I do not ask that flow'rs should always spring Be-neath my feet;
3 For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; Lead me a - right,
4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra-diance here;
5 I do not ask my cross to un - der-stand, My way to see;
6 Joy is like rest - less day, but peace di - vine Like qui - et night:
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.
I know too well the poi - son and the sting Of things too sweet.
Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed, Thro' peace to light.
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With-out a fear.
Bet - ter in dark-ness just to feel Thy hand, And fol - low Thee.
Lead me, O Lord, till per-fect day shall shine, Thro' peace to light. A - MEN.

326 My Saviour, as Thou wilt

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK — JEWETT — CARL M. VON WEBER


1 My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2 My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3 My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt—All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el

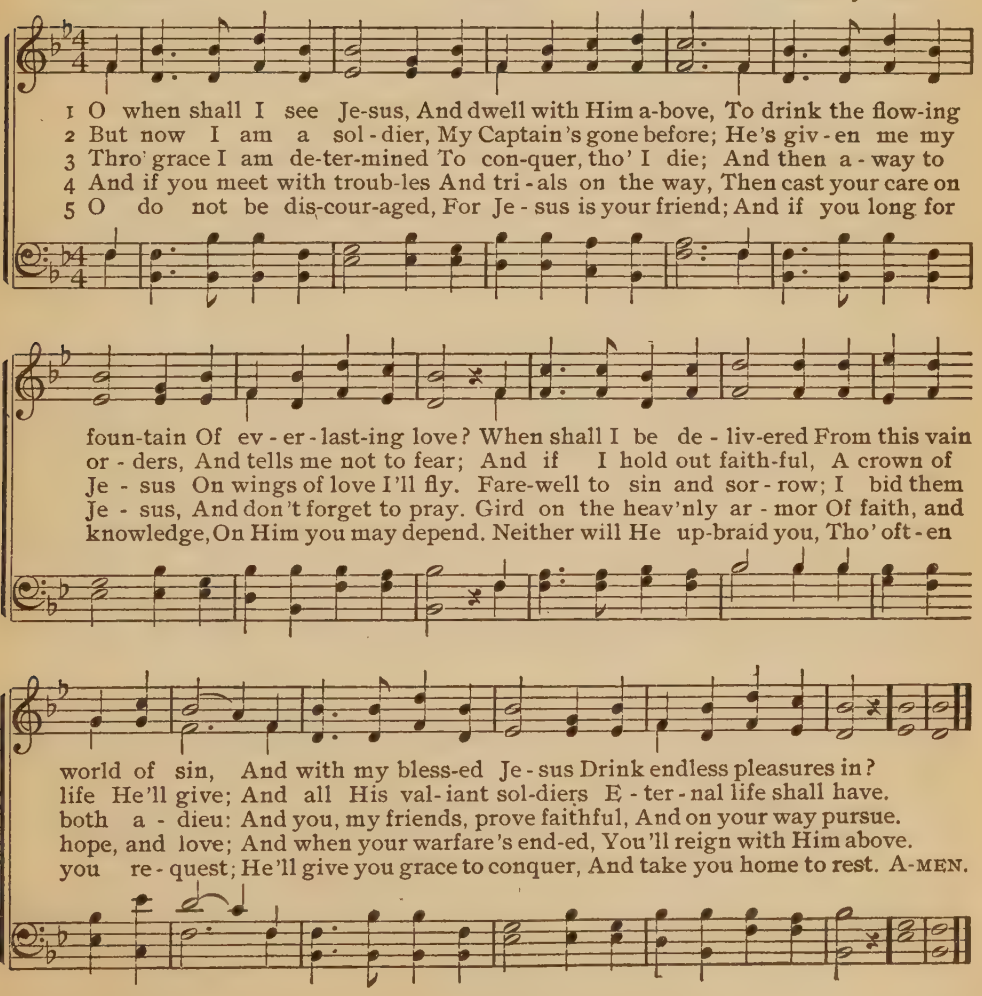
My Saviour, as Thou wilt


as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-MEN.

327

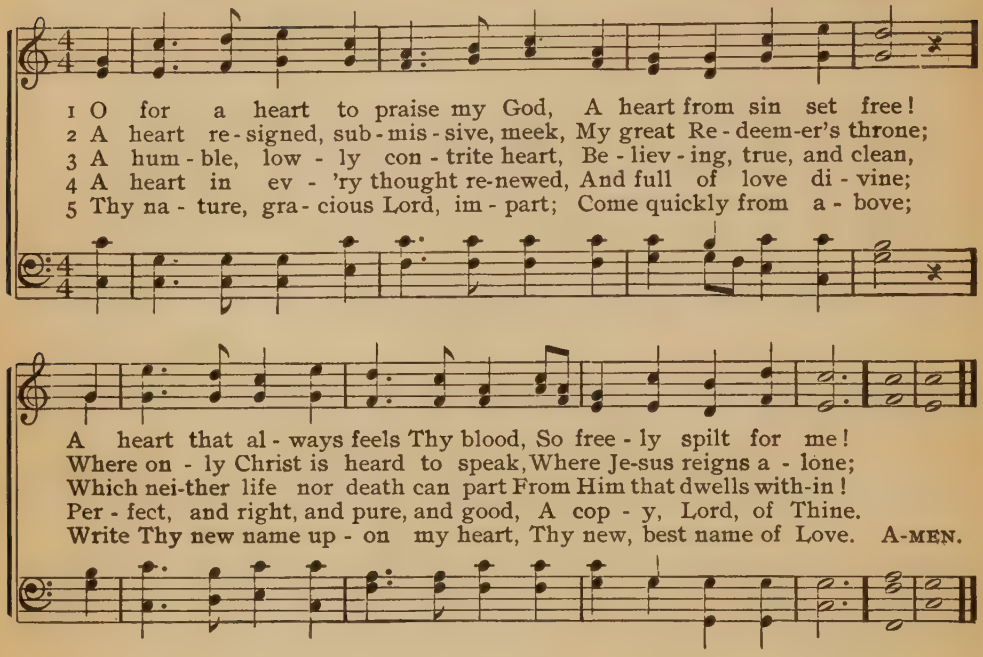
O when shall I see Jesus

JOHN LELAND WEBB GEORGE J. WEBB


1 O when shall I see Je-sus, And dwell with Him a-bove, To drink the flow-ing
2 But now I am a sol - dier, My Captain's gone before; He's giv - en me my
3 Thro' grace I am de-ter-mined To con-quer, tho' I die; And then a - way to
4 And if you meet with troub-les And tri - als on the way, Then cast your care on
5 O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je - sus is your friend; And if you long for
foun-tain Of ev - er - last-ing love? When shall I be de - liv-ered From this vain
or - ders, And tells me not to fear; And if I hold out faith-ful, A crown of
Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly. Fare-well to sin and sor - row; I bid them
Je - sus, And don't forget to pray. Gird on the heav'nly ar - mor Of faith, and
knowledge, On Him you may depend. Neither will He up-braid you, Tho' oft - en
world of sin, And with my bless-ed Je - sus Drink endless pleasures in?
life He'll give; And all His val - iant sol-diers E - ter - nal life shall have.
both a - dieu: And you, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue.
hope, and love; And when your warfare's end-ed, You'll reign with Him above.
you re - quest; He'll give you grace to conquer, And take you home to rest. A-MEN.

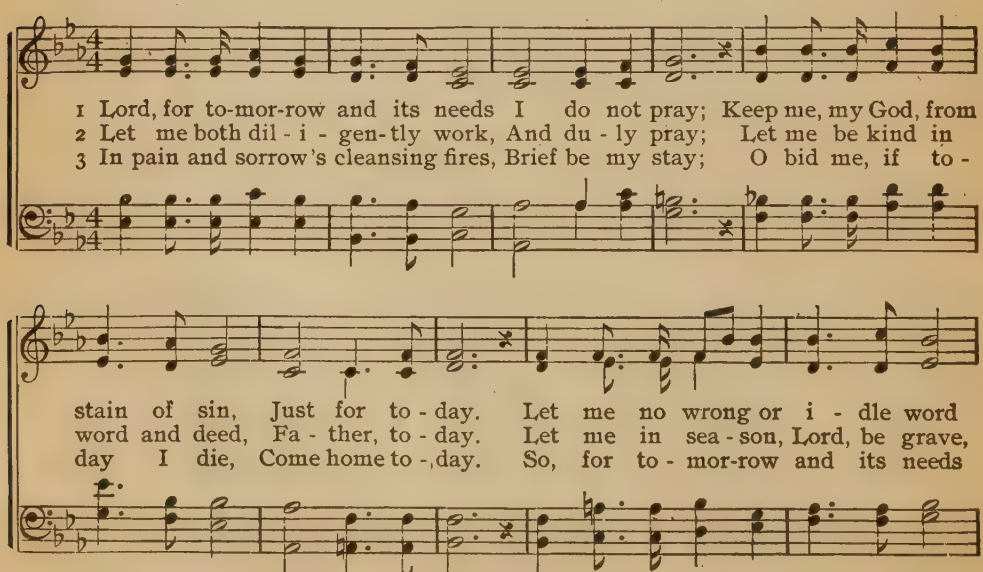
328 O for a heart to praise my God

CHARLES WESLEY BROWN WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1 O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2 A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
3 A hum-ble, low-ly con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
4 A heart in ev-'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di-vine;
5 Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a-bove;
A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone;
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in!
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love. A-MEN.

329 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs

R. R. WILBERFORCE SCOVILLE H. R. PALMER


1 Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2 Let me both dil-i-gen-tly work, And du-ly pray; Let me be kind in
3 In pain and sorrow's cleansing fires, Brief be my stay; O bid me, if to-
stain of sin, Just for to-day. Let me no wrong or i-dle word
word and deed, Fa-ther, to-day. Let me in sea-son, Lord, be grave,
day I die, Come home to-day. So, for to-mor-row and its needs

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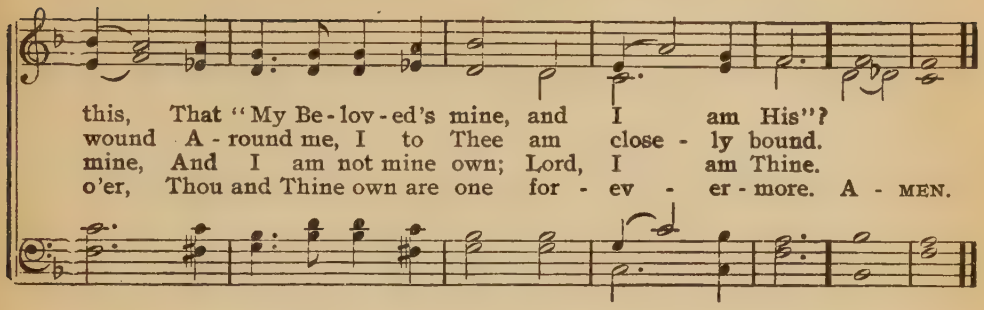
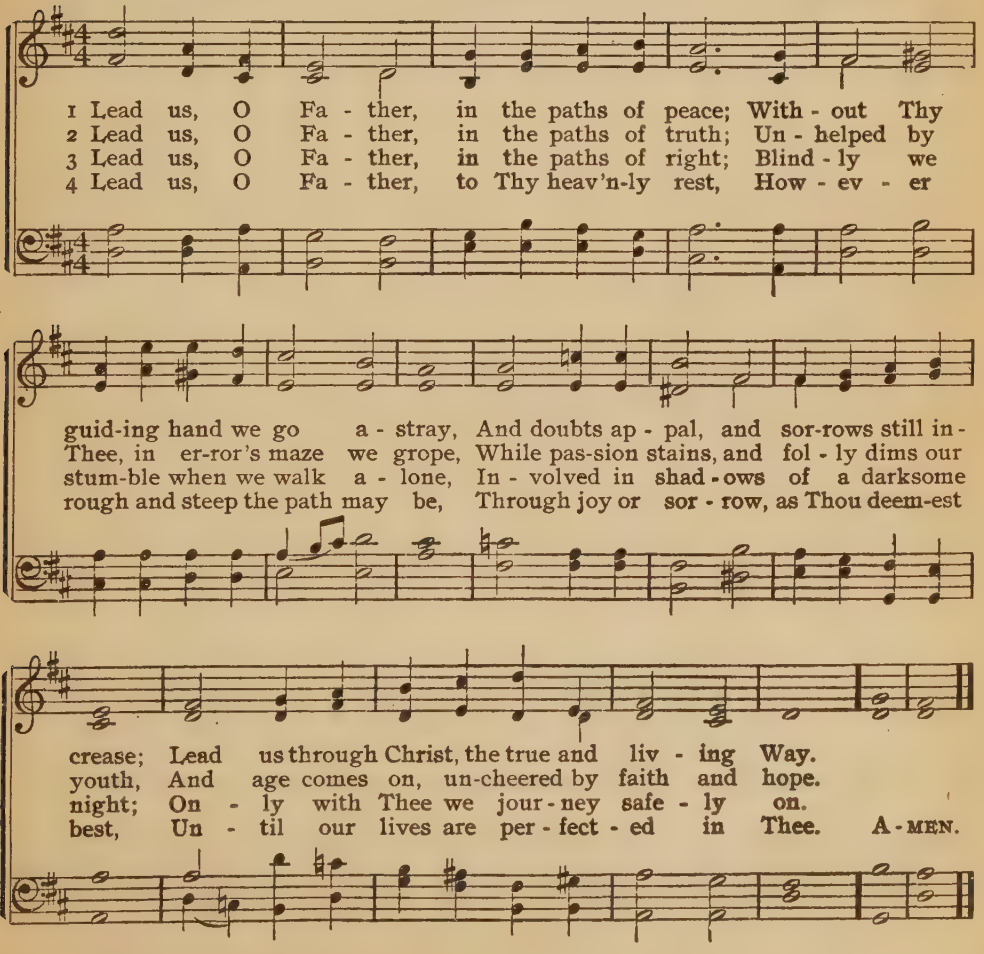
I lift my heart to Thee

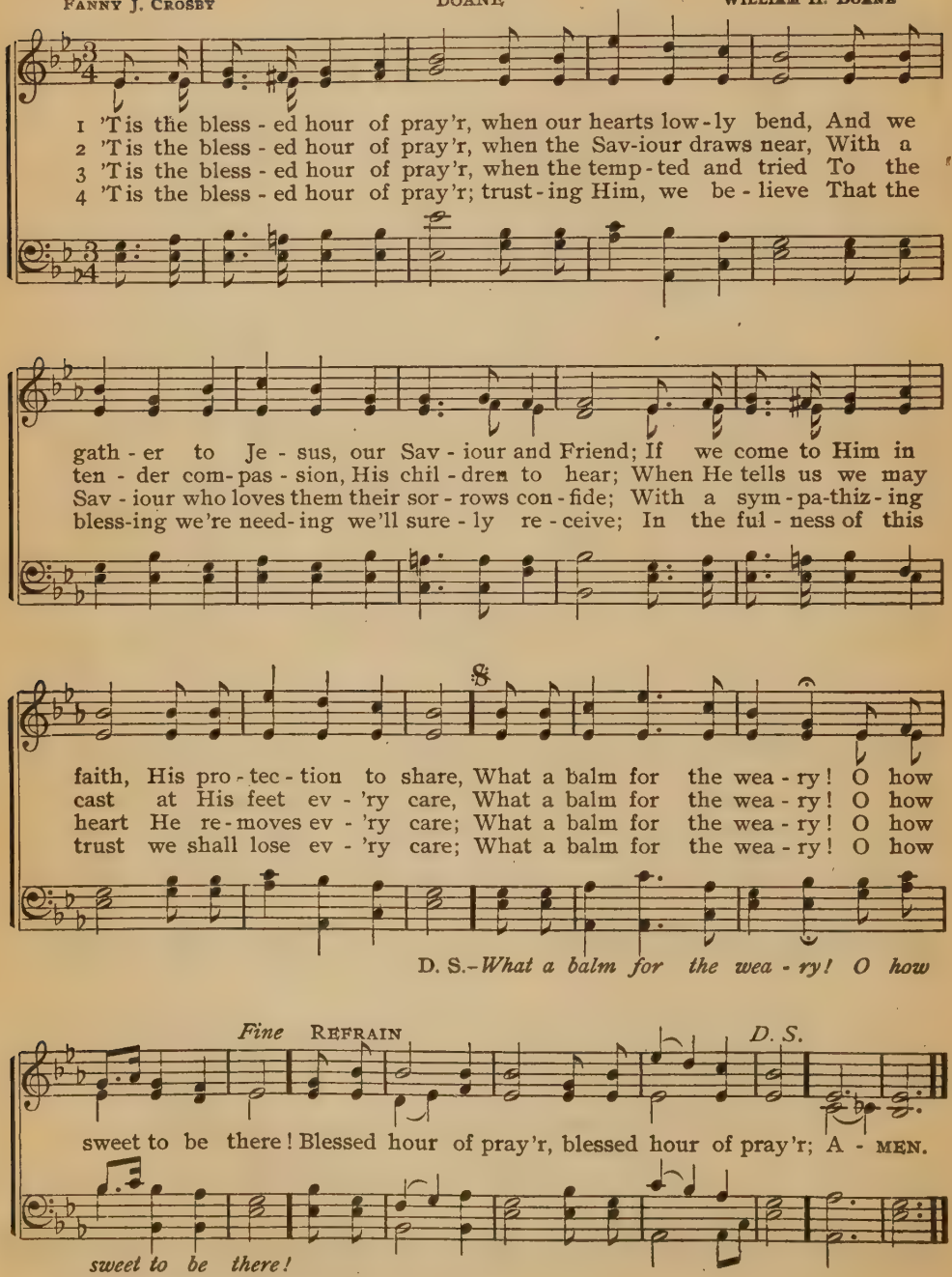

this, That "My Be-lov-ed's mine, and I am His"?
wound A-round me, I to Thee am close-ly bound.
mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
o'er, Thou and Thine own are one for-ev-er-more. A-MEN.

333 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH BURLEIGH JOSEPH BARNBY

1 Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace; With-out Thy
2 Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of truth; Un-helped by
3 Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of right; Blind-ly we
4 Lead us, O Fa-ther, to Thy heav'n-ly rest, How-ev-er
guid-ing hand we go a-stray, And doubts ap-pal, and sor-rows still in-
Thee, in er-ror's maze we grope, While pas-sion stains, and fol-ly dims our
stum-ble when we walk a-lone, In-volved in shad-ows of a darksome
rough and steep the path may be, Through joy or sor-row, as Thou deem-est
crease; Lead us through Christ, the true and liv-ing Way.
youth, And age comes on, un-cheered by faith and hope.
night; On-ly with Thee we jour-ney safe-ly on.
best, Un-til our lives are per-fect-ed in Thee. A-MEN.

334

'Tis the blessed hour of prayer

FANNY J. CROSBY — DOANE — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the temp - ted and tried To the
4 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r; trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion, His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - iour who loves them their sor - rows con - fide; With a sym - pa-thiz - ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the ful - ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
D. S.–What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
Fine REFRAIN
D. S.
sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, blessed hour of pray'r; A - MEN.
sweet to be there!

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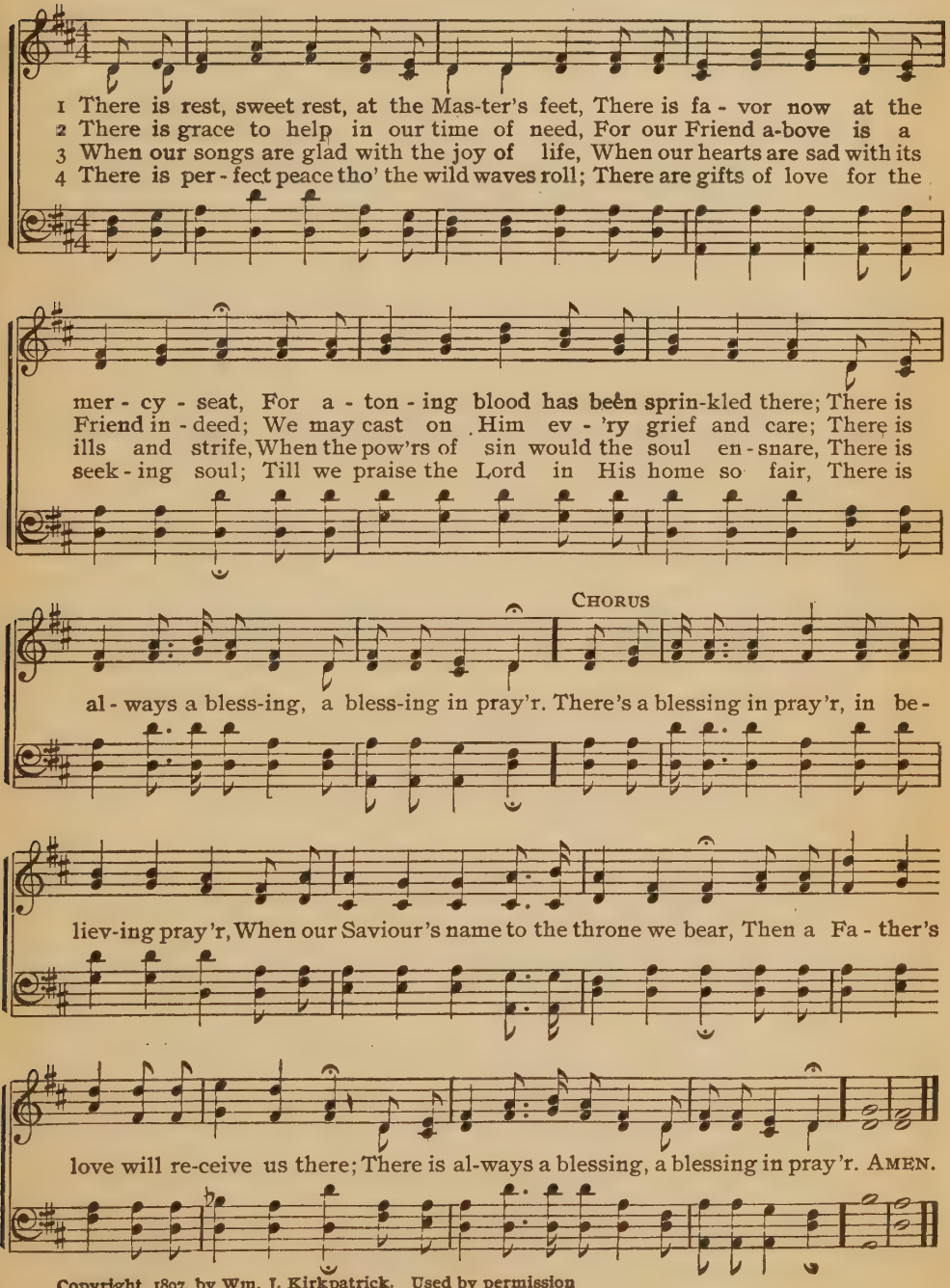
335 There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet

ELIZABETH E. HEWITT KIRKPATRICK WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1 There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas-ter's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
2 There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a-bove is a
3 When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4 There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the
mer - cy - seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprin-kled there; There is
Friend in - deed; We may cast on Him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en - snare, There is
seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in His home so fair, There is
CHORUS
al - ways a bless-ing, a bless-ing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be -
liev-ing pray'r, When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Fa - ther's
love will re-ceive us there; There is al-ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. AMEN.

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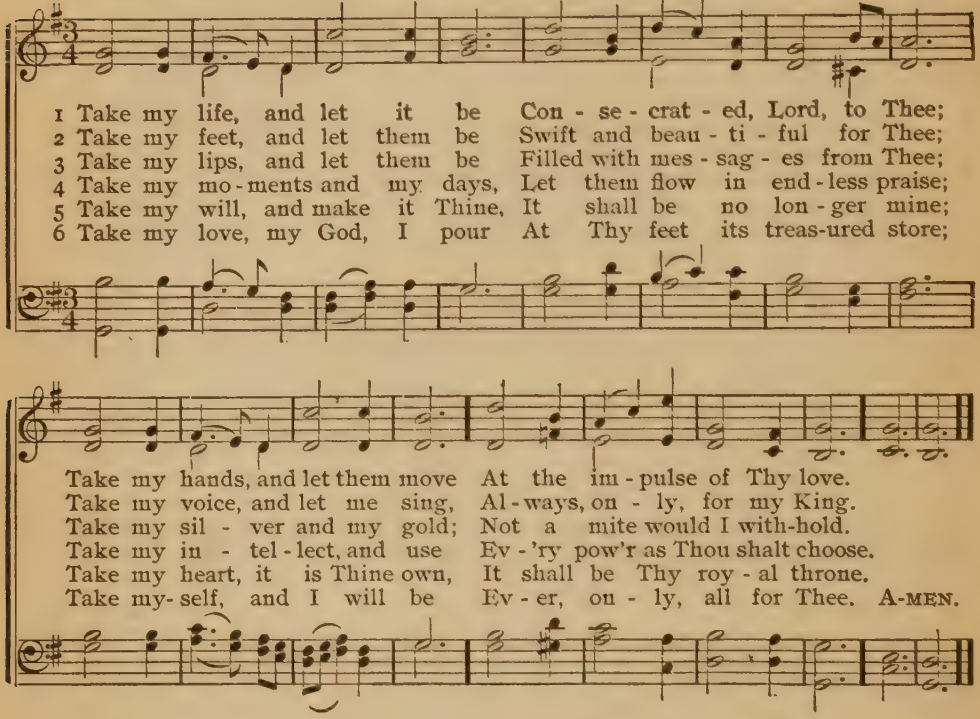
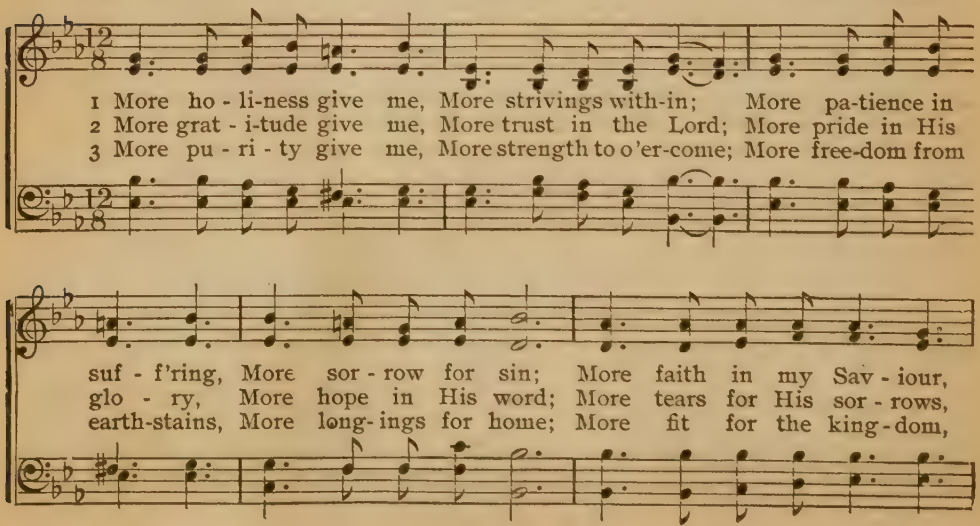
336 Take my life, and let it be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — ZELOTES — JOHANN W. A. MOZART

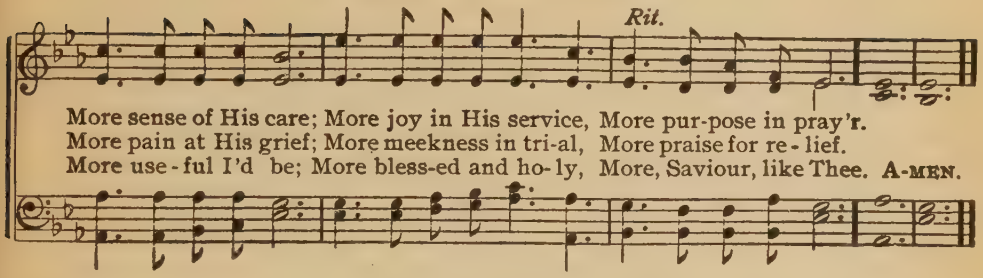

1 Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee;
4 Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5 Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6 Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ured store;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my- self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A-MEN.

337 More holiness give me

PHILIP P. BLISS — ERRETT — PHILIP P. BLISS

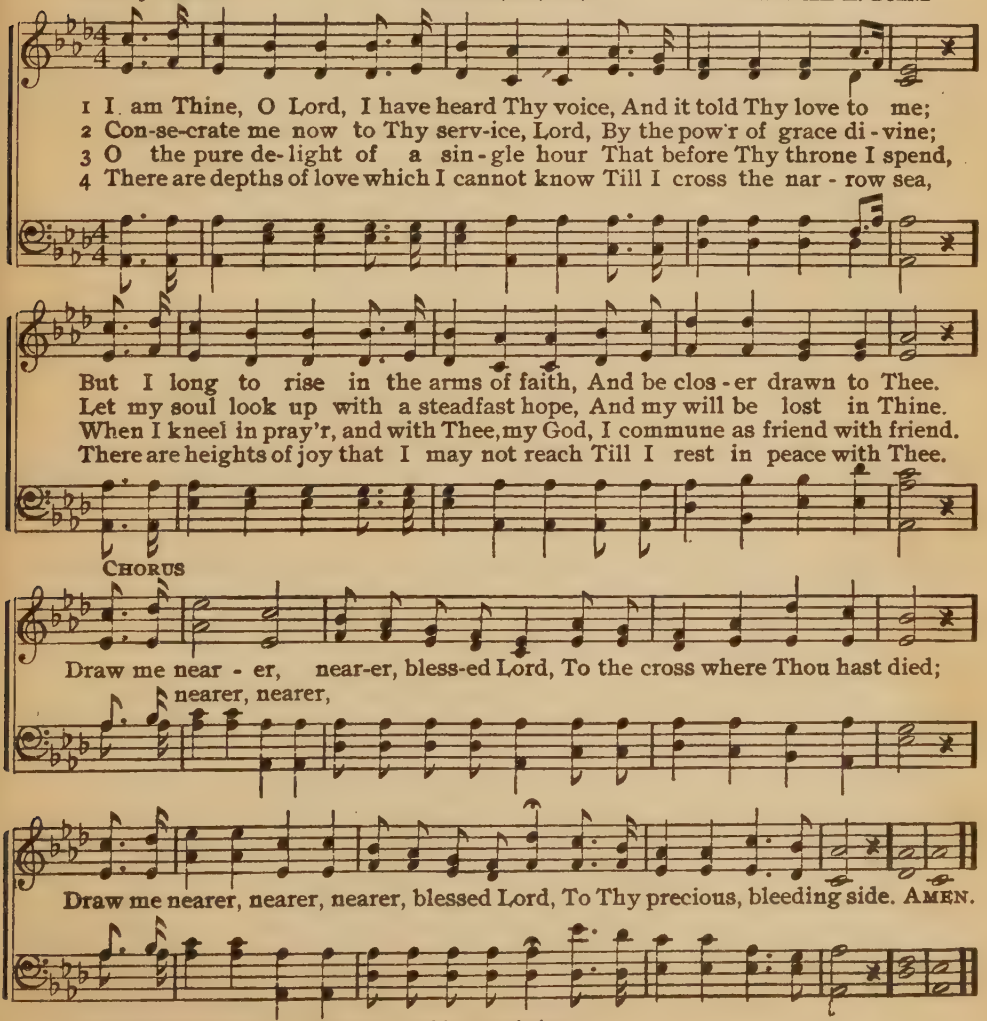

1 More ho - li-ness give me, More strivings with-in; More pa-tience in
2 More grat - i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3 More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from
suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - iour,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

More holiness give me


Rit.
More sense of His care; More joy in His service, More pur-pose in pray'r.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
More use-ful I'd be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More, Saviour, like Thee. A-MEN.

338

I am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY — DRAW ME NEARER — WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2 Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3 O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4 There are depths of love which I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
CHORUS
Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side. AMEN.

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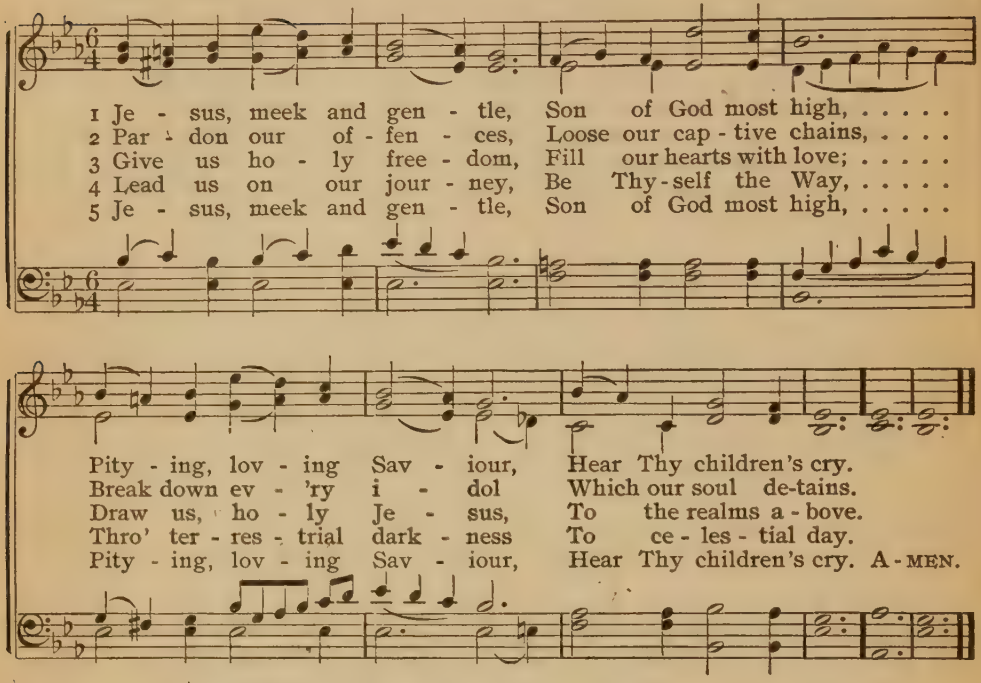
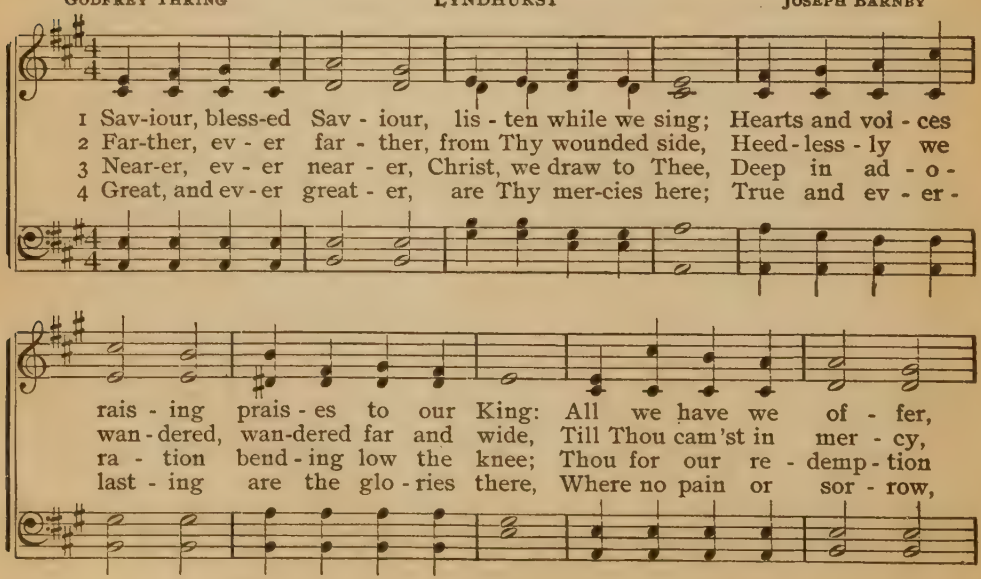
339 Jesus, meek and gentle

GEORGE R. PRYNNE — DOWSTON CASTLE — CLARENCE HUDSON

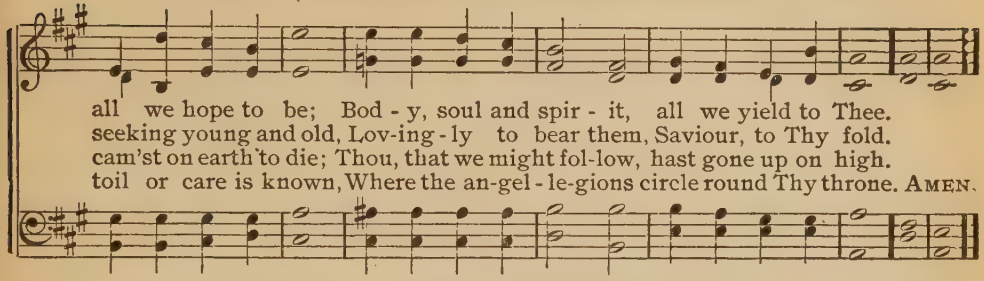

1 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
2 Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains,
3 Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;
4 Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy-self the Way,
5 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de-tains.
Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day.
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry. A - MEN.

340 Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen while we sing

GODFREY THRING — LYNDHURST — JOSEPH BARNBY

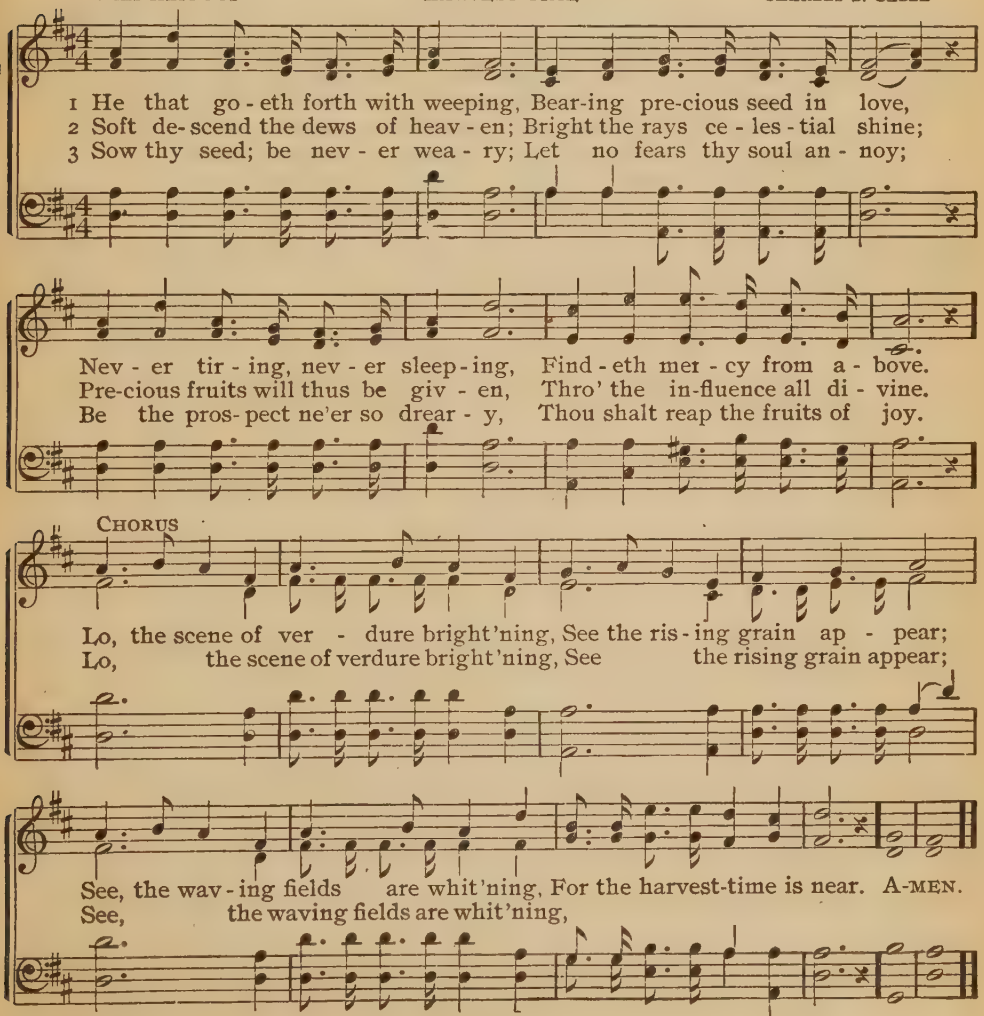

1 Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces
2 Far-ther, ev - er far - ther, from Thy wounded side, Heed - less - ly we
3 Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in ad - o -
4 Great, and ev - er great - er, are Thy mer-cies here; True and ev - er -
rais - ing prais - es to our King: All we have we of - fer,
wan - dered, wan-dered far and wide, Till Thou cam'st in mer - cy,
ra - tion bend - ing low the knee; Thou for our re - demp - tion
last - ing are the glo - ries there, Where no pain or sor - row,

Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen while we sing


all we hope to be; Bod - y, soul and spir - it, all we yield to Thee.
seeking young and old, Lov-ing - ly to bear them, Saviour, to Thy fold.
cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low, hast gone up on high.
toil or care is known, Where the an-gel - le-gions circle round Thy throne. AMEN.

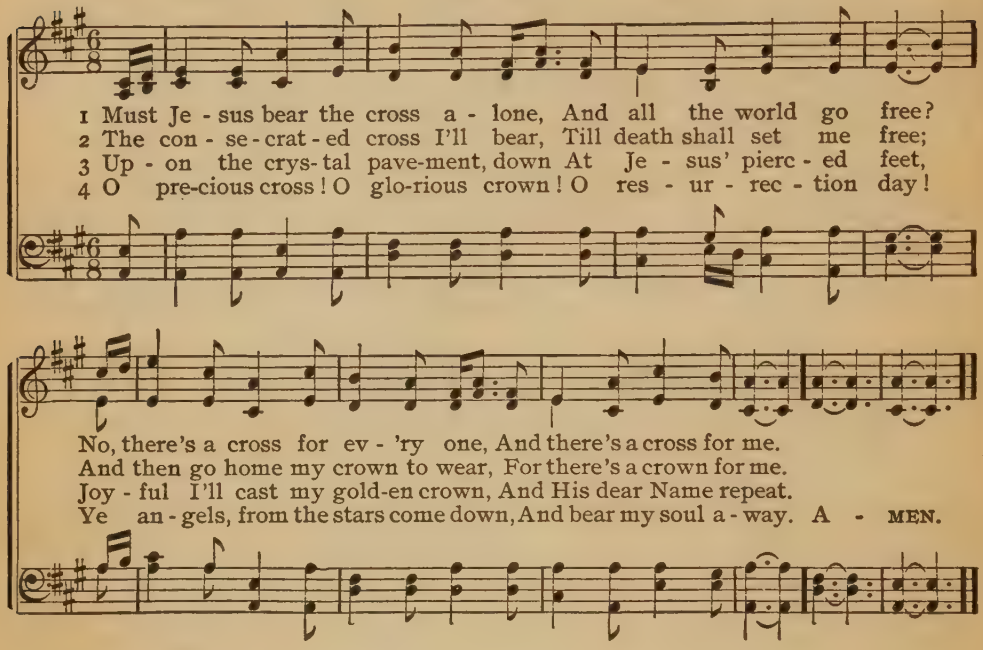
341

He that goeth forth with weeping

THOMAS HASTINGS — HARVEST TIME — CHARLES S. CABLE

1 He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear-ing pre-cious seed in love,
2 Soft de-scend the dews of heav - en; Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3 Sow thy seed; be nev - er wea - ry; Let no fears thy soul an - noy;
Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
Pre-cious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' the in-fluence all di - vine.
Be the pros-pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
CHORUS
Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning, See the ris - ing grain ap - pear;
Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning, See the rising grain appear;
See, the wav - ing fields are whit'ning, For the harvest-time is near. A-MEN.
See, the waving fields are whit'ning,

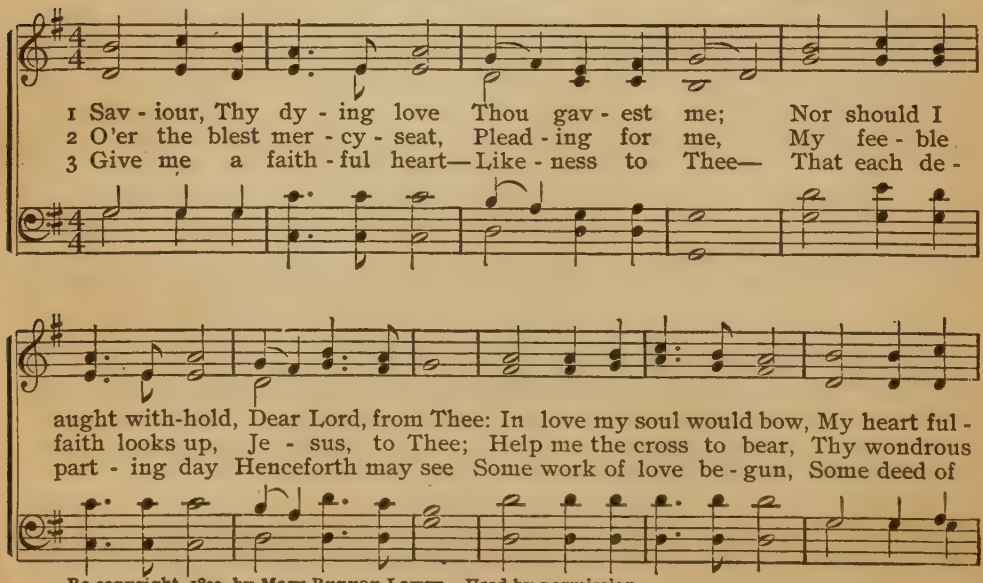
342 Must Jesus bear the cross alone

THOMAS SHEPHERD — MAITLAND — GEORGE N. ALLEN


1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2 The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3 Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4 O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear Name repeat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

343 Saviour, Thy dying love

SYLVANUS D. PHELPS — SOMETHING FOR JESUS — ROBERT LOWRY


1 Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me; Nor should I
2 O'er the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3 Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to Thee— That each de -
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of

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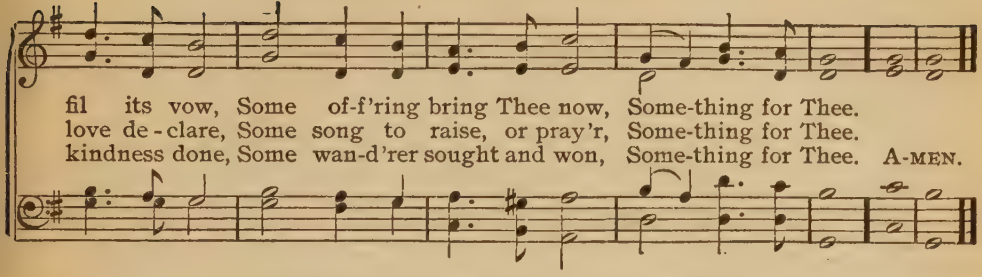
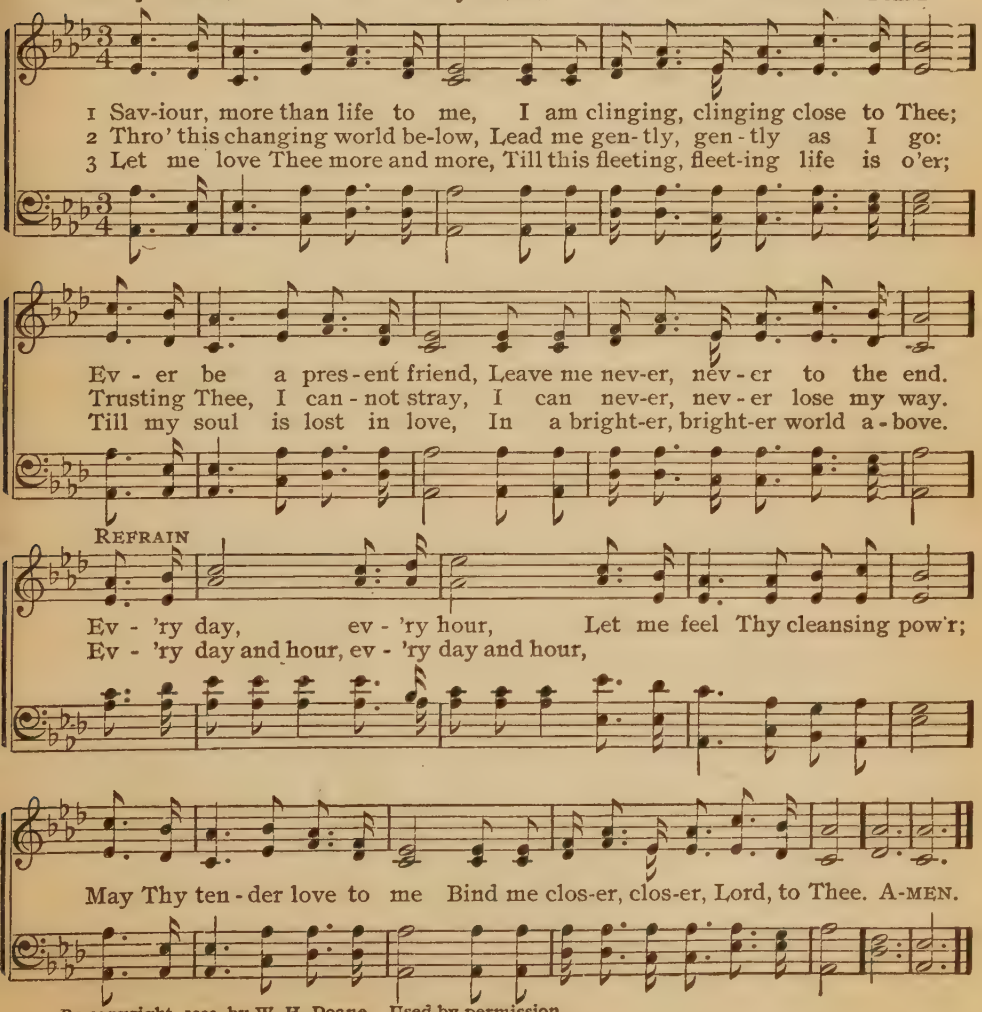
Saviour, Thy dying love


fil its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
kindness done, Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee. A-MEN.

344 Saviour, more than life to me

FANNY J. CROSBY JAMESON WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2 Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go:
3 Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;
Ev-er be a pres-ent friend, Leave me nev-er, nev-er to the end.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.
REFRAIN
Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,
May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee. A-MEN.

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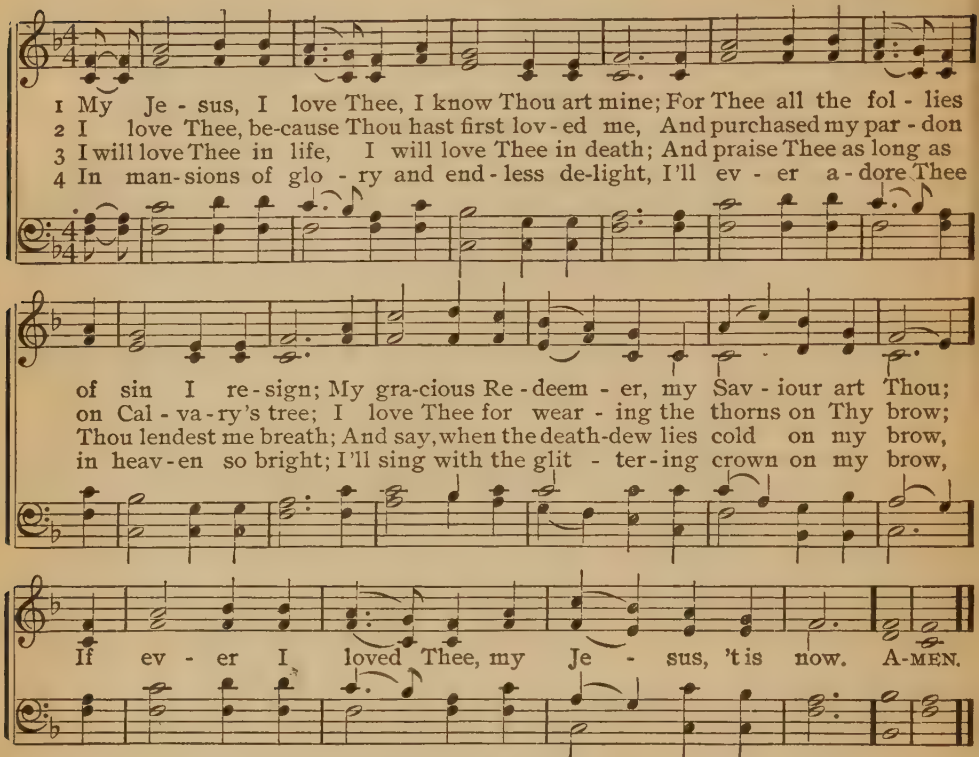
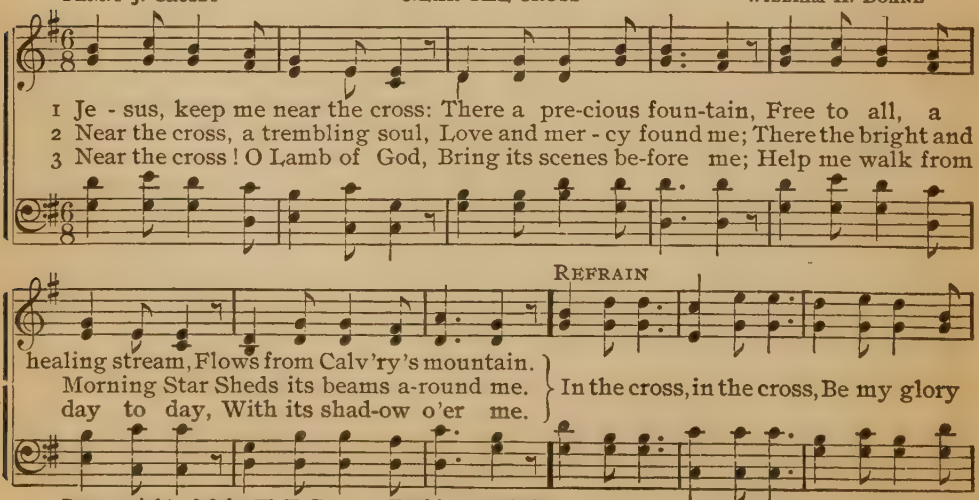
345 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine

* * * GORDON ADONIRAM J. GORDON


1 My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies
2 I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don
3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death; And praise Thee as long as
4 In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee
of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
Thou lendest me breath; And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 't is now. A-MEN.

346 Jesus, keep me near the cross

FANNY J. CROSBY NEAR THE CROSS WILLIAM H. DOANE


1 Je - sus, keep me near the cross: There a pre-cious foun-tain, Free to all, a
2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and
3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
REFRAIN
healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
Morning Star Sheds its beams a-round me.
day to day, With its shad-ow o'er me.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory

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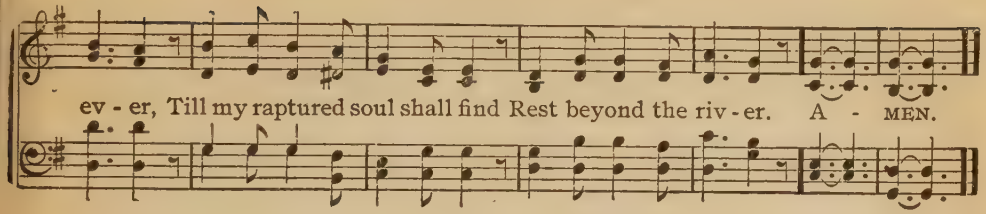
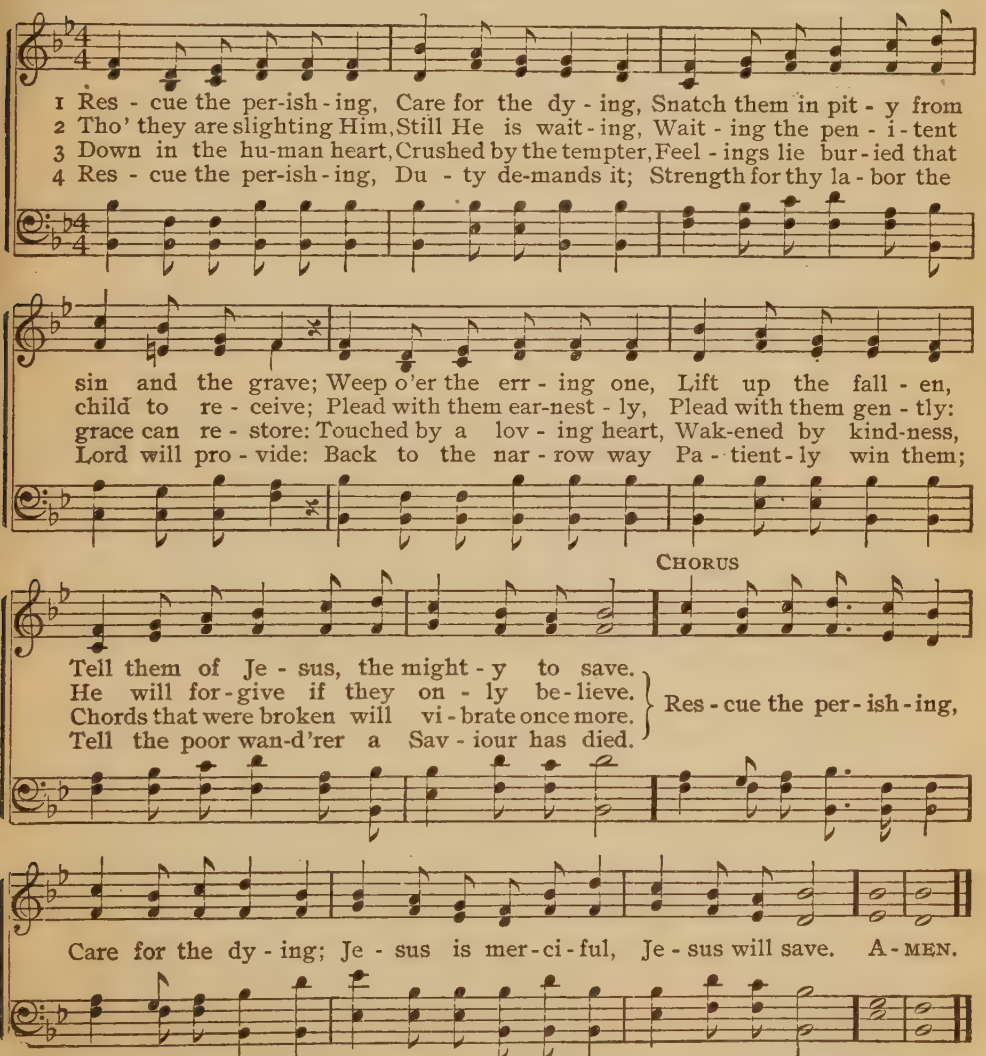
Jesus, keep me near the cross



347 Rescue the perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY WILSON WILLIAM H. DOANE

1 Res - cue the per-ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3 Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4 Res - cue the per-ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS
Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.

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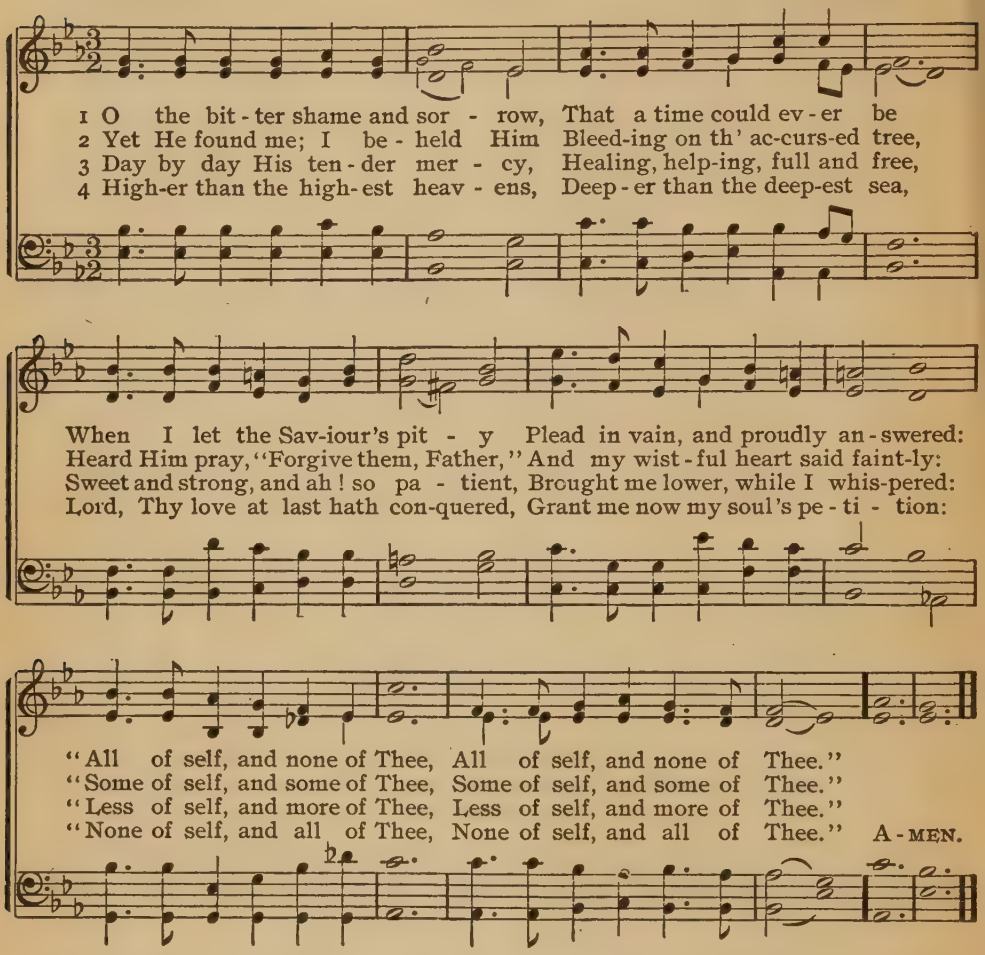
348 O the bitter shame and sorrow

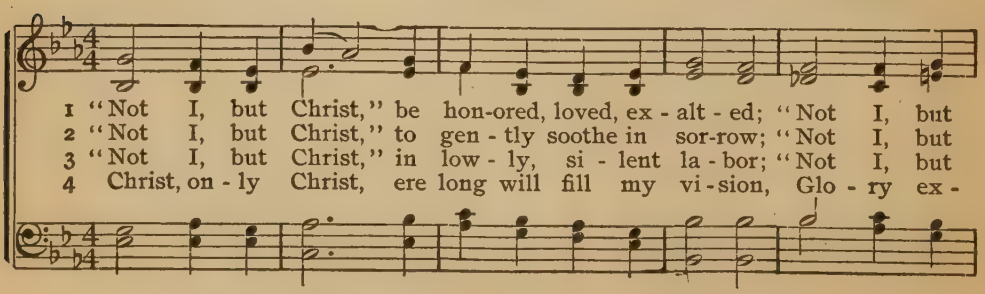
THEODOR MONOD GUNTHER JOSEPH BARNBY


1 O the bit-ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev-er be
2 Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed-ing on th' ac-curs-ed tree,
3 Day by day His ten-der mer-cy, Healing, help-ing, full and free,
4 High-er than the high-est heav-ens, Deep-er than the deep-est sea,
When I let the Sav-iour's pit-y Plead in vain, and proudly an-swered:
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father," And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly:
Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa-tient, Brought me lower, while I whis-pered:
Lord, Thy love at last hath con-quered, Grant me now my soul's pe-ti-tion:
"All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee."
"Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee."
"Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee."
"None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all of Thee." A-MEN.

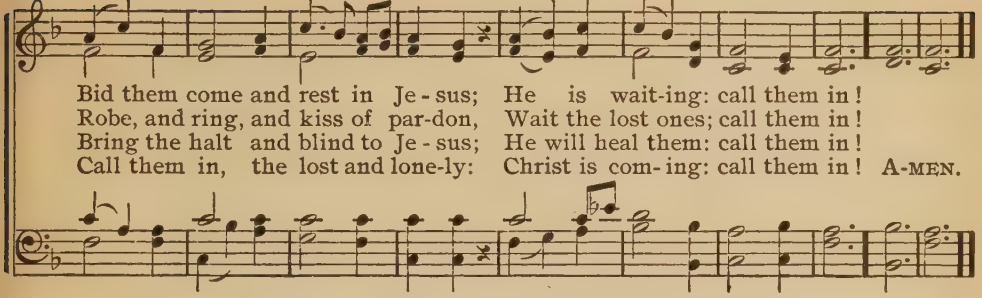
349 "Not I, but Christ," be honored, loved, exalted

* * *

RAYNOLDS FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN

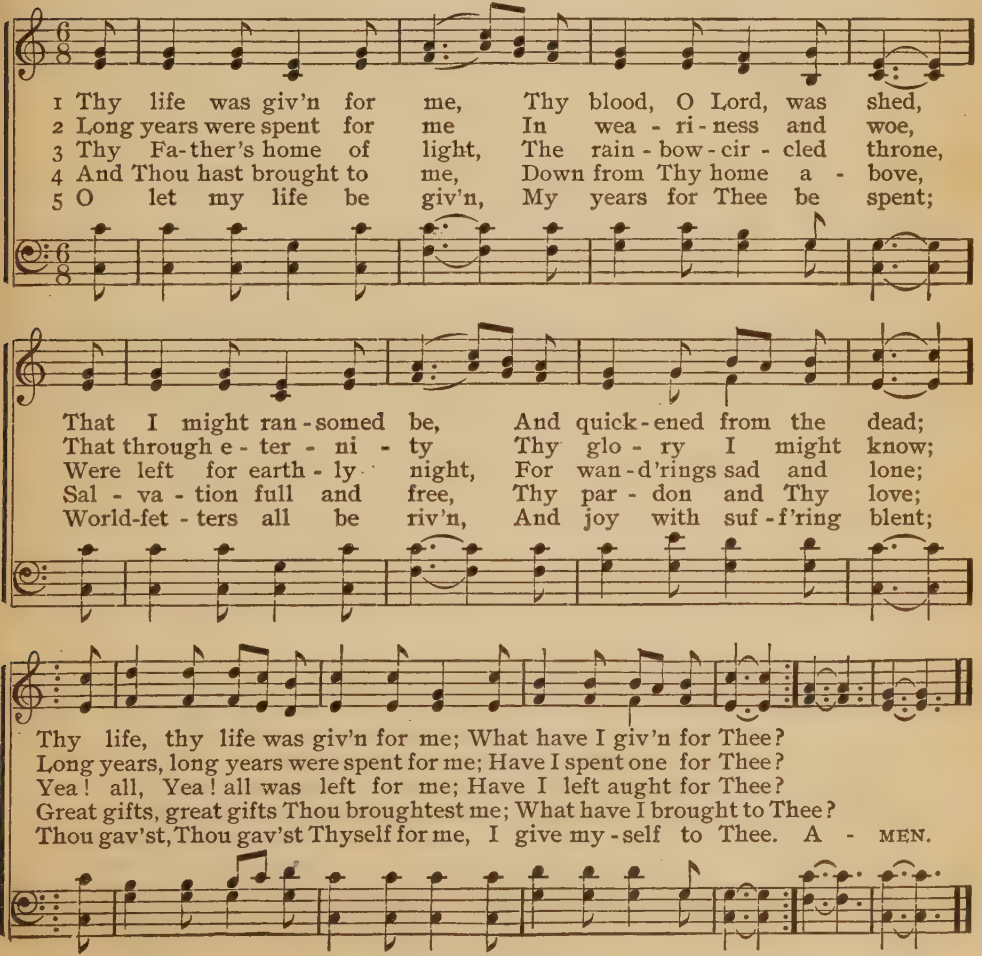

1 "Not I, but Christ," be hon-ored, loved, ex-alt-ed; "Not I, but
2 "Not I, but Christ," to gen-tly soothe in sor-row; "Not I, but
3 "Not I, but Christ," in low-ly, si-lent la-bor; "Not I, but
4 Christ, on-ly Christ, ere long will fill my vi-sion, Glo-ry ex-

Call them in, the poor, the wretched


Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is wait-ing: call them in!
Robe, and ring, and kiss of par-don, Wait the lost ones; call them in!
Bring the halt and blind to Je - sus; He will heal them: call them in!
Call them in, the lost and lone-ly: Christ is com-ing: call them in! A-MEN.

353

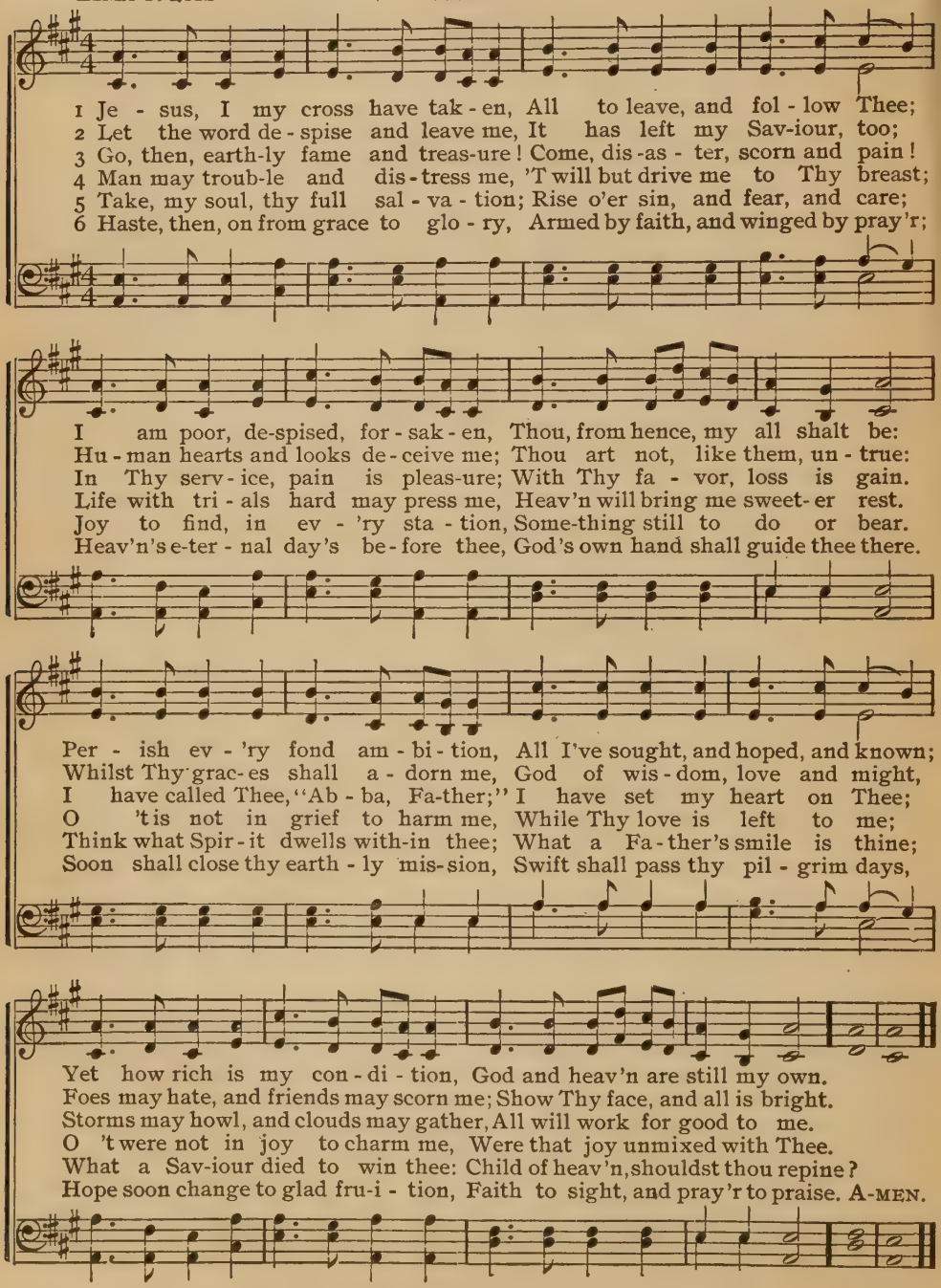
Thy life was given for me

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — McGARVEY — PHILIP P. BLISS

1 Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
2 Long years were spent for me In wea - ri - ness and woe,
3 Thy Fa-ther's home of light, The rain - bow - cir - cled throne,
4 And Thou hast brought to me, Down from Thy home a - bove,
5 O let my life be giv'n, My years for Thee be spent;
That I might ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
That through e - ter - ni - ty Thy glo - ry I might know;
Were left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Sal - va - tion full and free, Thy par - don and Thy love;
World-fet - ters all be riv'n, And joy with suf - f'ring blent;
Thy life, thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for Thee?
Long years, long years were spent for me; Have I spent one for Thee?
Yea! all, Yea! all was left for me; Have I left aught for Thee?
Great gifts, great gifts Thou broughtest me; What have I brought to Thee?
Thou gav'st, Thou gav'st Thyself for me, I give my - self to Thee. A - MEN.

354

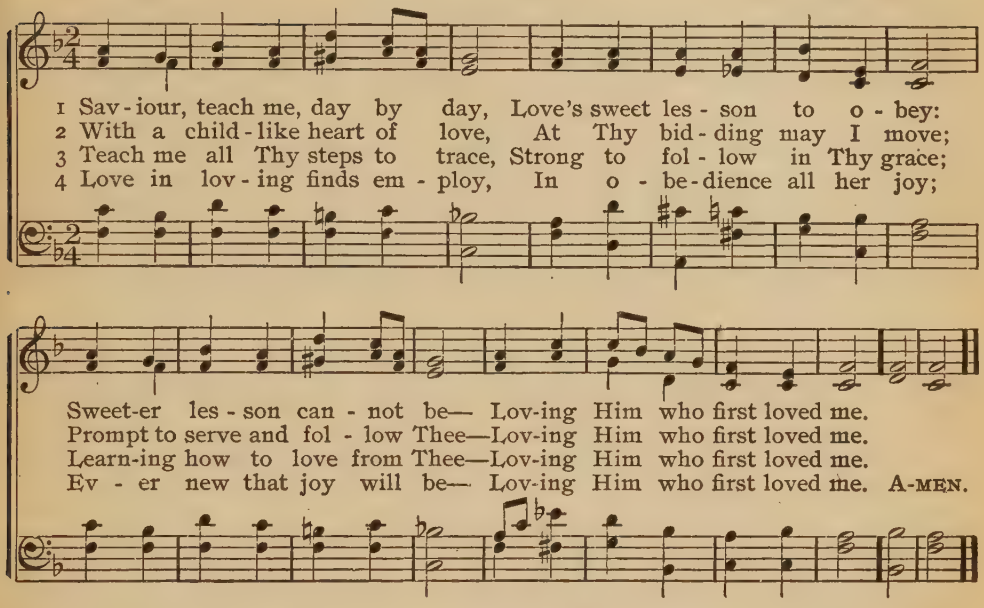
Jesus, I my cross have taken

HENRY F. LYTE — ELLESDIE — JOHANN W. A. MOZART


1 Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2 Let the word de - spise and leave me, It has left my Sav-iour, too;
3 Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis-as - ter, scorn and pain!
4 Man may troub-le and dis-tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
5 Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
6 Haste, then, on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;
I am poor, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true:
In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Joy to find, in ev - 'ry sta - tion, Some-thing still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Whilst Thy grac-es shall a - dorn me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa-ther;" I have set my heart on Thee;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Think what Spir - it dwells with-in thee; What a Fa - ther's smile is thine;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All will work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
What a Sav-iour died to win thee: Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?
Hope soon change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise. A-MEN.

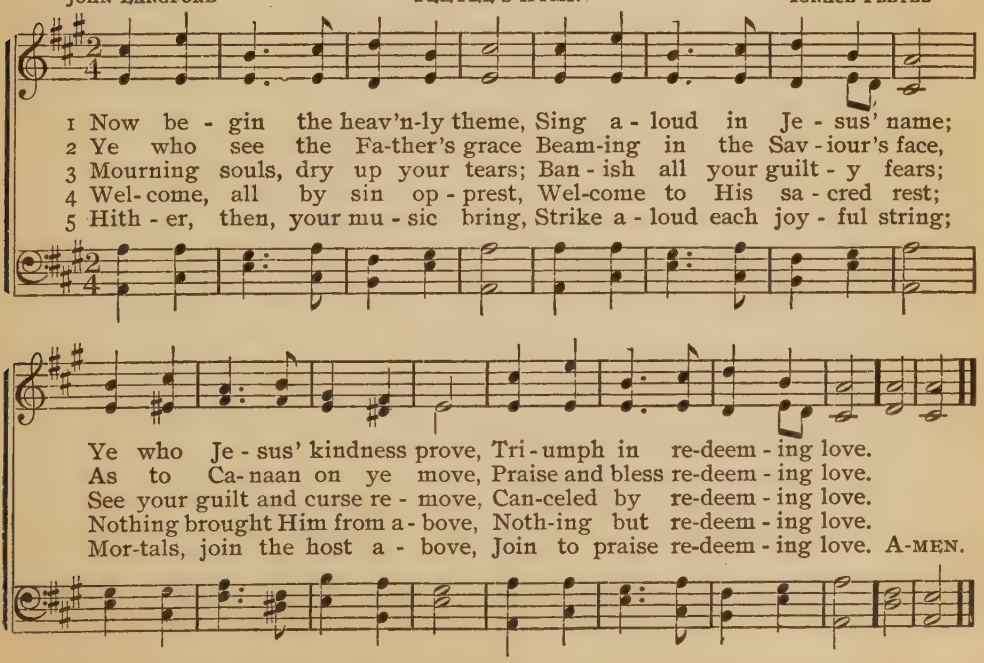
355 Saviour, teach me, day by day

JANE E. LEESON — SEYMOUR — CARL M. VON WEBER


1 Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey:
2 With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move;
3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in Thy grace;
4 Love in lov-ing finds em-ploy, In o-be-dience all her joy;
Sweet-er les-son can-not be— Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee—Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Learn-ing how to love from Thee—Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Ev-er new that joy will be— Lov-ing Him who first loved me. A-MEN.

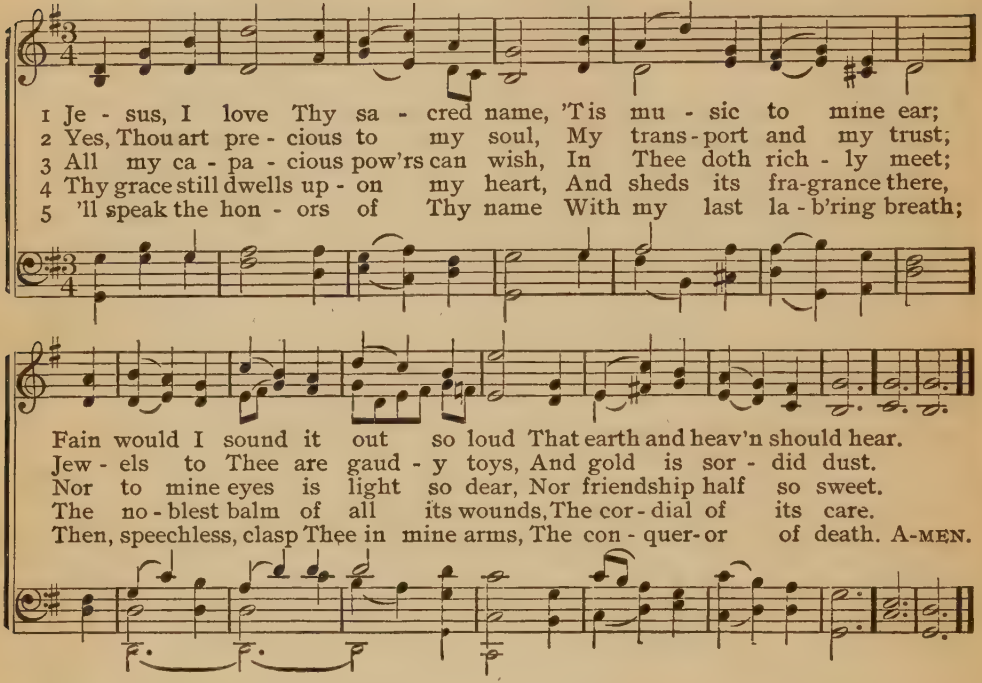
356 Now begin the heavenly theme

JOHN LANGFORD — PLEYEL'S HYMN — IGNACE PLEYEL

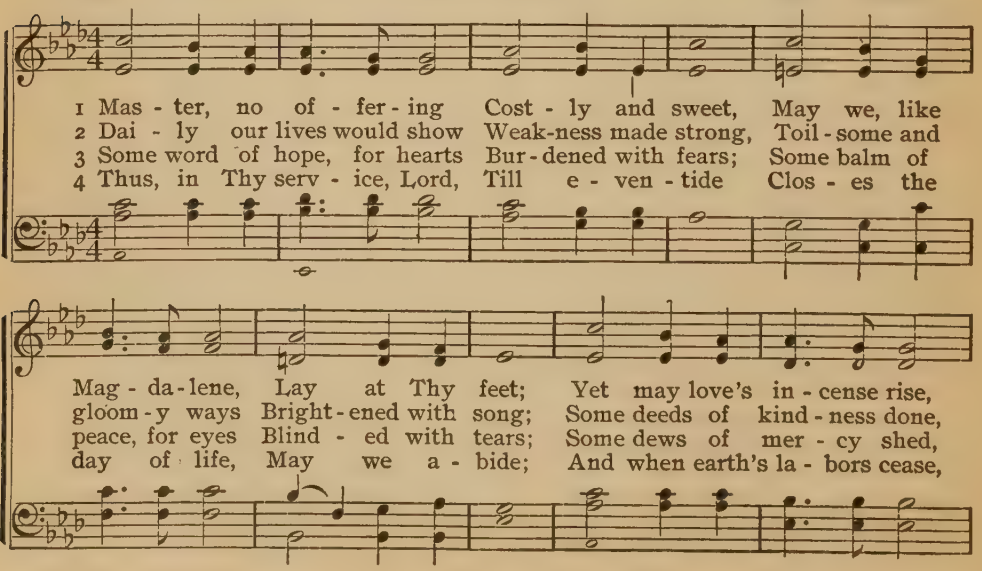

1 Now be-gin the heav'n-ly theme, Sing a-loud in Je-sus' name;
2 Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace Beam-ing in the Sav-iour's face,
3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears; Ban-ish all your guilt-y fears;
4 Wel-come, all by sin op-prest, Wel-come to His sa-cred rest;
5 Hith-er, then, your mu-sic bring, Strike a-loud each joy-ful string;
Ye who Je-sus' kindness prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.
As to Ca-naan on ye move, Praise and bless re-deem-ing love.
See your guilt and curse re-move, Can-celed by re-deem-ing love.
Nothing brought Him from a-bove, Noth-ing but re-deem-ing love.
Mor-tals, join the host a-bove, Join to praise re-deem-ing love. A-MEN.

357 Jesus, I love Thy sacred name

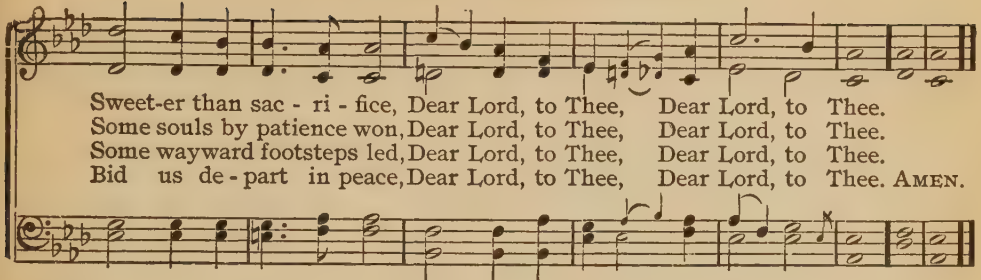
PHILIP DODDRIDGE — CHESTERFIELD — THOMAS HAWEIS


1 Je - sus, I love Thy sa - cred name, 'T is mu - sic to mine ear;
2 Yes, Thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust;
3 All my ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish, In Thee doth rich - ly meet;
4 Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fra-grance there,
5 'll speak the hon - ors of Thy name With my last la - b'ring breath;
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear.
Jew - els to Thee are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care.
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms, The con - quer-or of death. A-MEN.

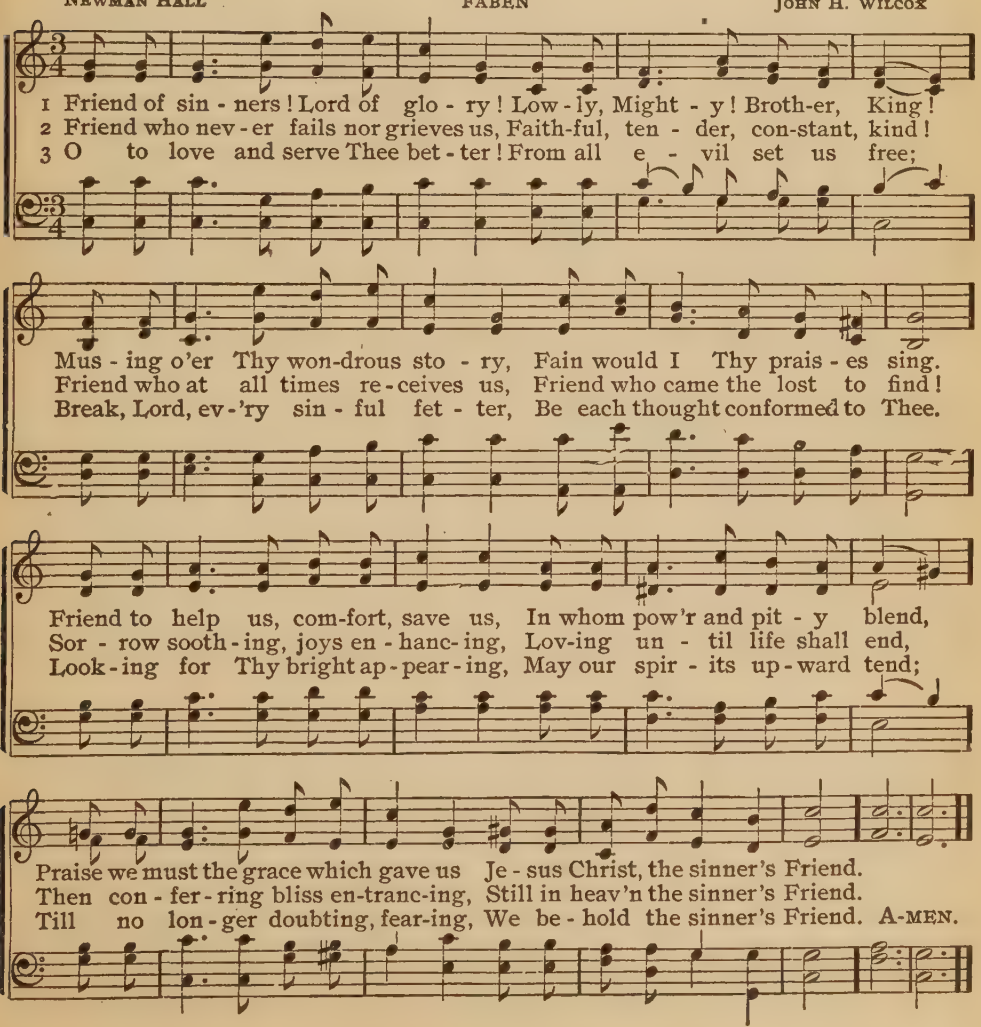
358 Master, no offering

EDWIN P. PARKER — LOVE'S OFFERING — EDWIN P. PARKER

1 Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like
2 Dai - ly our lives would show Weak-ness made strong, Toil - some and
3 Some word of hope, for hearts Bur - dened with fears; Some balm of
4 Thus, in Thy serv - ice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide Clos - es the
Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise,
gloom - y ways Bright - ened with song; Some deeds of kind - ness done,
peace, for eyes Blind - ed with tears; Some dews of mer - cy shed,
day of life, May we a - bide; And when earth's la - bors cease,

Master, no offering

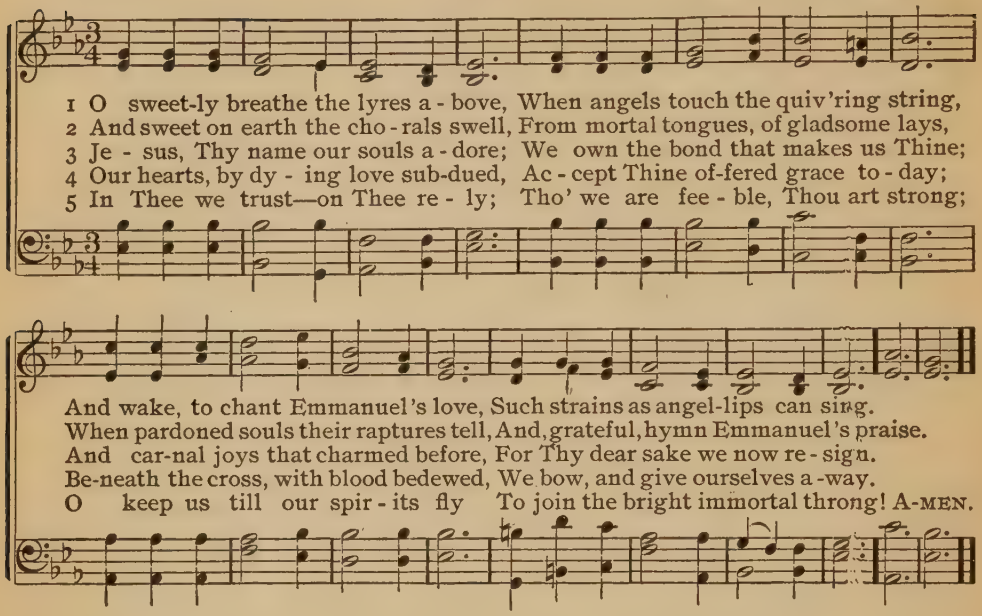

Sweet-er than sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Some souls by patience won, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Some wayward footsteps led, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Bid us de - part in peace, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. AMEN.

359 Friend of sinners! Lord of glory

NEWMAN HALL FABEN JOHN H. WILCOX

1 Friend of sin - ners! Lord of glo - ry! Low - ly, Might - y! Broth-er, King!
2 Friend who nev - er fails nor grieves us, Faith-ful, ten - der, con-stant, kind!
3 O to love and serve Thee bet - ter! From all e - vil set us free;
Mus - ing o'er Thy won-drous sto - ry, Fain would I Thy prais - es sing.
Friend who at all times re - ceives us, Friend who came the lost to find!
Break, Lord, ev - 'ry sin - ful fet - ter, Be each thought conformed to Thee.
Friend to help us, com-fort, save us, In whom pow'r and pit - y blend,
Sor - row sooth - ing, joys en - hanc - ing, Lov-ing un - til life shall end,
Look - ing for Thy bright ap - pear - ing, May our spir - its up - ward tend;
Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ, the sinner's Friend.
Then con - fer - ring bliss en-tranc-ing, Still in heav'n the sinner's Friend.
Till no lon - ger doubting, fear-ing, We be - hold the sinner's Friend. A-MEN.

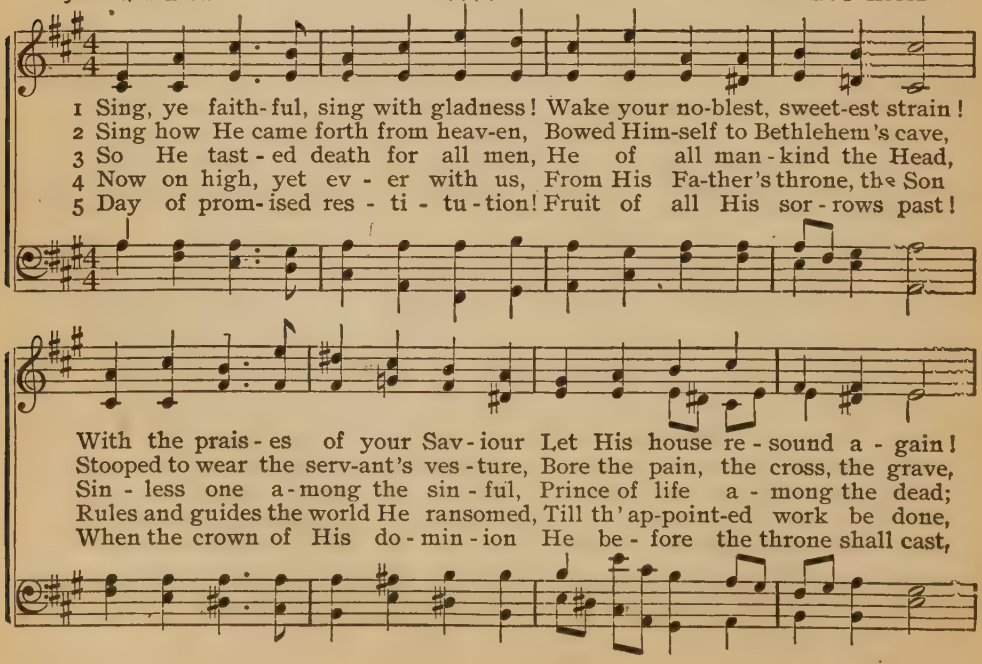
360 O sweetly breathe the lyres above

RAY PALMER — SAXBY — TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

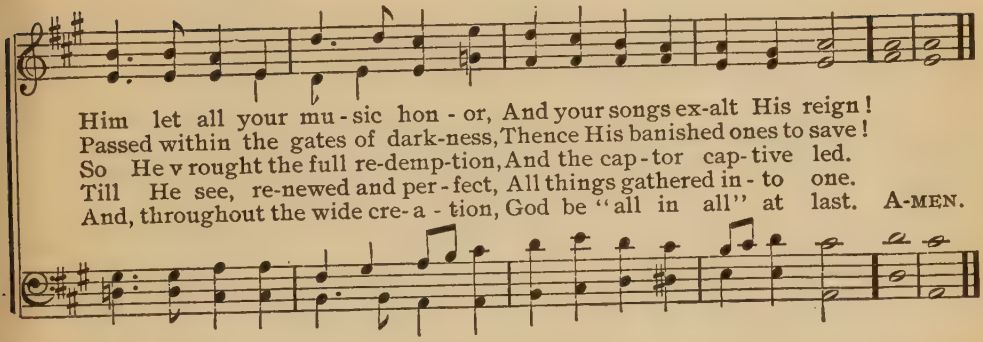

1 O sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove, When angels touch the quiv'ring string,
2 And sweet on earth the cho - rals swell, From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
3 Je - sus, Thy name our souls a - dore; We own the bond that makes us Thine;
4 Our hearts, by dy - ing love sub-dued, Ac - cept Thine of-fered grace to - day;
5 In Thee we trust—on Thee re - ly; Tho' we are fee - ble, Thou art strong;
And wake, to chant Emmanuel's love, Such strains as angel-lips can sing.
When pardoned souls their raptures tell, And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.
And car-nal joys that charmed before, For Thy dear sake we now re - sign.
Be-neath the cross, with blood bedewed, We bow, and give ourselves a-way.
O keep us till our spir - its fly To join the bright immortal throng! A-MEN.

361 Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness

JOHN ELLERTON — ELLERTON — WILLIAM S HOYTE


1 Sing, ye faith-ful, sing with gladness! Wake your no-blest, sweet-est strain!
2 Sing how He came forth from heav-en, Bowed Him-self to Bethlehem's cave,
3 So He tast - ed death for all men, He of all man - kind the Head,
4 Now on high, yet ev - er with us, From His Fa-ther's throne, the Son
5 Day of prom-ised res - ti - tu - tion! Fruit of all His sor - rows past!
With the prais - es of your Sav - iour Let His house re - sound a - gain!
Stooped to wear the serv-ant's ves - ture, Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Sin - less one a - mong the sin - ful, Prince of life a - mong the dead;
Rules and guides the world He ransomed, Till th' ap-point-ed work be done,
When the crown of His do - min - ion He be - fore the throne shall cast,

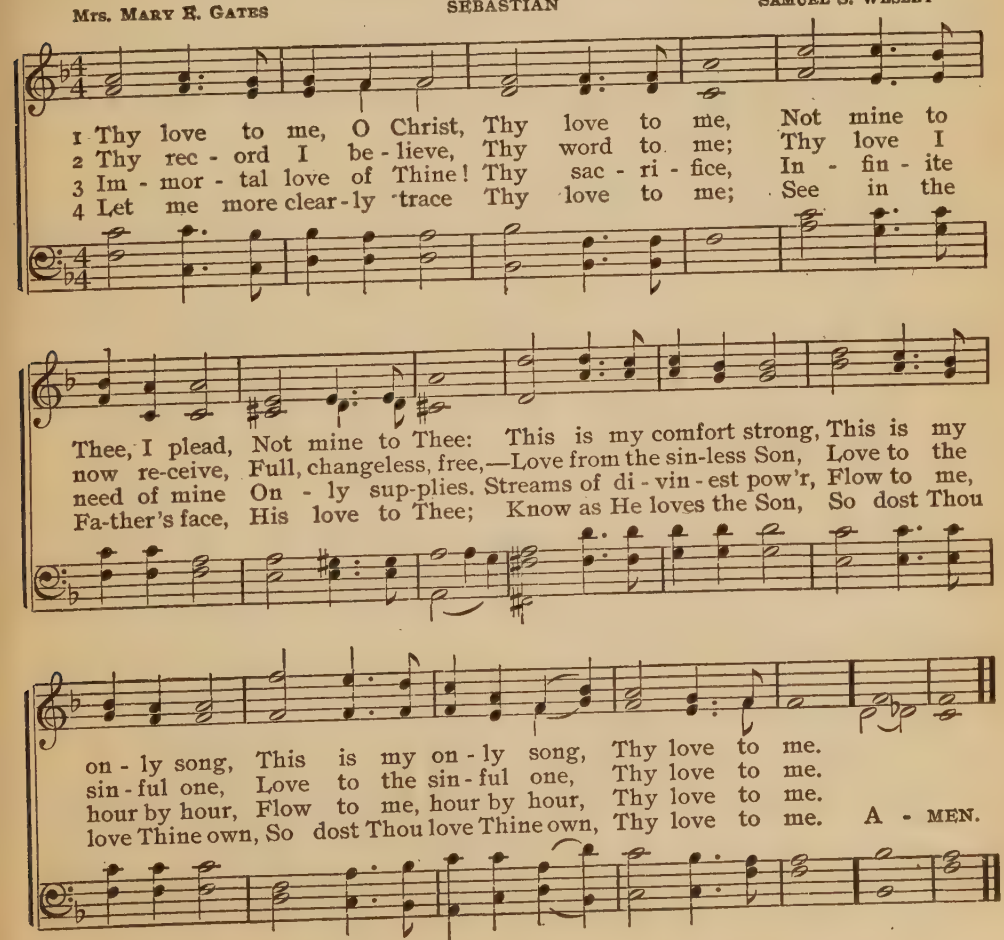
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness


Him let all your mu - sic hon - or, And your songs ex-alt His reign!
Passed within the gates of dark-ness, Thence His banished ones to save!
So He v rought the full re-demp-tion, And the cap - tor cap - tive led.
Till He see, re-newed and per - fect, All things gathered in - to one.
And, throughout the wide cre-a - tion, God be "all in all" at last. A-MEN.

362

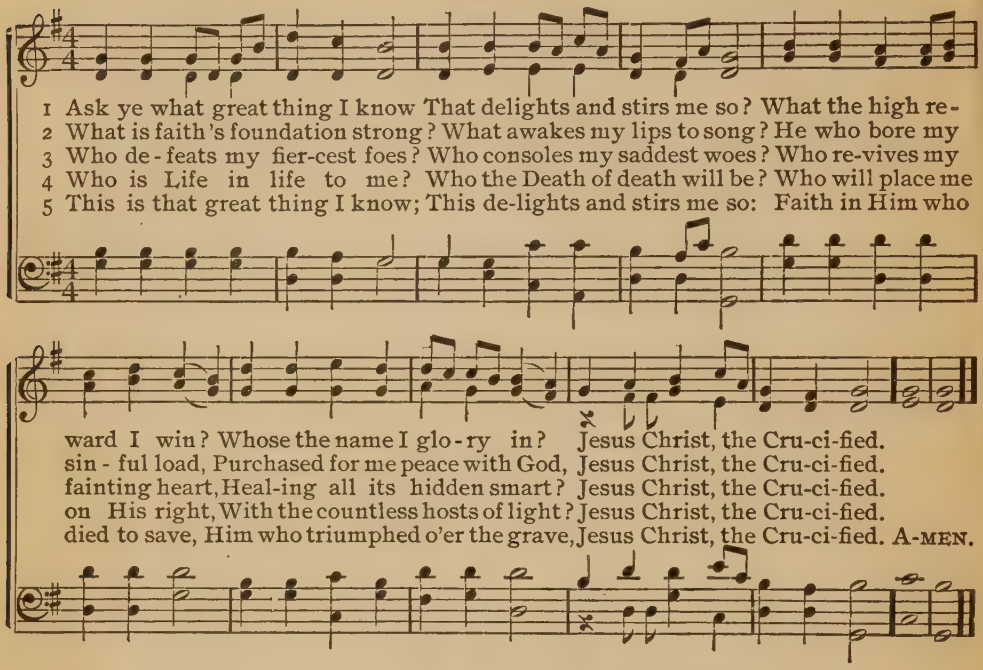
Thy love to me, O Christ

Mrs. MARY E. GATES — SEBASTIAN — SAMUEL S. WESLEY


1 Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to
2 Thy rec - ord I be - lieve, Thy word to me; Thy love I
3 Im - mor - tal love of Thine! Thy sac - ri - fice, In - fin - ite
4 Let me more clear - ly trace Thy love to me; See in the
Thee, I plead, Not mine to Thee: This is my comfort strong, This is my
now re-ceive, Full, changeless, free,—Love from the sin-less Son, Love to the
need of mine On - ly sup-plies. Streams of di - vin - est pow'r, Flow to me,
Fa-ther's face, His love to Thee; Know as He loves the Son, So dost Thou
on - ly song, This is my on - ly song, Thy love to me.
sin - ful one, Love to the sin - ful one, Thy love to me.
hour by hour, Flow to me, hour by hour, Thy love to me.
love Thine own, So dost Thou love Thine own, Thy love to me. A - MEN.

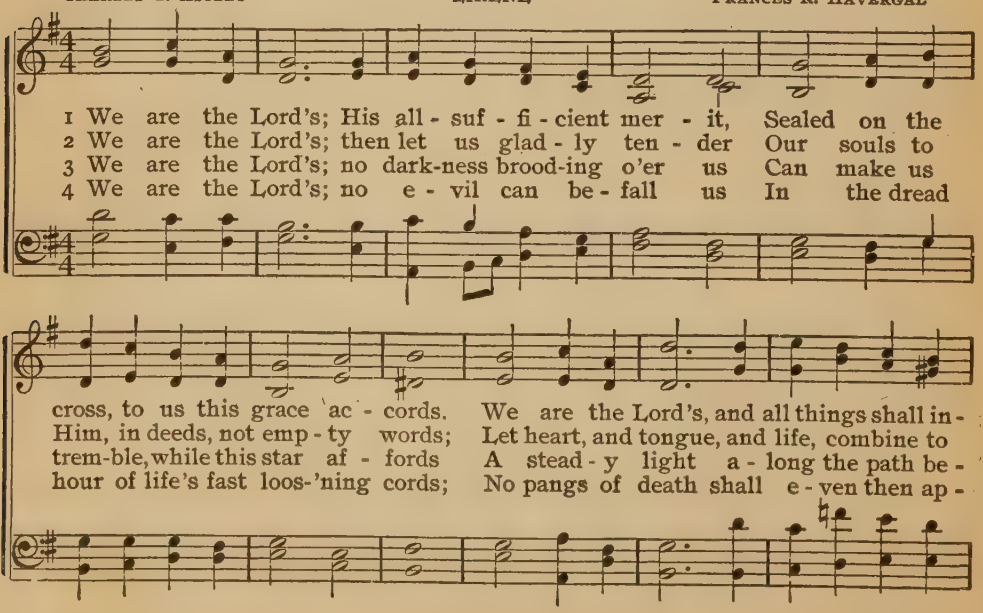
363 Ask ye what great thing I know

JOHANN C. SCHWEDLER — HENDON — HENRI A. C. MALAN

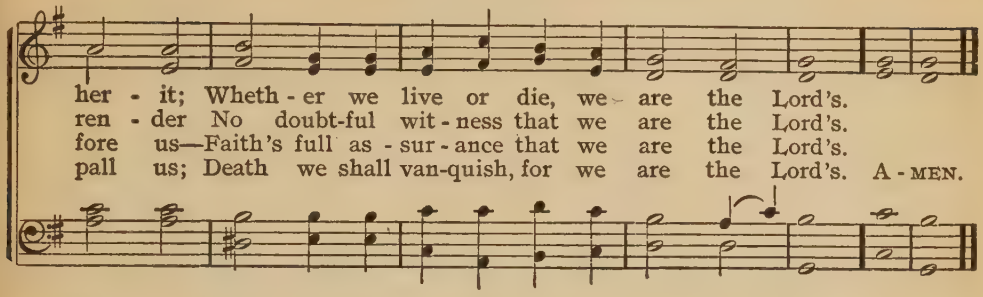

1 Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2 What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3 Who de-feats my fier-cest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who re-vives my
4 Who is Life in life to me? Who the Death of death will be? Who will place me
5 This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so: Faith in Him who
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Jesus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Jesus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
fainting heart, Heal-ing all its hidden smart? Jesus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
on His right, With the countless hosts of light? Jesus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Jesus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied. A-MEN.

364 We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient merit

CHARLES T. ASTLEY — EIRENE — FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

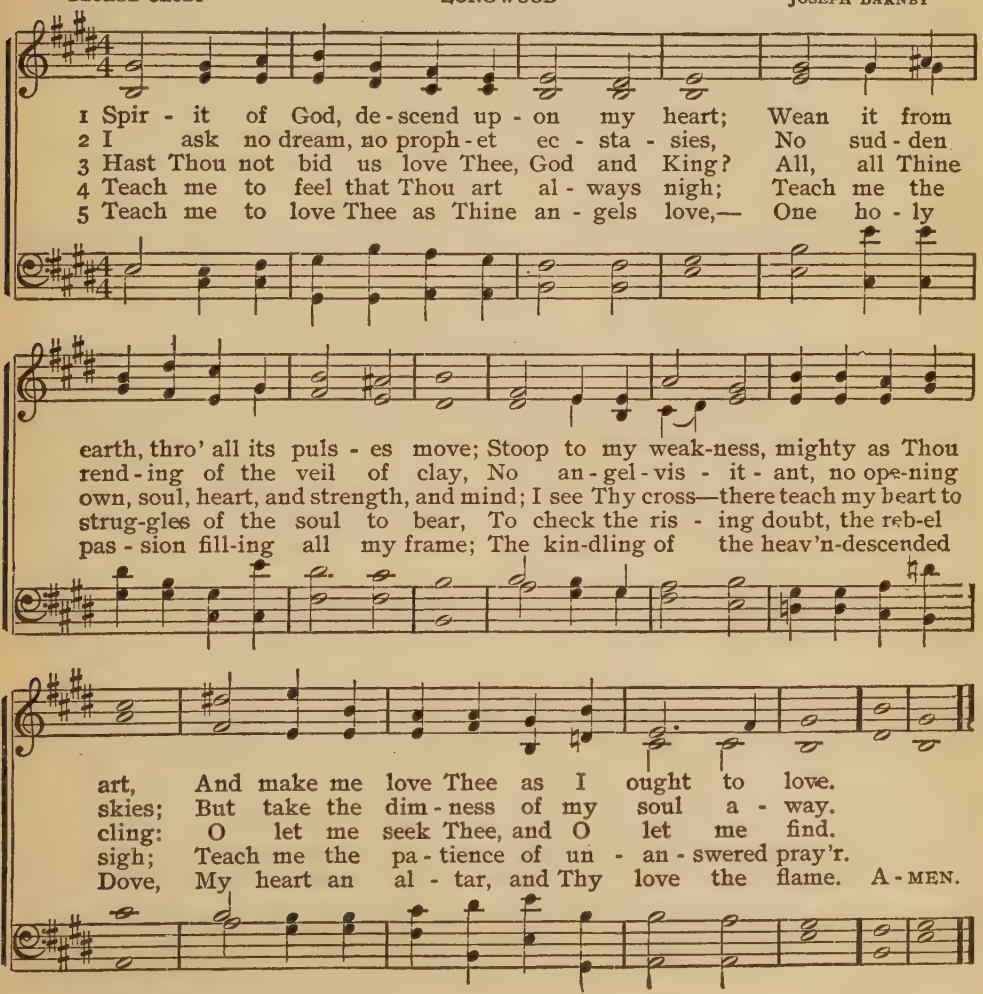

1 We are the Lord's; His all-suf-fi-cient mer-it, Sealed on the
2 We are the Lord's; then let us glad-ly ten-der Our souls to
3 We are the Lord's; no dark-ness brood-ing o'er us Can make us
4 We are the Lord's; no e-vil can be-fall us In the dread
cross, to us this grace ac-cords. We are the Lord's, and all things shall in-
Him, in deeds, not emp-ty words; Let heart, and tongue, and life, combine to
trem-ble, while this star af-fords A stead-y light a-long the path be-
hour of life's fast loos-'ning cords; No pangs of death shall e-ven then ap-

We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient merit


her - it; Wheth - er we live or die, we are the Lord's.
ren - der No doubt-ful wit - ness that we are the Lord's.
fore us—Faith's full as - sur - ance that we are the Lord's.
pall us; Death we shall van-quish, for we are the Lord's. A - MEN.

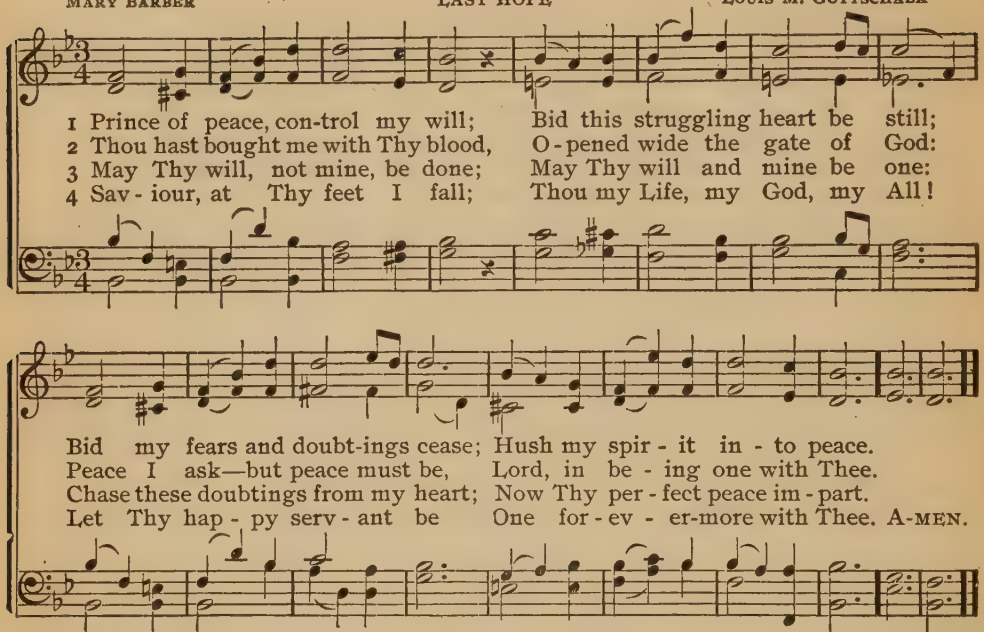
365 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart

GEORGE CROLY LONGWOOD JOSEPH BARNBY


1 Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
2 I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies, No sud - den
3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love,— One ho - ly
earth, thro' all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, mighty as Thou
rend - ing of the veil of clay, No an - gel - vis - it - ant, no ope-ning
own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind; I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to
strug-gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb-el
pas - sion fill-ing all my frame; The kin-dling of the heav'n-descended
art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
cling: O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered pray'r.
Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame. A - MEN.

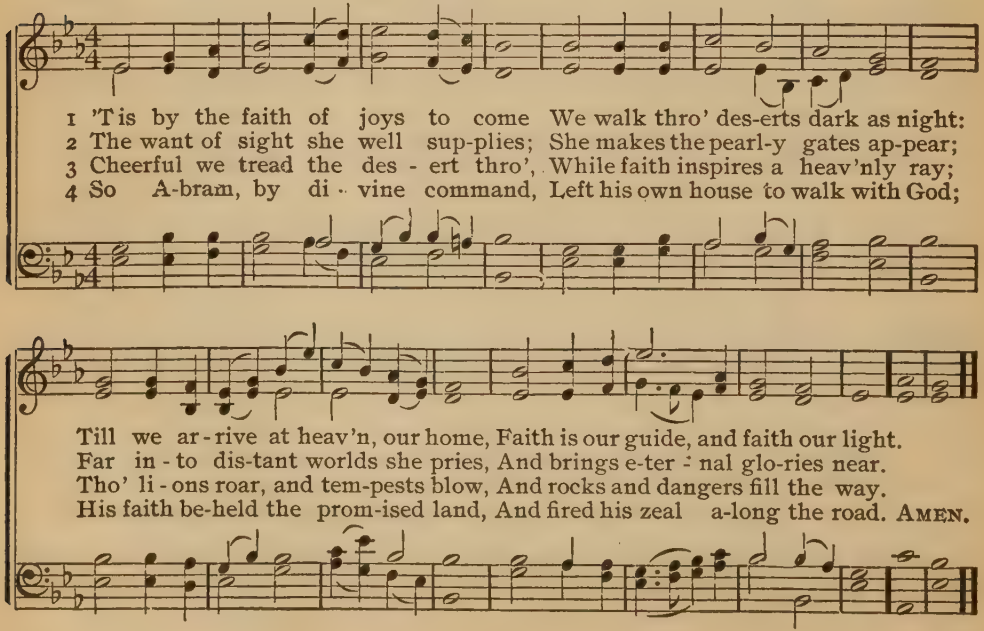
366 Prince of peace, control my will

MARY BARBER — LAST HOPE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1 Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate of God:
3 May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one:
4 Sav-iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir-it in-to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now Thy per-fect peace im-part.
Let Thy hap-py serv-ant be One for-ev-er-more with Thee. A-MEN.

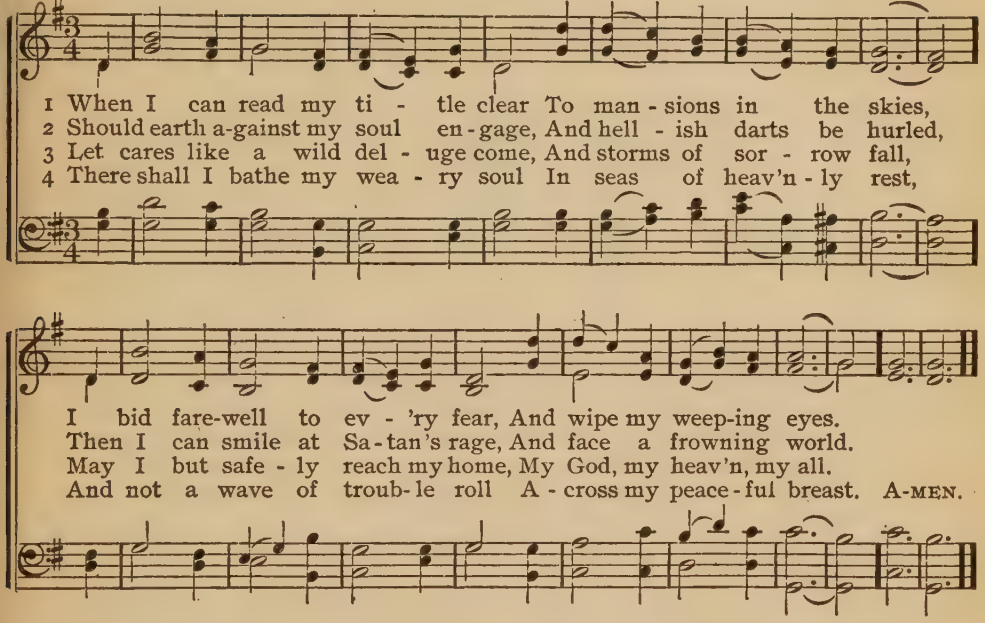
367 'Tis by the faith of joys to come

ISAAC WATTS — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON


1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' des-erts dark as night:
2 The want of sight she well sup-plies; She makes the pearl-y gates ap-pear;
3 Cheerful we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a heav'nly ray;
4 So A-bram, by di-vine command, Left his own house to walk with God;
Till we ar-rive at heav'n, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
Far in-to dis-tant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glo-ries near.
Tho' li-ons roar, and tem-pests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way.
His faith be-held the prom-ised land, And fired his zeal a-long the road. AMEN.

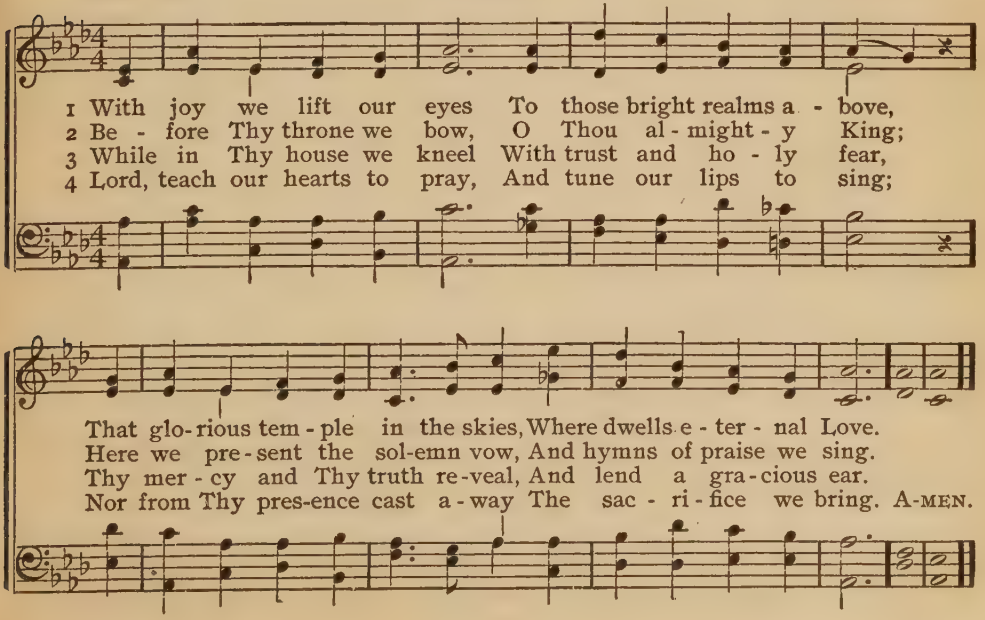
368 When I can read my title clear

ISAAC WATTS — BELMONT — SAMUEL WEBBE


1 When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
2 Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be hurled,
3 Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4 There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest,
I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. A-MEN.

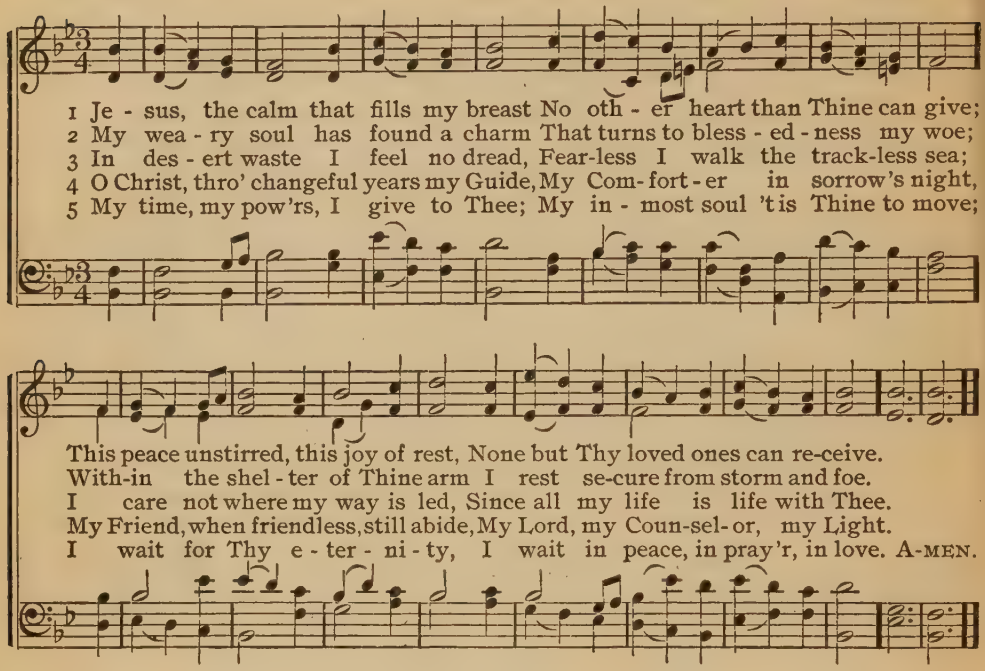
369 With joy we lift our eyes

THOMAS JERVIS — HESPERUS — ROBERT SCHUMANN


1 With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove,
2 Be - fore Thy throne we bow, O Thou al - might - y King;
3 While in Thy house we kneel With trust and ho - ly fear,
4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing;
That glo-rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.
Here we pre-sent the sol-emn vow, And hymns of praise we sing.
Thy mer - cy and Thy truth re-veal, And lend a gra-cious ear.
Nor from Thy pres-ence cast a-way The sac - ri - fice we bring. A-MEN.

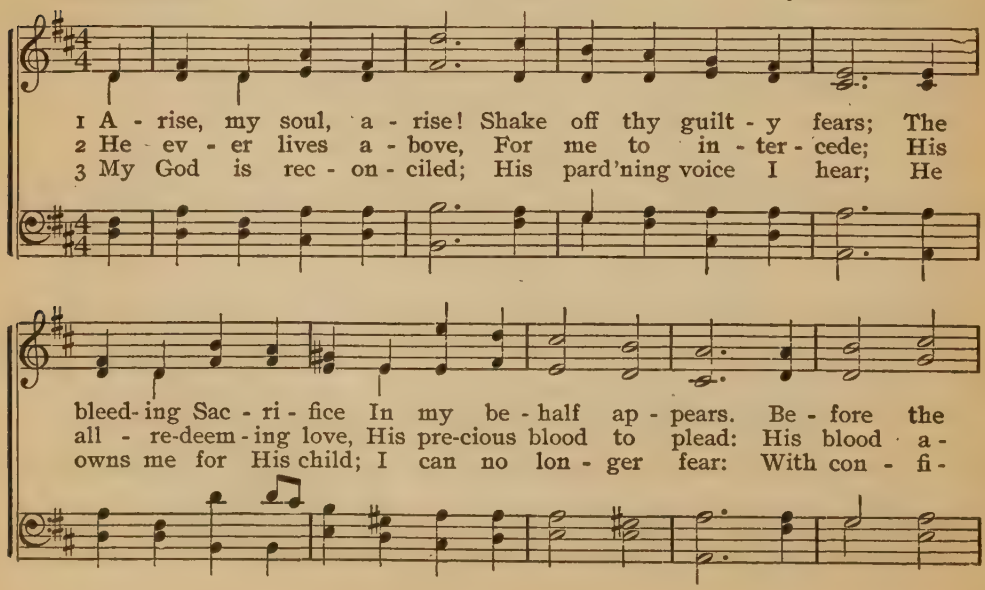
370 Jesus, the calm that fills my breast

FRANK M. NORTH — ALL SAINTS — WILLIAM KNAPP

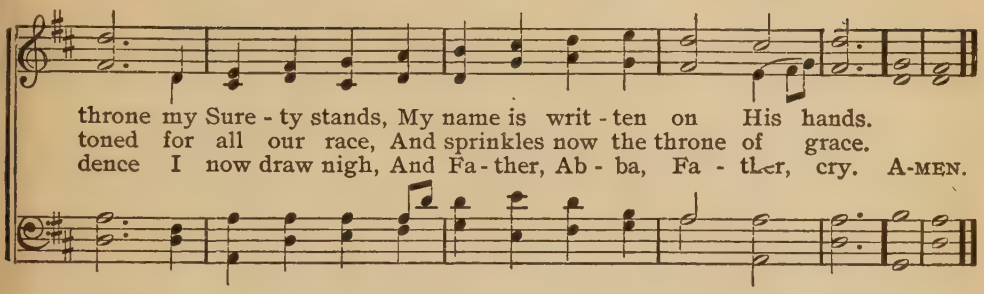

1 Je - sus, the calm that fills my breast No oth - er heart than Thine can give;
2 My wea - ry soul has found a charm That turns to bless - ed - ness my woe;
3 In des - ert waste I feel no dread, Fear-less I walk the track-less sea;
4 O Christ, thro' changeful years my Guide, My Com-fort-er in sorrow's night,
5 My time, my pow'rs, I give to Thee; My in - most soul 'tis Thine to move;
This peace unstirred, this joy of rest, None but Thy loved ones can re-ceive.
With-in the shel - ter of Thine arm I rest se-cure from storm and foe.
I care not where my way is led, Since all my life is life with Thee.
My Friend, when friendless, still abide, My Lord, my Coun-sel-or, my Light.
I wait for Thy e - ter - ni - ty, I wait in peace, in pray'r, in love. A-MEN.

371 Arise, my soul, arise

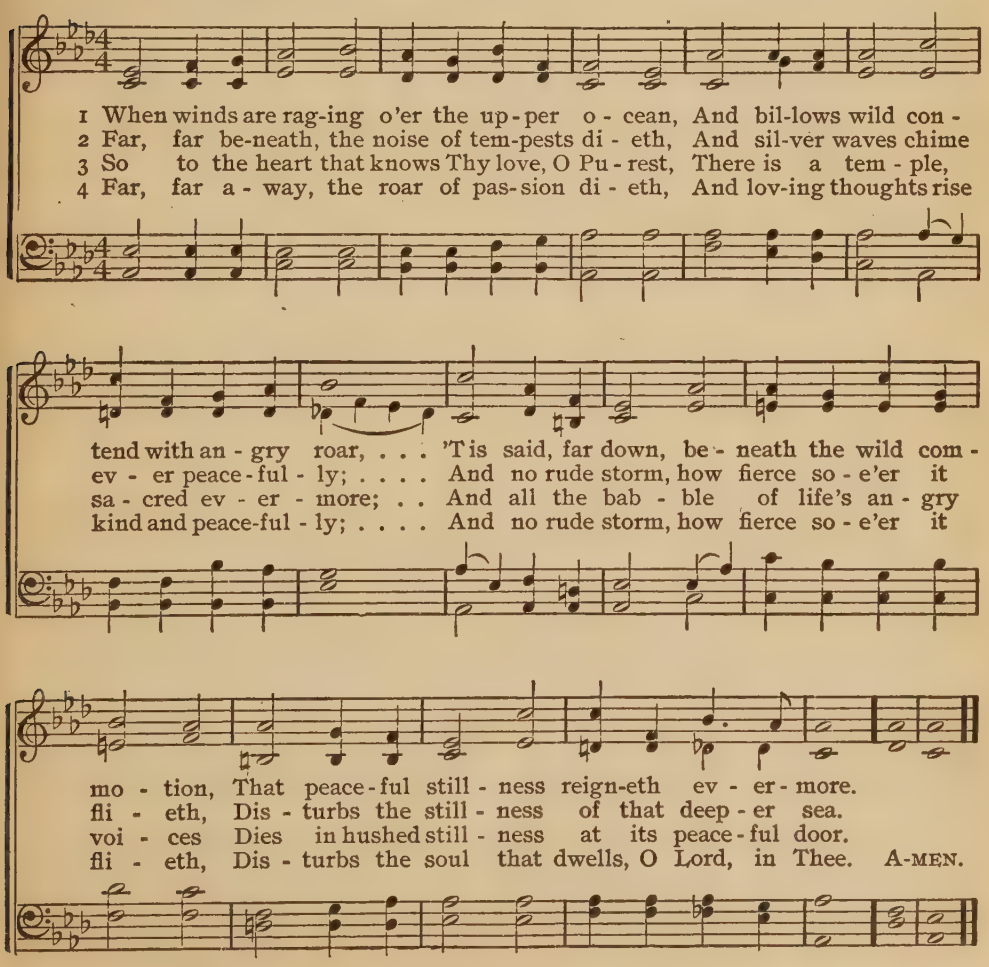
CHARLES WESLEY — DARWALL — JOHN DARWALL


1 A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The
2 He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His
3 My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He
bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears. Be - fore the
all - re-deem-ing love, His pre-cious blood to plead: His blood a -
owns me for His child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi -

Arise, my soul, arise


throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry. A-MEN.

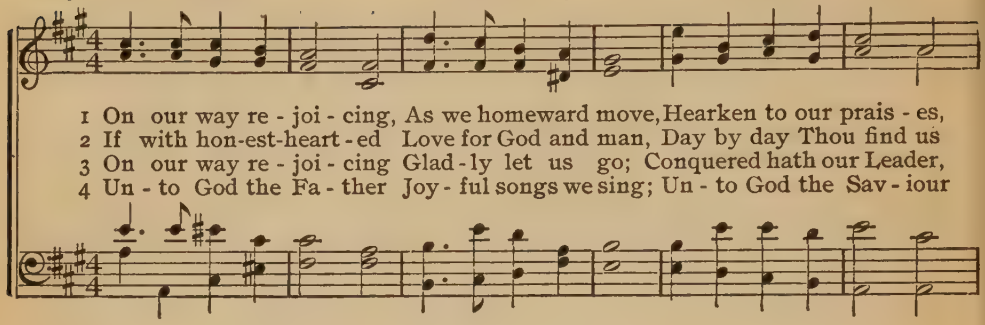
372 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE WILLETT UZZIAH C. BURNAP

1 When winds are rag-ing o'er the up-per o - cean, And bil-lows wild con -
2 Far, far be-neath, the noise of tem-pests di - eth, And sil-ver waves chime
3 So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Pu - rest, There is a tem - ple,
4 Far, far a - way, the roar of pas-sion di - eth, And lov-ing thoughts rise
tend with an - gry roar, . . . 'Tis said, far down, be - neath the wild com -
ev - er peace-ful - ly; . . . . And no rude storm, how fierce so - e'er it
sa - cred ev - er - more; . . And all the bab - ble of life's an - gry
kind and peace-ful - ly; . . . . And no rude storm, how fierce so - e'er it
mo - tion, That peace-ful still - ness reign-eth ev - er - more.
fli - eth, Dis - turbs the still - ness of that deep - er sea.
voi - ces Dies in hushed still - ness at its peace-ful door.
fli - eth, Dis - turbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee. A-MEN.

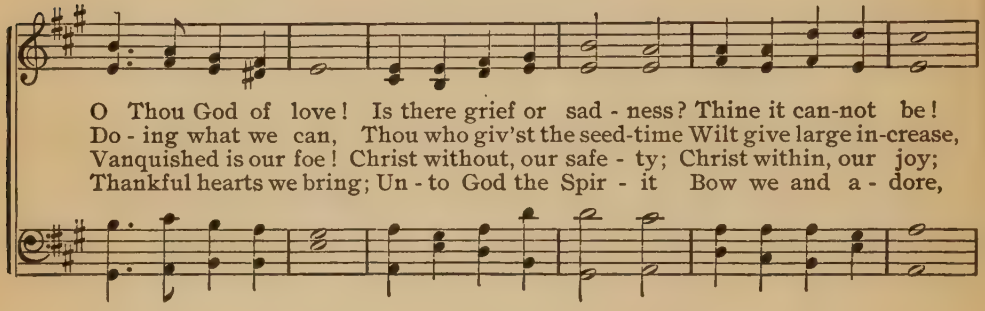
373

On our way rejoicing

JOHN S. B. MONSELL HERMAS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

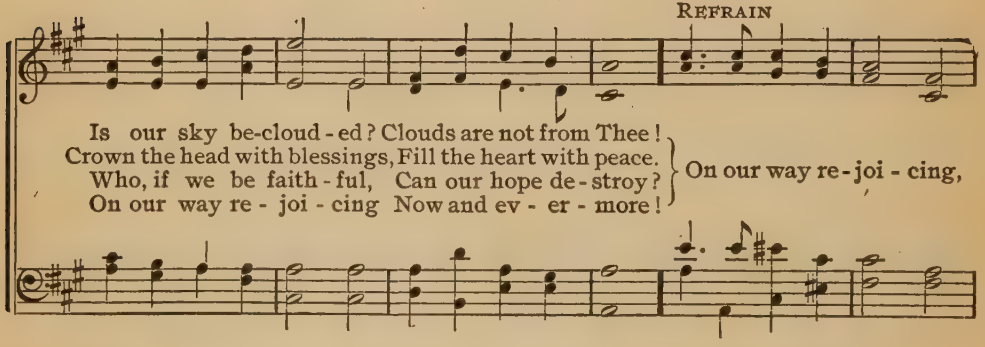


1 On our way re - joi - cing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,
2 If with hon-est-heart - ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3 On our way re - joi - cing Glad - ly let us go; Conquered hath our Leader,
4 Un - to God the Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the Sav - iour

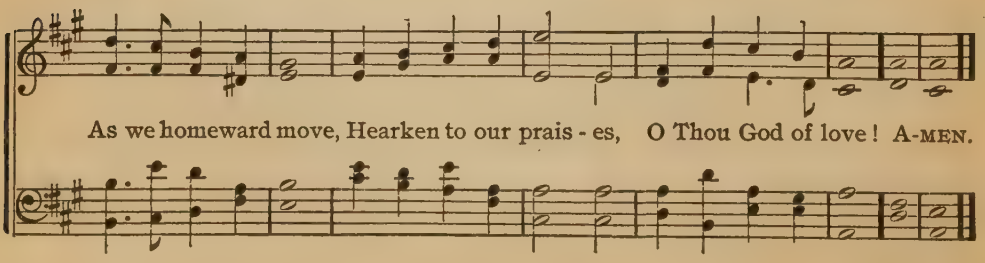


O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can-not be!
Do - ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed-time Wilt give large in-crease,
Vanquished is our foe! Christ without, our safe - ty; Christ within, our joy;
Thankful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore,

REFRAIN



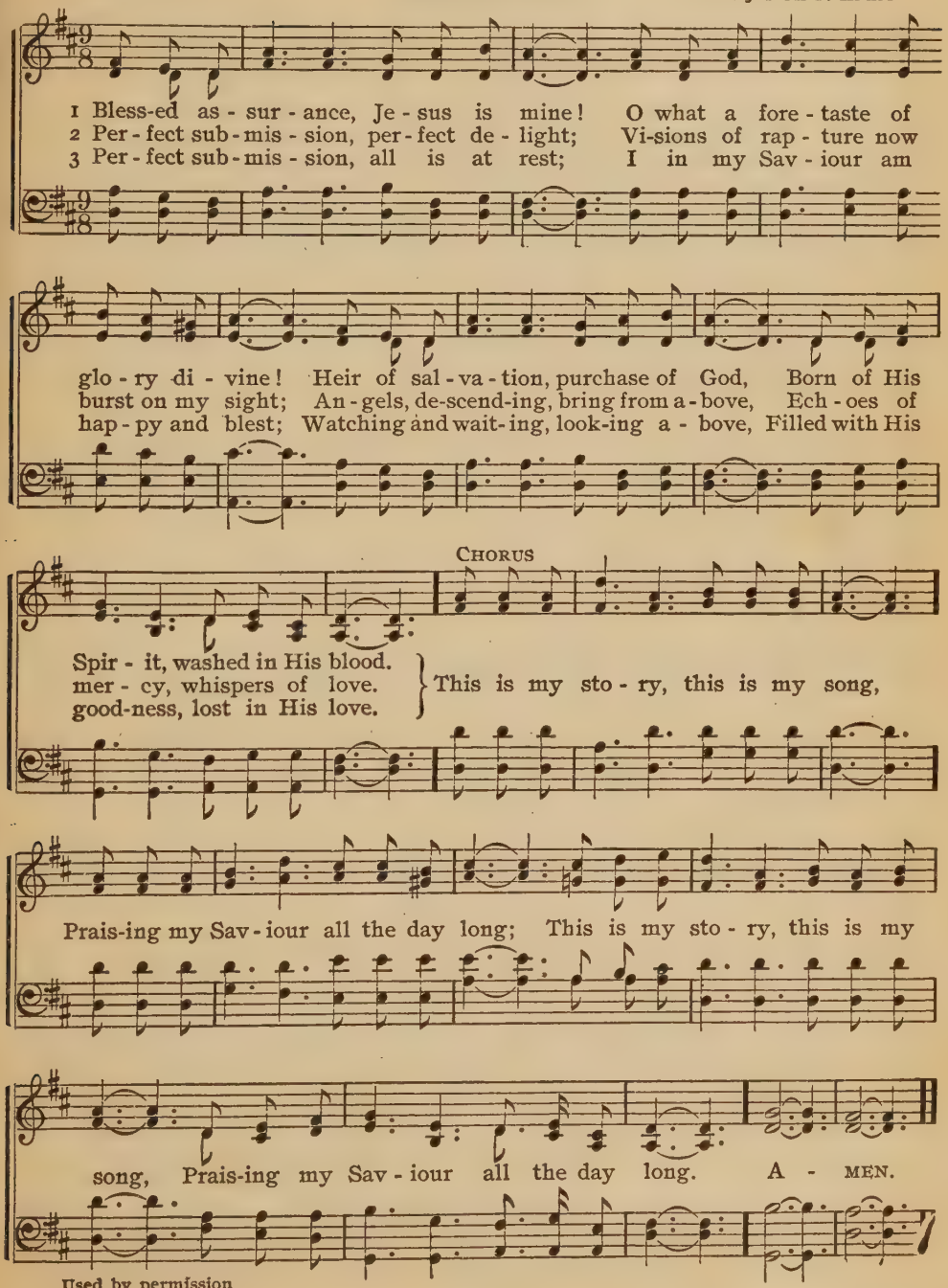
Is our sky be-cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
Crown the head with blessings, Fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy?
On our way re - joi - cing Now and ev - er - more!
} On our way re - joi - cing,



As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A-MEN.

374 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine

FANNY J. CROSBY — BLESSED ASSURANCE — Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP


1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of
2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light; Vi-sions of rap - ture now
3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight; An - gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His
CHORUS
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song,
Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long. A - MEN.

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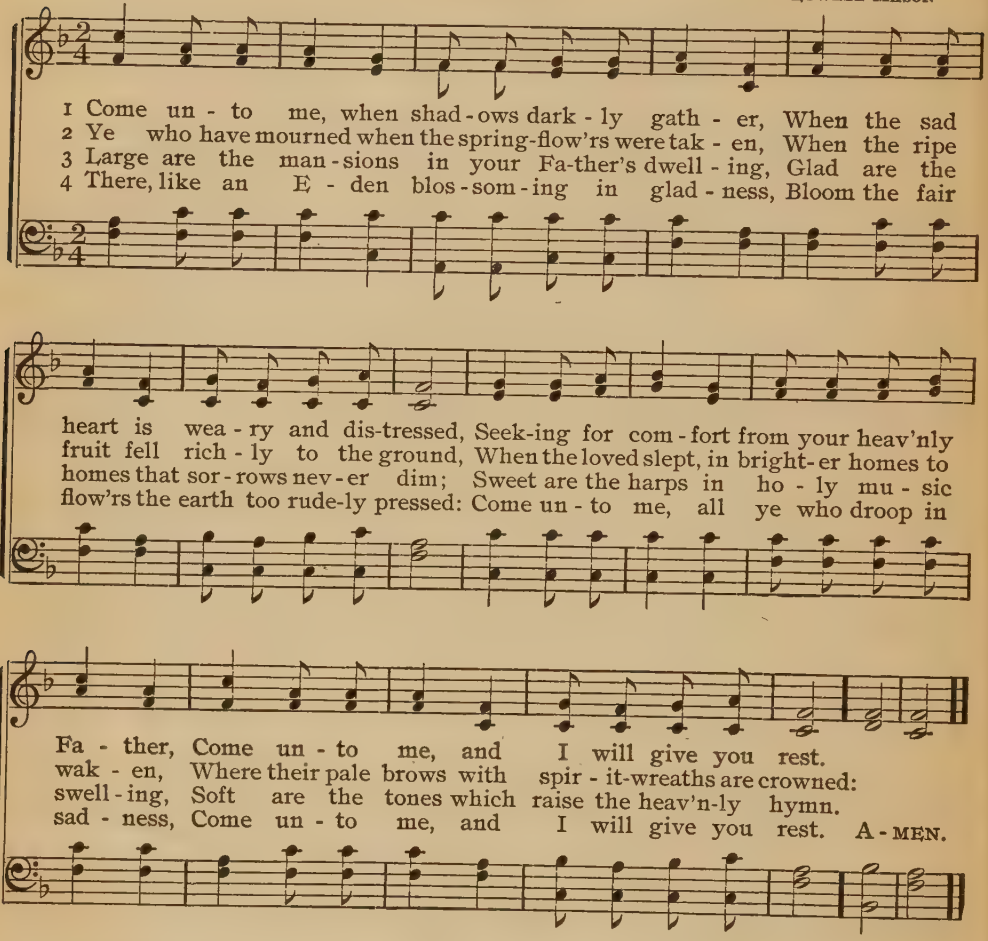
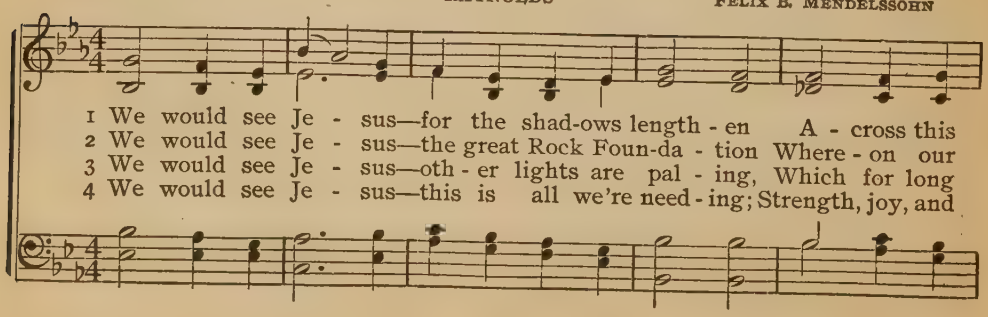
375 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather

CATHERINE H. ESLING — HENLEY — LOWELL MASON

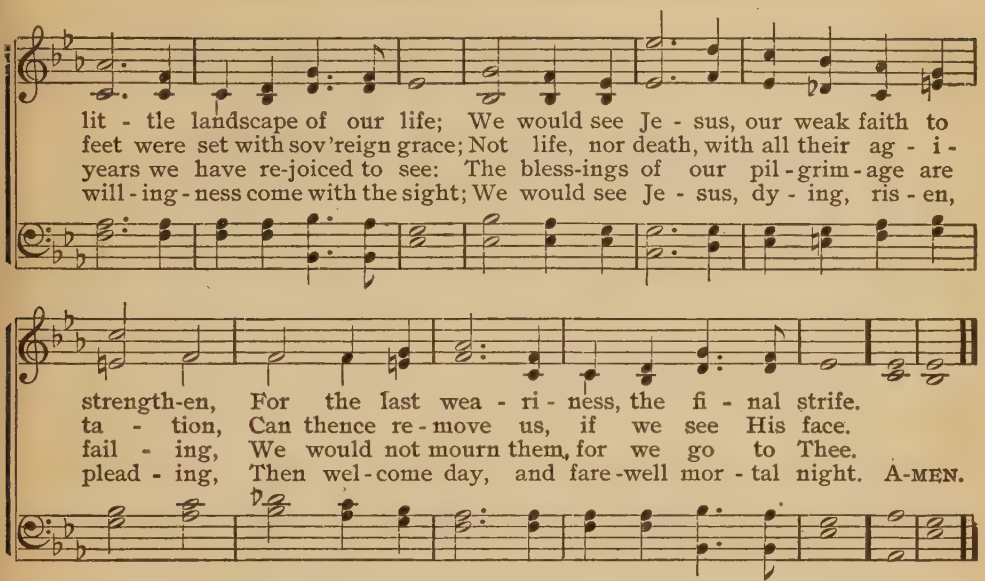

1 Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flow'rs were tak - en, When the ripe
3 Large are the man - sions in your Fa-ther's dwell - ing, Glad are the
4 There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair
heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek-ing for com - fort from your heav'nly
fruit fell rich - ly to the ground, When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to
homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic
flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed: Come un - to me, all ye who droop in
Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
wak - en, Where their pale brows with spir - it-wreaths are crowned:
swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n-ly hymn.
sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. A - MEN.

376 We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen

ANNA B. WARNER — RAYNOLDS — FELIX B. MENDELSSOHN

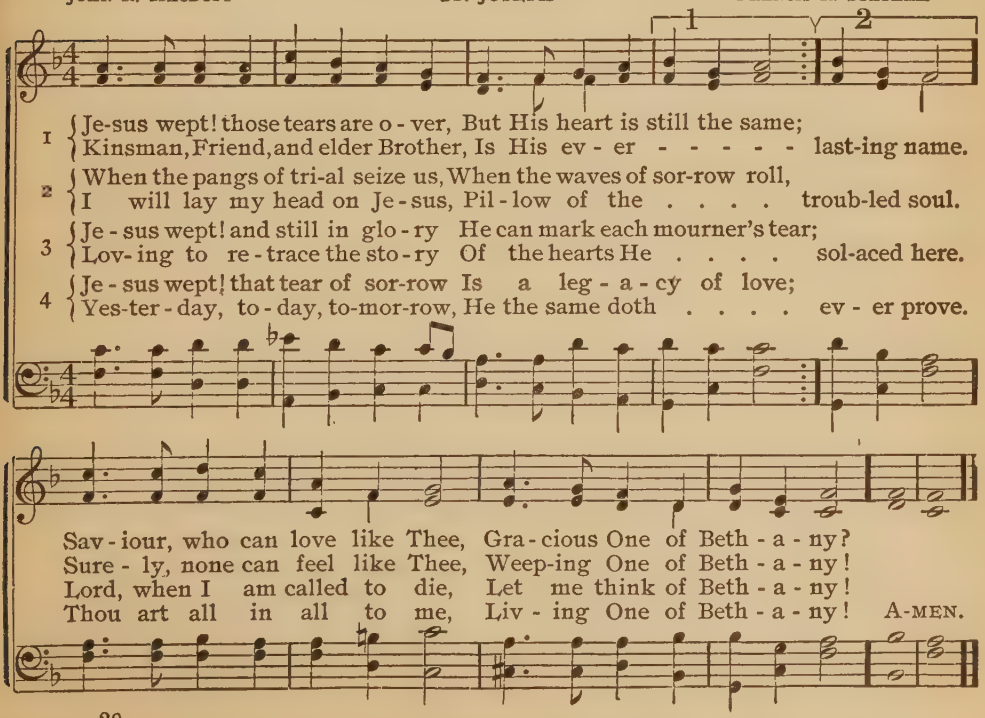

1 We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length - en A - cross this
2 We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun-da - tion Where - on our
3 We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4 We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen


lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i -
years we have re-joiced to see: The bless-ings of our pil - grim - age are
will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en,
strength-en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
plead - ing, Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night. A-MEN.

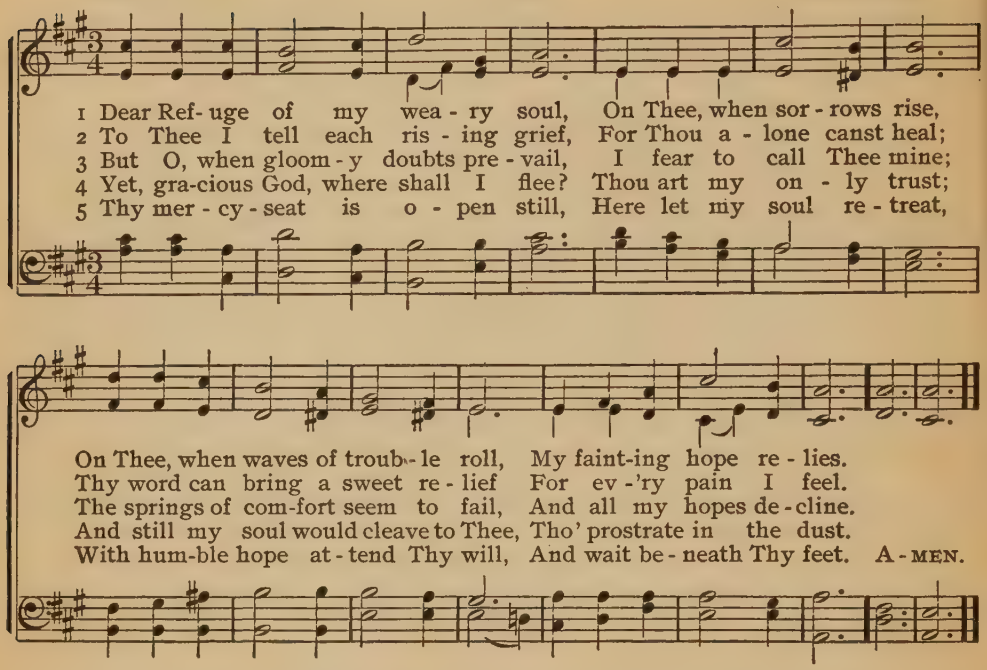
377 Jesus wept! those tears are over

JOHN R. MACDUFF ST. JOSEPH FRANCIS R. STATHAM


1 2
1 Je-sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother, Is His ev - er - - - - - last-ing name.
2 When the pangs of tri-al seize us, When the waves of sor-row roll,
I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pil - low of the . . . . troub-led soul.
3 Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry He can mark each mourner's tear;
Lov - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts He . . . . sol-aced here.
4 Je - sus wept! that tear of sor-row Is a leg - a - cy of love;
Yes-ter - day, to - day, to-mor-row, He the same doth . . . . ev - er prove.
Sav - iour, who can love like Thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?
Sure - ly, none can feel like Thee, Weep-ing One of Beth - a - ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny!
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny! A-MEN.

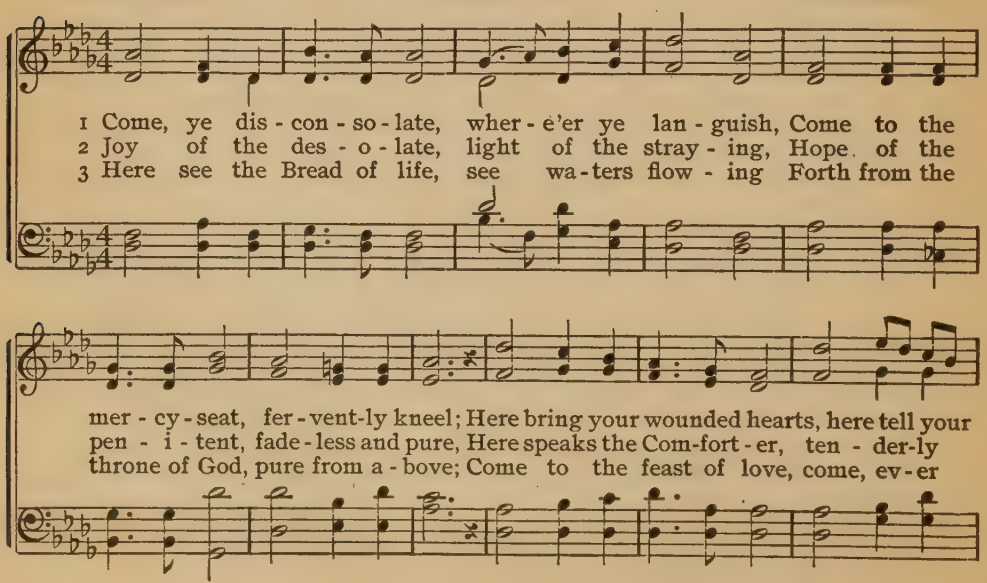
378 Dear Refuge of my weary soul

ANNE STEELE — ST. AGNES — JOHN B. DYKES

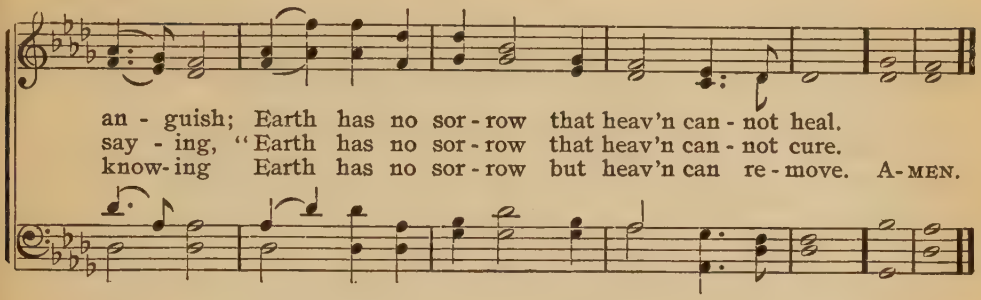

1 Dear Ref-uge of my wea-ry soul, On Thee, when sor-rows rise,
2 To Thee I tell each ris-ing grief, For Thou a-lone canst heal;
3 But O, when gloom-y doubts pre-vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
4 Yet, gra-cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on-ly trust;
5 Thy mer-cy-seat is o-pen still, Here let my soul re-treat,
On Thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies.
Thy word can bring a sweet re-lief For ev-'ry pain I feel.
The springs of com-fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de-cline.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.
With hum-ble hope at-tend Thy will, And wait be-neath Thy feet. A-MEN.

379 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish

THOMAS MOORE — CONSOLATOR — SAMUEL WEBBE

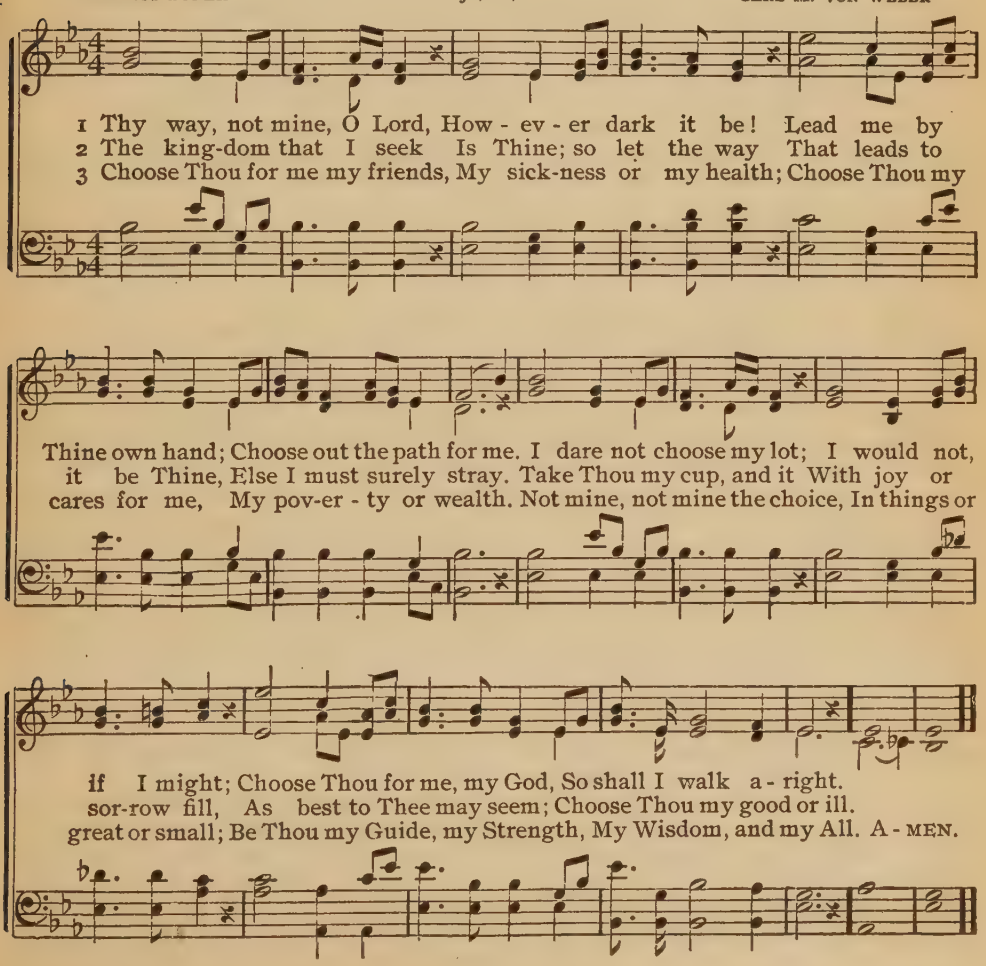

1 Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2 Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3 Here see the Bread of life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish


an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure.
know-ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move. A - MEN.

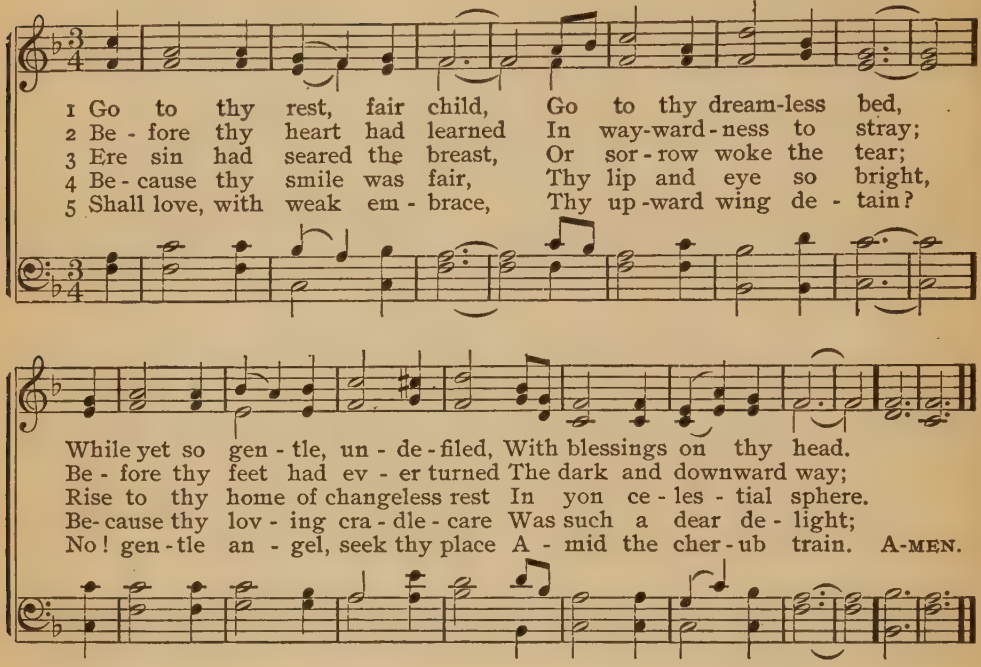
380 Thy way, not mine, O Lord

HORATIUS BONAR JEWETT CARL M. VON WEBER


1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by
2 The king-dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way That leads to
3 Choose Thou for me my friends, My sick-ness or my health; Choose Thou my
Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not,
it be Thine, Else I must surely stray. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or
cares for me, My pov-er - ty or wealth. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or
if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.
sor-row fill, As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good or ill.
great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All. A - MEN.

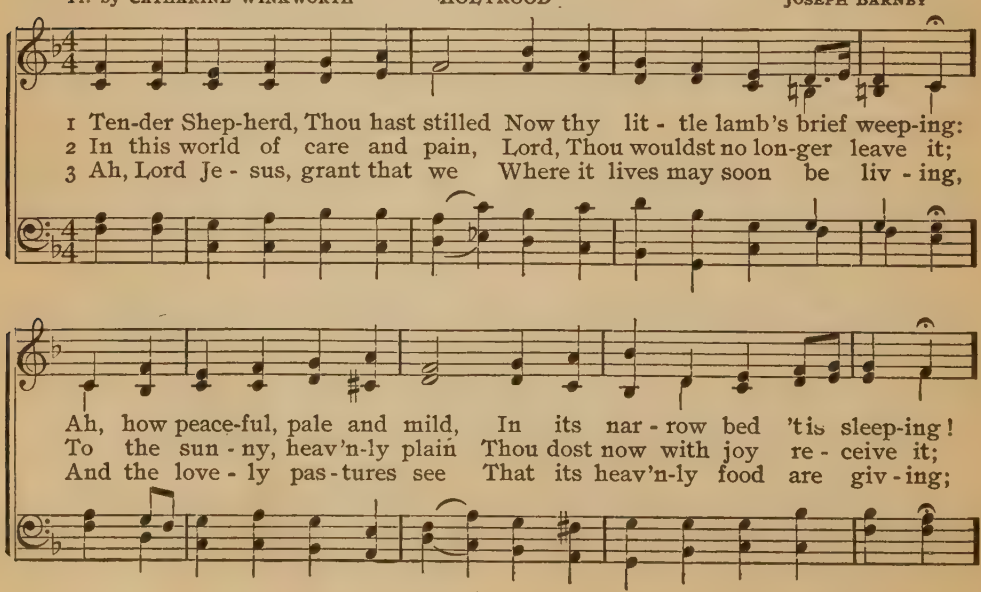
381 Go to thy rest, fair child

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney — VIGIL — Giovanni Paisello

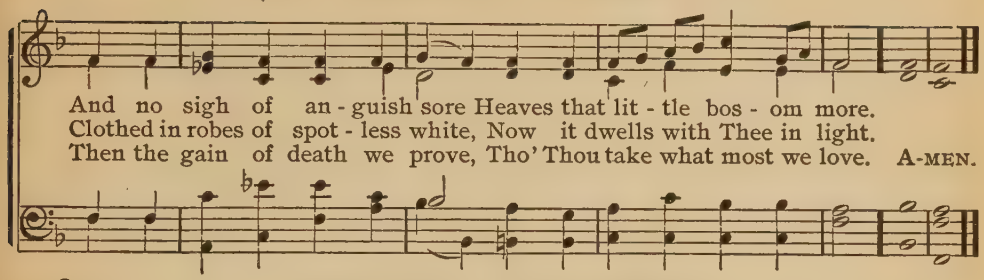

1 Go to thy rest, fair child, Go to thy dream-less bed,
2 Be - fore thy heart had learned In way-ward - ness to stray;
3 Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sor - row woke the tear;
4 Be - cause thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright,
5 Shall love, with weak em - brace, Thy up - ward wing de - tain?
While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With blessings on thy head.
Be - fore thy feet had ev - er turned The dark and downward way;
Rise to thy home of changeless rest In yon ce - les - tial sphere.
Be - cause thy lov - ing cra - dle - care Was such a dear de - light;
No! gen - tle an - gel, seek thy place A - mid the cher - ub train. A-MEN.

382 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled

Joachim W. Meinhold
Tr. by Catharine Winkworth — HOLYROOD — Joseph Barnby

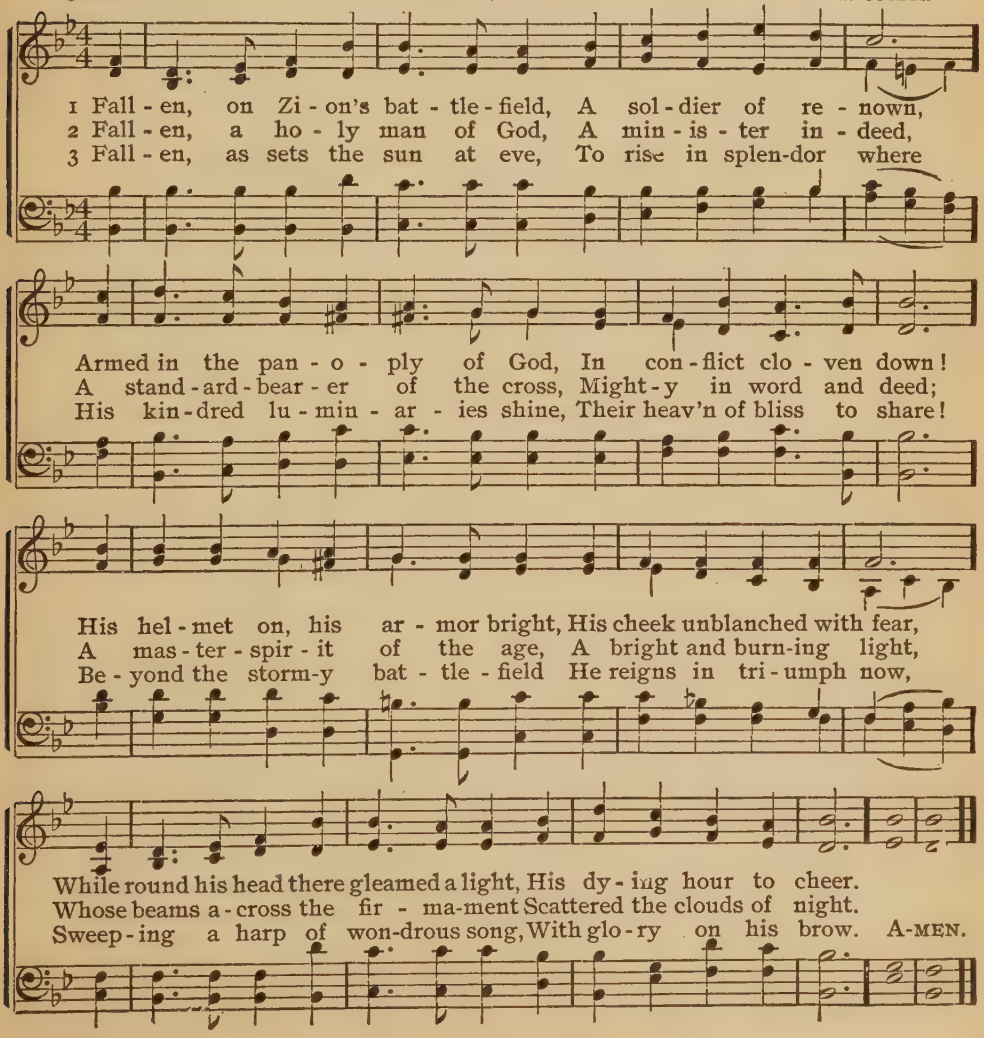

1 Ten-der Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep-ing:
2 In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no lon-ger leave it;
3 Ah, Lord Je - sus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be liv - ing,
Ah, how peace-ful, pale and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep-ing!
To the sun - ny, heav'n-ly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it;
And the love - ly pas - tures see That its heav'n-ly food are giv - ing;

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled


And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bos-om more.
Clothed in robes of spot-less white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.
Then the gain of death we prove, Tho' Thou take what most we love. A-MEN.

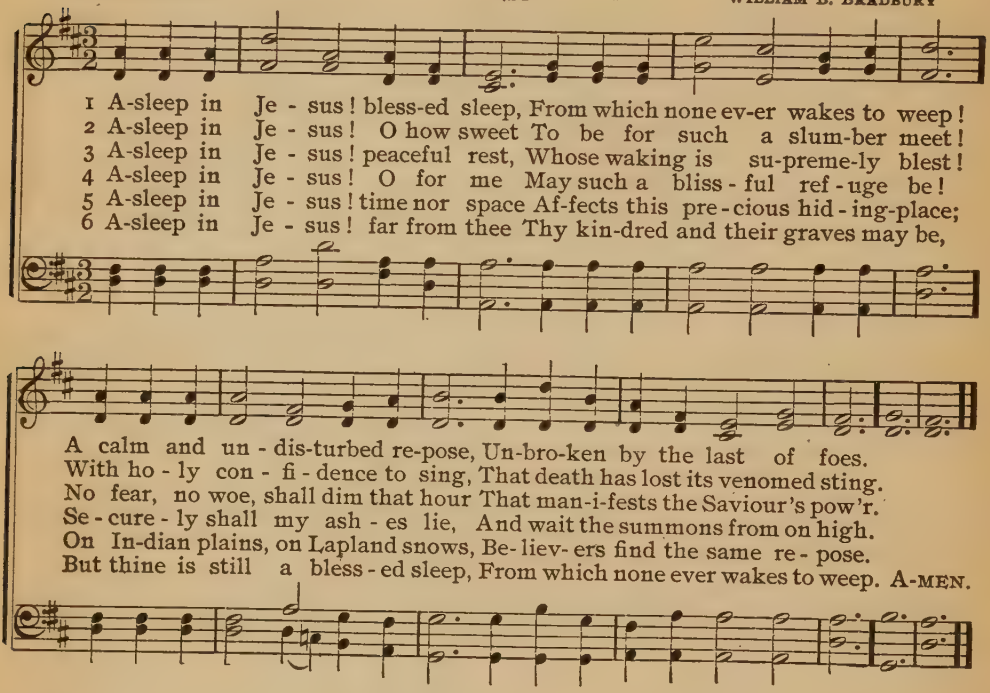
383

Fallen, on Zion's battlefield

JAMES N. MAFFITT — EMULATION — HENRY S. CUTLER

1 Fall-en, on Zi-on's bat-tle-field, A sol-dier of re-nown,
2 Fall-en, a ho-ly man of God, A min-is-ter in-deed,
3 Fall-en, as sets the sun at eve, To rise in splen-dor where
Armed in the pan-o-ply of God, In con-flict clo-ven down!
A stand-ard-bear-er of the cross, Might-y in word and deed;
His kin-dred lu-min-ar-ies shine, Their heav'n of bliss to share!
His hel-met on, his ar-mor bright, His cheek unblanched with fear,
A mas-ter-spir-it of the age, A bright and burn-ing light,
Be-yond the storm-y bat-tle-field He reigns in tri-umph now,
While round his head there gleamed a light, His dy-ing hour to cheer.
Whose beams a-cross the fir-ma-ment Scattered the clouds of night.
Sweep-ing a harp of won-drous song, With glo-ry on his brow. A-MEN.

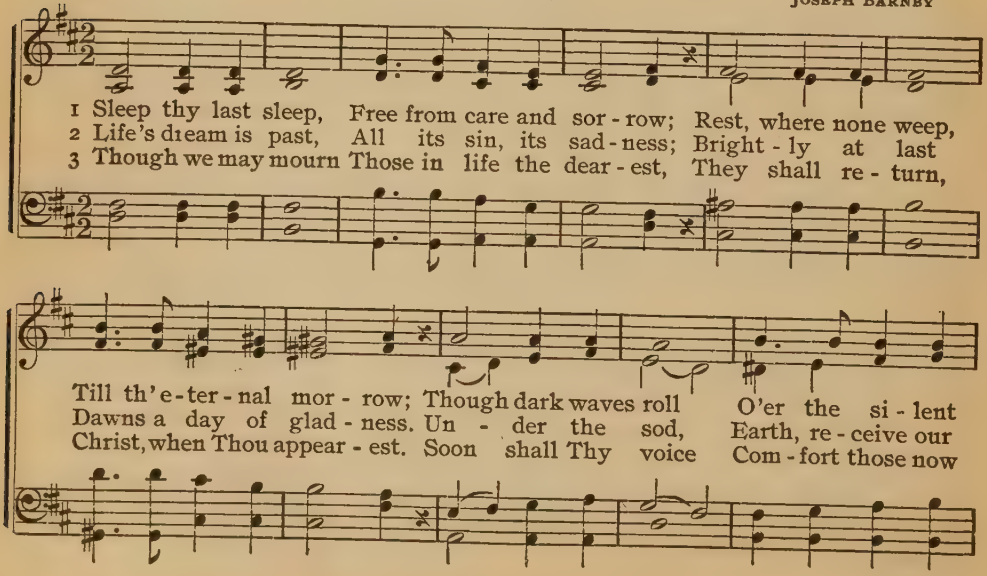
384 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY — REST — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

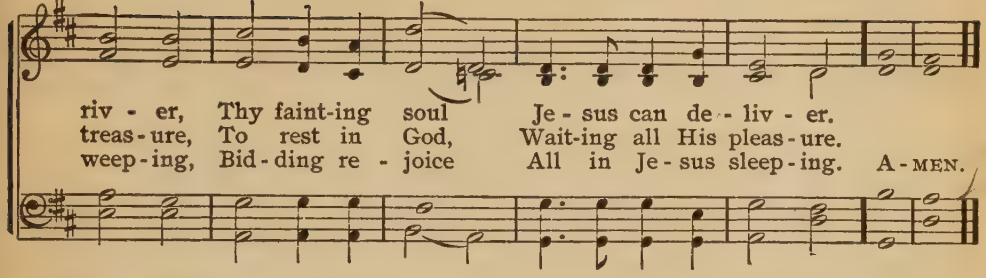

1 A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
2 A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3 A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4 A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5 A-sleep in Je - sus! time nor space Af-fects this pre - cious hid - ing-place;
6 A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin-dred and their graves may be,
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
On In-dian plains, on Lapland snows, Be-liev-ers find the same re - pose.
But thine is still a bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep. A-MEN.

385 Sleep thy last sleep

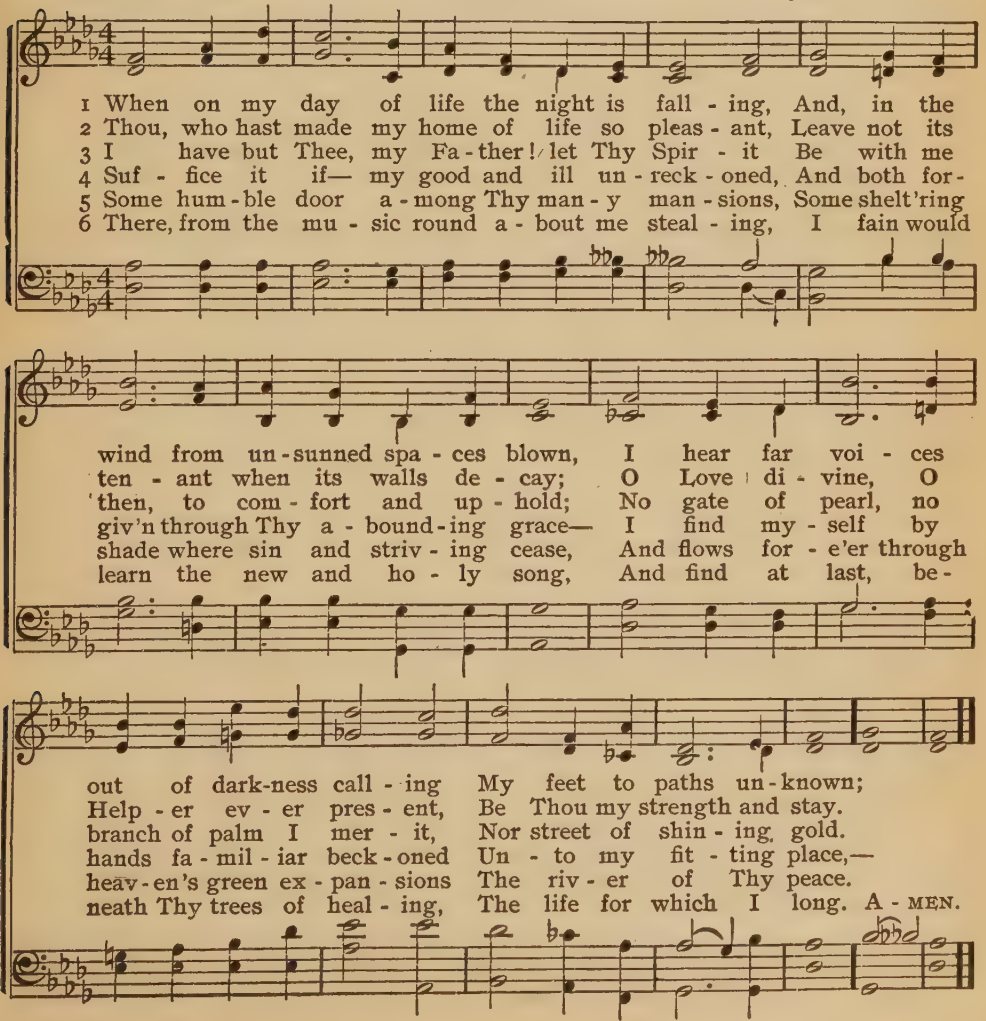
EDWARD A. DAYMAN — LAST SLEEP — JOSEPH BARNBY


1 Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,
2 Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness; Bright - ly at last
3 Though we may mourn Those in life the dear - est, They shall re - turn,
Till th'e-ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
Dawns a day of glad - ness. Un - der the sod, Earth, re - ceive our
Christ, when Thou appear - est. Soon shall Thy voice Com - fort those now

Sleep thy last sleep

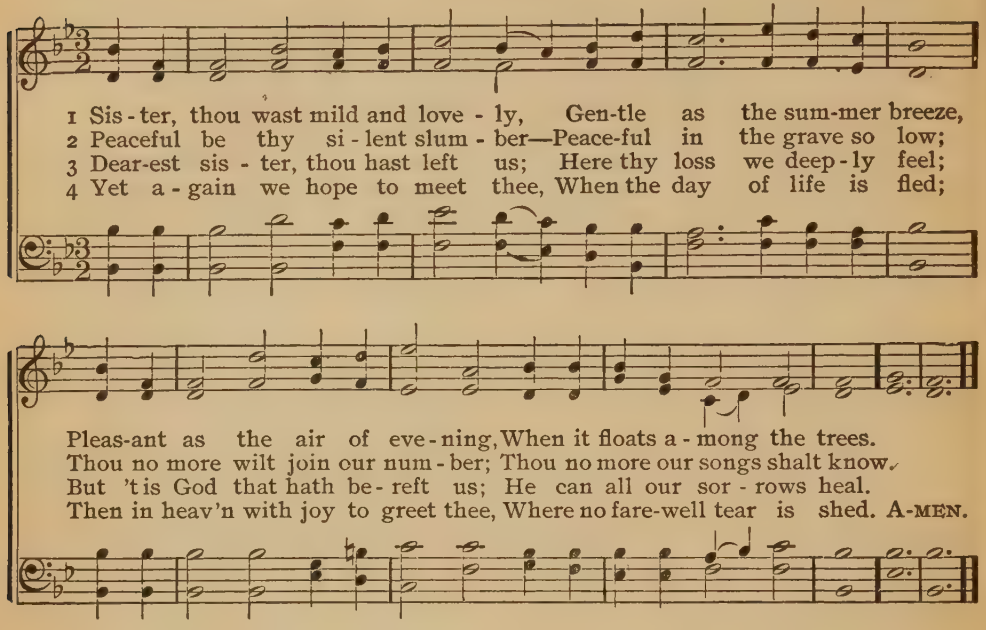

riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.
treas - ure, To rest in God, Wait-ing all His pleas - ure.
weep-ing, Bid - ding re - joice All in Je - sus sleep - ing. A - MEN.

386 When on my day of life the night is falling

JOHN G. WHITTIER HIERONYMUS JOSEPH BARNBY

1 When on my day of life the night is fall - ing, And, in the
2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleas - ant, Leave not its
3 I have but Thee, my Fa - ther! let Thy Spir - it Be with me
4 Suf - fice it if— my good and ill un - reck - oned, And both for -
5 Some hum - ble door a - mong Thy man - y man - sions, Some shelt'ring
6 There, from the mu - sic round a - bout me steal - ing, I fain would
wind from un - sunned spa - ces blown, I hear far voi - ces
ten - ant when its walls de - cay; O Love di - vine, O
then, to com - fort and up - hold; No gate of pearl, no
giv'n through Thy a - bound - ing grace— I find my - self by
shade where sin and striv - ing cease, And flows for - e'er through
learn the new and ho - ly song, And find at last, be -
out of dark-ness call - ing My feet to paths un - known;
Help - er ev - er pres - ent, Be Thou my strength and stay.
branch of palm I mer - it, Nor street of shin - ing gold.
hands fa - mil - iar beck - oned Un - to my fit - ting place,—
heav - en's green ex - pan - sions The riv - er of Thy peace.
neath Thy trees of heal - ing, The life for which I long. A - MEN.

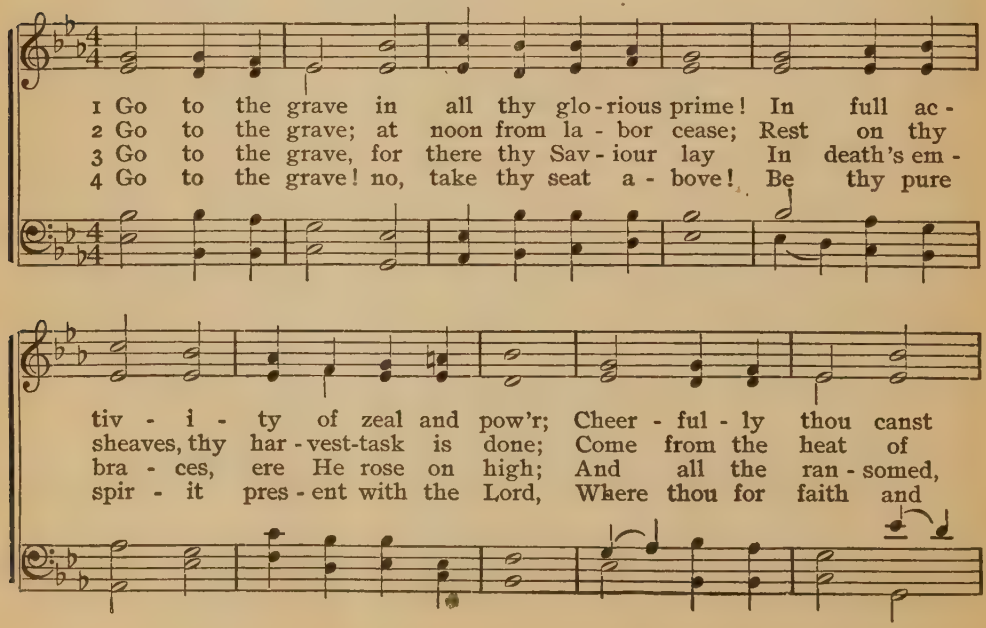
387 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely

SAMUEL F. SMITH — STOCKWELL — DARIUS E. JONES

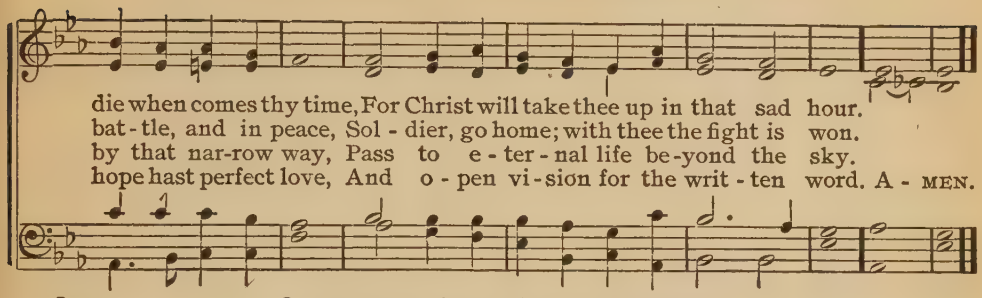

1 Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze,
2 Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber—Peace-ful in the grave so low;
3 Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
4 Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;
Pleas-ant as the air of eve-ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num-ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
But 'tis God that hath be-reft us; He can all our sor-rows heal.
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed. A-MEN.

388 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime

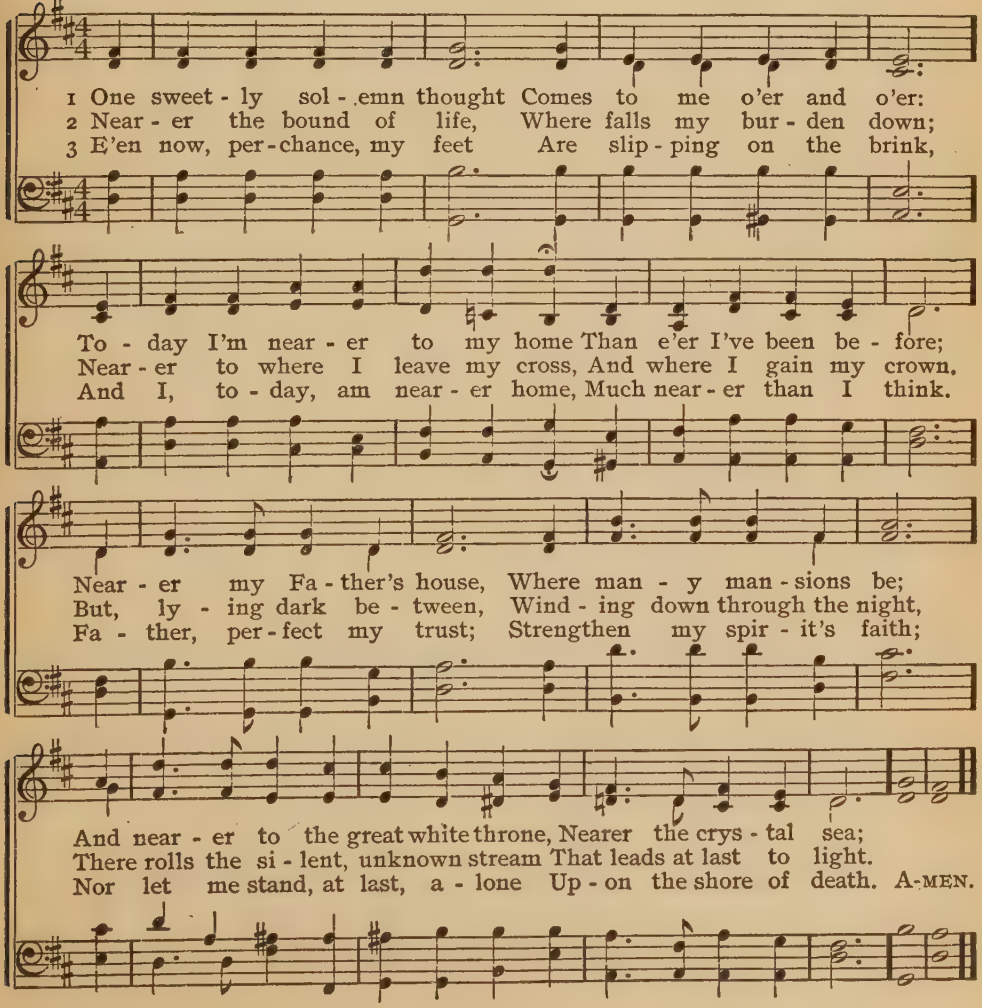
JAMES MONTGOMERY — EVENTIDE — WILLIAM H. MONK


1 Go to the grave in all thy glo-rious prime! In full ac-
2 Go to the grave; at noon from la-bor cease; Rest on thy
3 Go to the grave, for there thy Sav-iour lay In death's em-
4 Go to the grave! no, take thy seat a-bove! Be thy pure
tiv-i-ty of zeal and pow'r; Cheer-ful-ly thou canst
sheaves, thy har-vest-task is done; Come from the heat of
bra-ces, ere He rose on high; And all the ran-somed,
spir-it pres-ent with the Lord, Where thou for faith and

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime

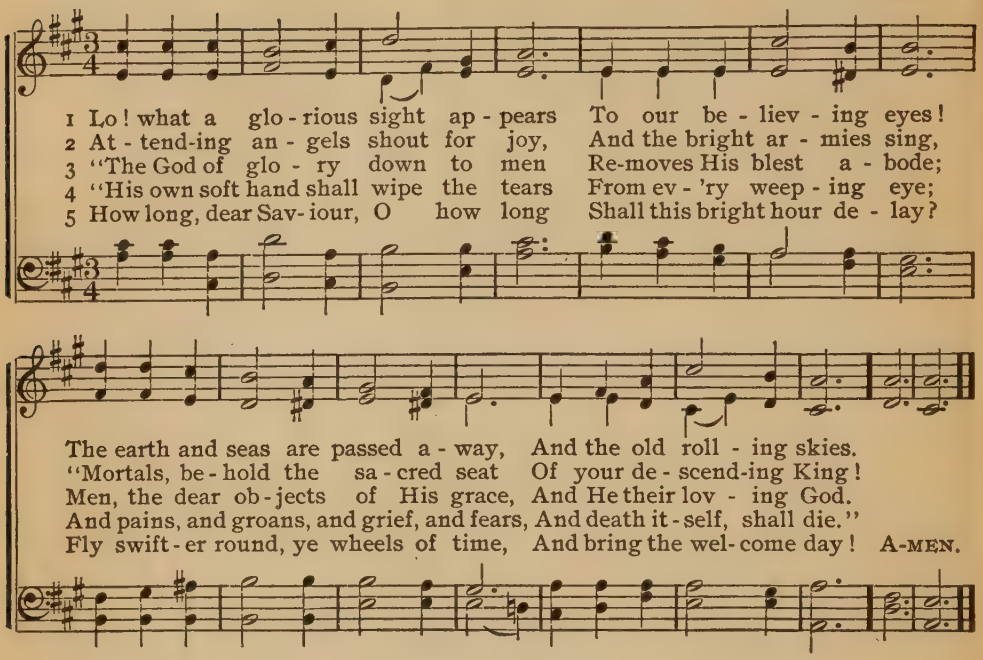

die when comes thy time, For Christ will take thee up in that sad hour.
bat-tle, and in peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
by that nar-row way, Pass to e-ter-nal life be-yond the sky.
hope hast perfect love, And o-pen vi-sion for the writ-ten word. A-MEN.

389 One sweetly solemn thought

PHŒBE CARY — LEOMINSTER — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1 One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
2 Near-er the bound of life, Where falls my bur-den down;
3 E'en now, per-chance, my feet Are slip-ping on the brink,
To-day I'm near-er to my home Than e'er I've been be-fore;
Near-er to where I leave my cross, And where I gain my crown,
And I, to-day, am near-er home, Much near-er than I think.
Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y man-sions be;
But, ly-ing dark be-tween, Wind-ing down through the night,
Fa-ther, per-fect my trust; Strengthen my spir-it's faith;
And near-er to the great white throne, Nearer the crys-tal sea;
There rolls the si-lent, unknown stream That leads at last to light.
Nor let me stand, at last, a-lone Up-on the shore of death. A-MEN.

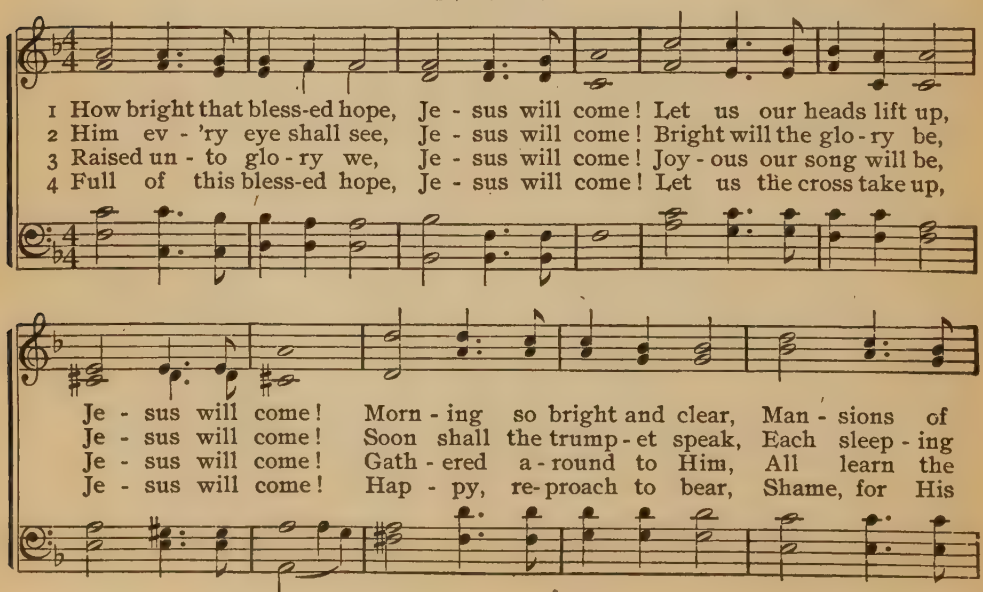
390 Lo! what a glorious sight appears

ISAAC WATTS — ST. AGNES — JOHN B. DYKES

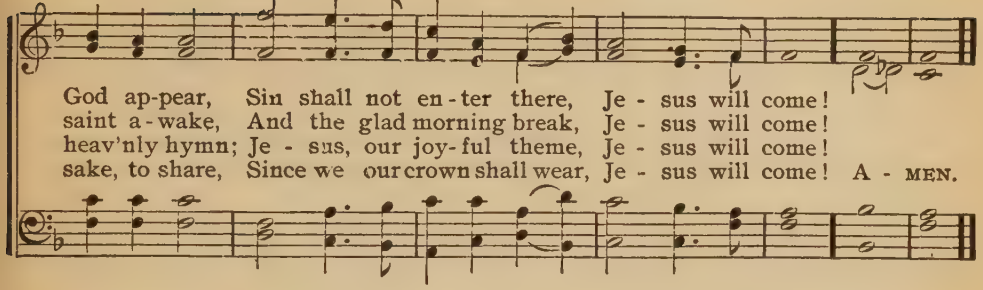

1 Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!
2 At - tend-ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright ar - mies sing,
3 "The God of glo - ry down to men Re-moves His blest a - bode;
4 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye;
5 How long, dear Sav - iour, O how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?
The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
"Mortals, be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend-ing King!
Men, the dear ob - jects of His grace, And He their lov - ing God.
And pains, and groans, and grief, and fears, And death it - self, shall die."
Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, And bring the wel - come day! A-MEN.

391 How bright that blessed hope

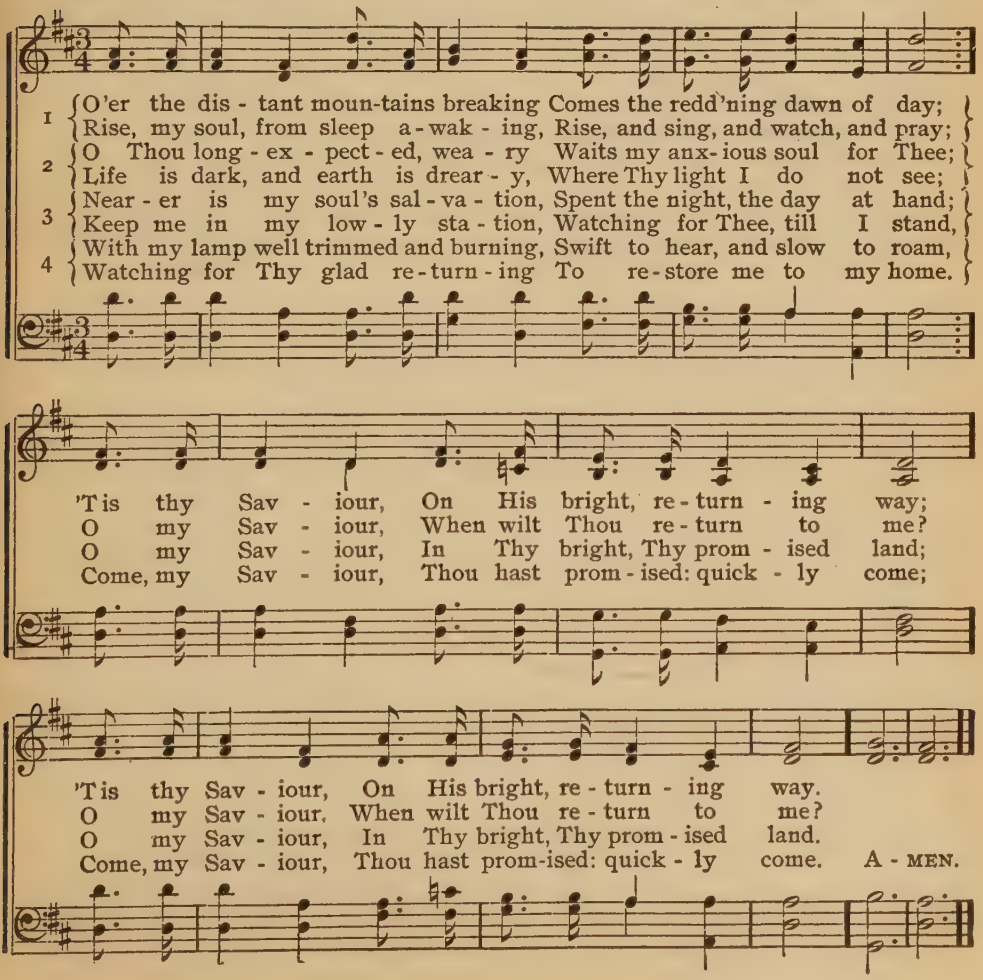
* * * — SEBASTIAN — SAMUEL S. WESLEY


1 How bright that bless-ed hope, Je - sus will come! Let us our heads lift up,
2 Him ev - 'ry eye shall see, Je - sus will come! Bright will the glo - ry be,
3 Raised un - to glo - ry we, Je - sus will come! Joy - ous our song will be,
4 Full of this bless-ed hope, Je - sus will come! Let us the cross take up,
Je - sus will come! Morn - ing so bright and clear, Man - sions of
Je - sus will come! Soon shall the trump - et speak, Each sleep - ing
Je - sus will come! Gath - ered a - round to Him, All learn the
Je - sus will come! Hap - py, re-proach to bear, Shame, for His

How bright that blessed hope


God ap-pear, Sin shall not en-ter there, Je - sus will come!
saint a-wake, And the glad morning break, Je - sus will come!
heav'nly hymn; Je - sus, our joy-ful theme, Je - sus will come!
sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je - sus will come! A - MEN.

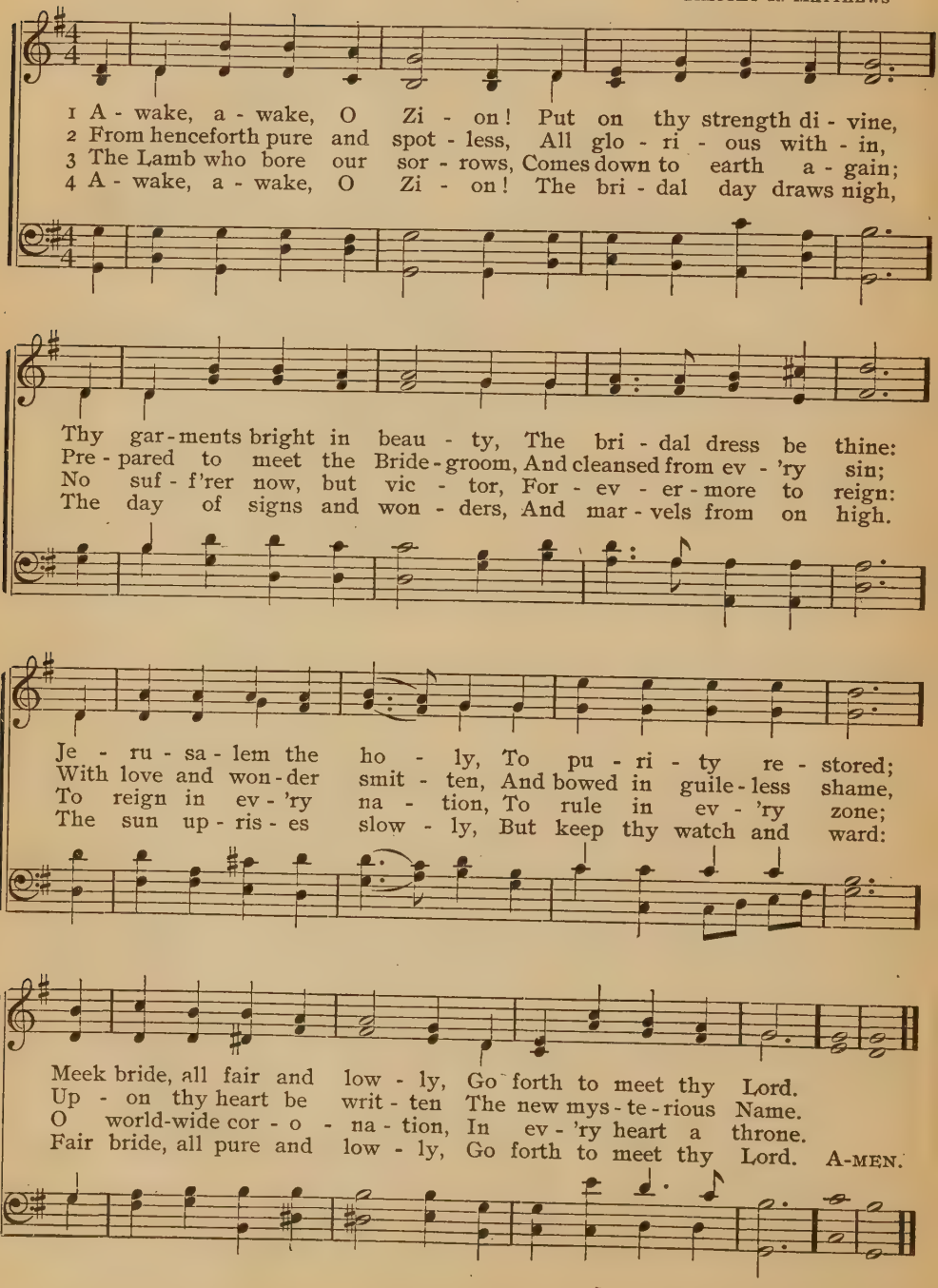
392 O'er the distant mountains breaking

JOHN S. B. MONSELL — ZION — THOMAS HASTINGS

1 O'er the dis - tant moun-tains breaking Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep a-wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
2 O Thou long - ex - pect - ed, wea - ry Waits my anx-ious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is drear - y, Where Thy light I do not see;
3 Near - er is my soul's sal - va - tion, Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my low - ly sta - tion, Watching for Thee, till I stand,
4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning, Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad re-turn - ing To re-store me to my home.
'T is thy Sav - iour, On His bright, re - turn - ing way;
O my Sav - iour, When wilt Thou re - turn to me?
O my Sav - iour, In Thy bright, Thy prom - ised land;
Come, my Sav - iour, Thou hast prom - ised: quick - ly come;
'T is thy Sav - iour, On His bright, re - turn - ing way.
O my Sav - iour, When wilt Thou re - turn to me?
O my Sav - iour, In Thy bright, Thy prom - ised land.
Come, my Sav - iour, Thou hast prom-ised: quick - ly come. A - MEN.

393

Awake, awake, O Zion

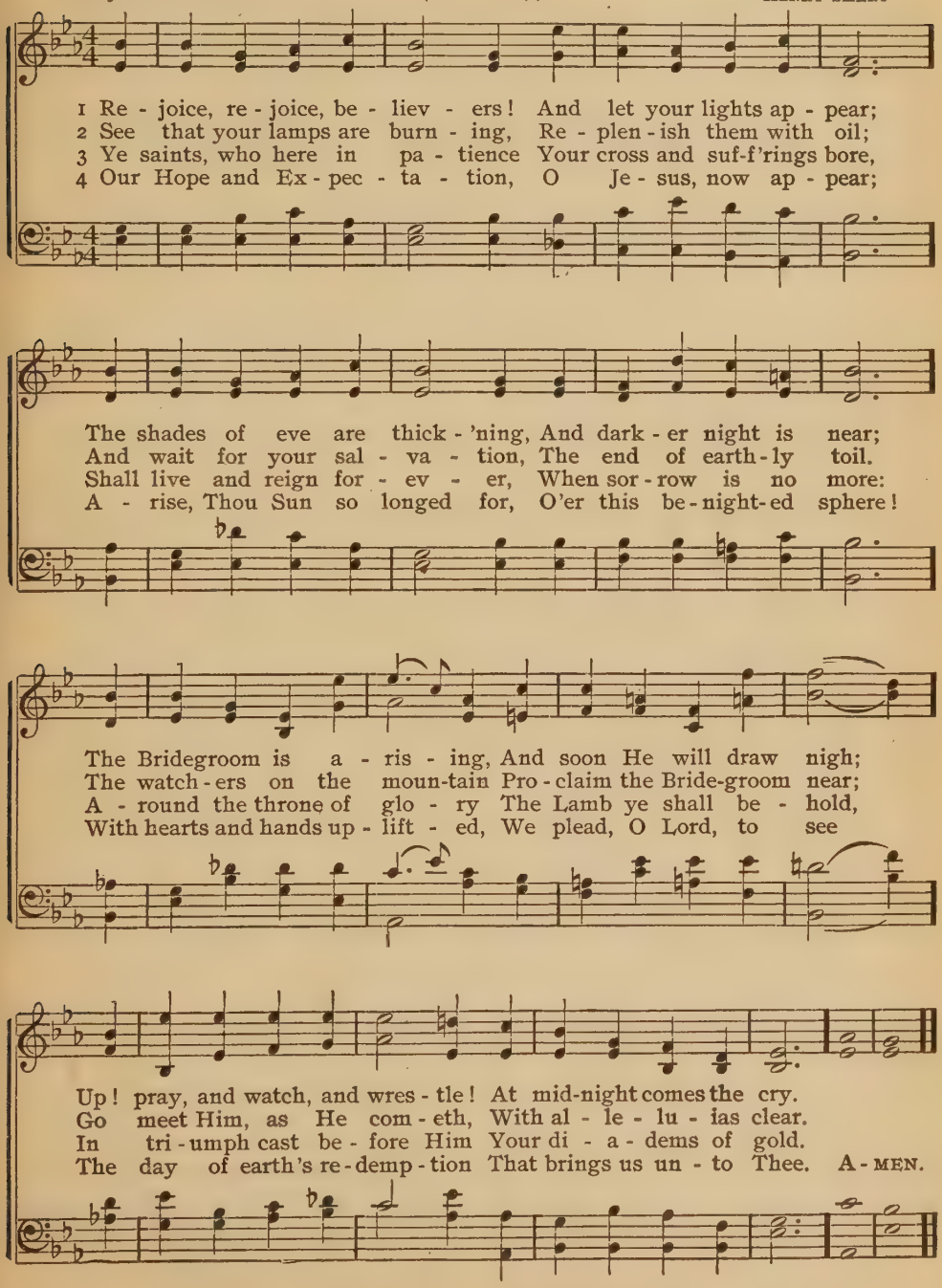
BENJAMIN GOUGH — CHENIES — TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS


1 A - wake, a - wake, O Zi - on! Put on thy strength di - vine,
2 From henceforth pure and spot - less, All glo - ri - ous with - in,
3 The Lamb who bore our sor - rows, Comes down to earth a - gain;
4 A - wake, a - wake, O Zi - on! The bri - dal day draws nigh,
Thy gar - ments bright in beau - ty, The bri - dal dress be thine:
Pre - pared to meet the Bride - groom, And cleansed from ev - 'ry sin;
No suf - f'rer now, but vic - tor, For - ev - er - more to reign:
The day of signs and won - ders, And mar - vels from on high.
Je - ru - sa - lem the ho - ly, To pu - ri - ty re - stored;
With love and won - der smit - ten, And bowed in guile - less shame,
To reign in ev - 'ry na - tion, To rule in ev - 'ry zone;
The sun up - ris - es slow - ly, But keep thy watch and ward:
Meek bride, all fair and low - ly, Go forth to meet thy Lord.
Up - on thy heart be writ - ten The new mys - te - rious Name.
O world-wide cor - o - na - tion, In ev - 'ry heart a throne.
Fair bride, all pure and low - ly, Go forth to meet thy Lord. A-MEN.

394 Rejoice, rejoice, believers

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI
Tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER

LANCASHIRE

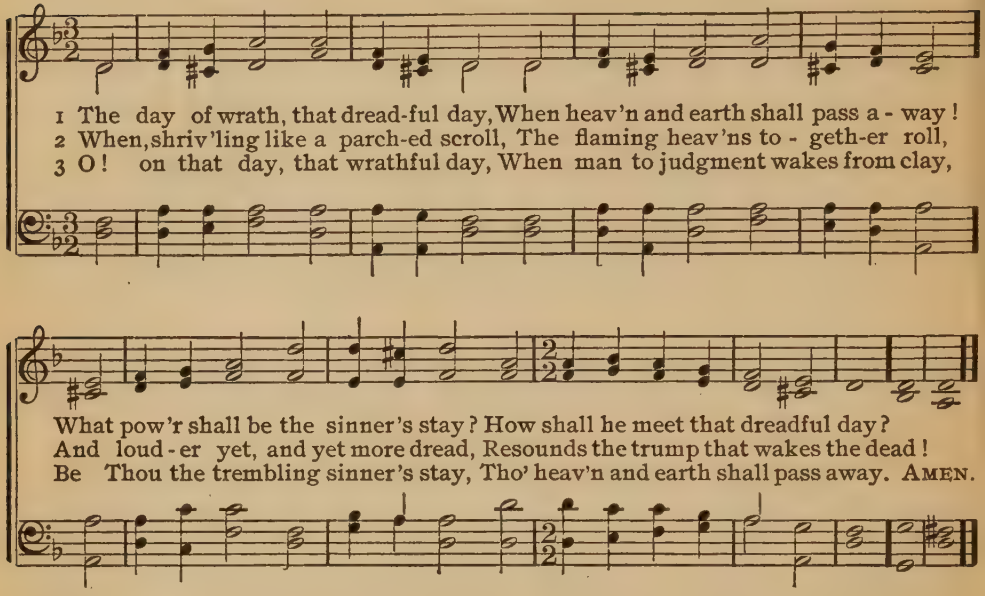
HENRY SMART

1 Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
2 See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
3 Ye saints, who here in pa - tience Your cross and suf-f'rings bore,
4 Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;
The shades of eve are thick - 'ning, And dark - er night is near;
And wait for your sal - va - tion, The end of earth - ly toil.
Shall live and reign for - ev - er, When sor - row is no more:
A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night-ed sphere!
The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;
The watch - ers on the moun-tain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near;
A - round the throne of glo - ry The Lamb ye shall be - hold,
With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see
Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid-night comes the cry.
Go meet Him, as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.
In tri - umph cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold.
The day of earth's re - demp - tion That brings us un - to Thee. A - MEN.

395 The day of wrath, that dreadful day

THOMAS OF CELANO
Tr. by WALTER SCOTT

WINDHAM

DANIEL READ

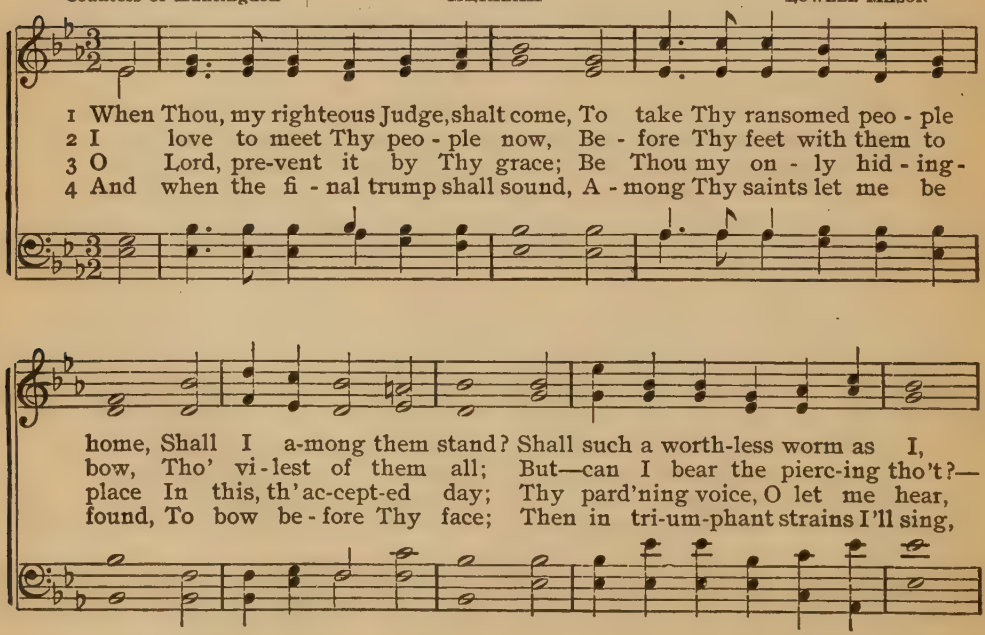

1 The day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way!
2 When, shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming heav'ns to - geth-er roll,
3 O! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
And loud - er yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead!
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away. AMEN.

396 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come

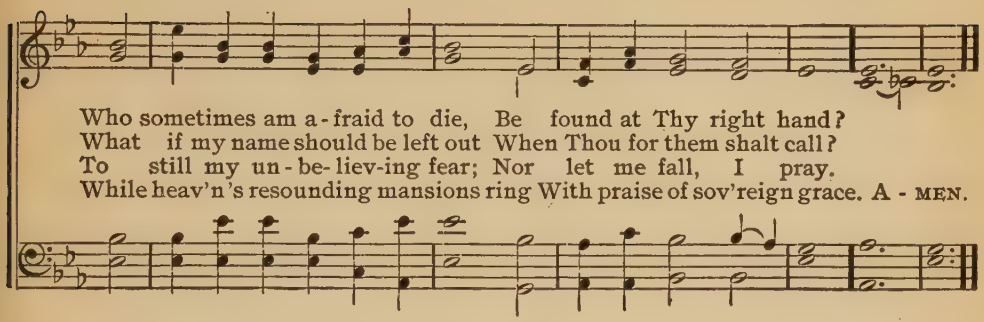
SELINA SHIRLEY
Countess of Huntingdon

MERIBAH

LOWELL MASON

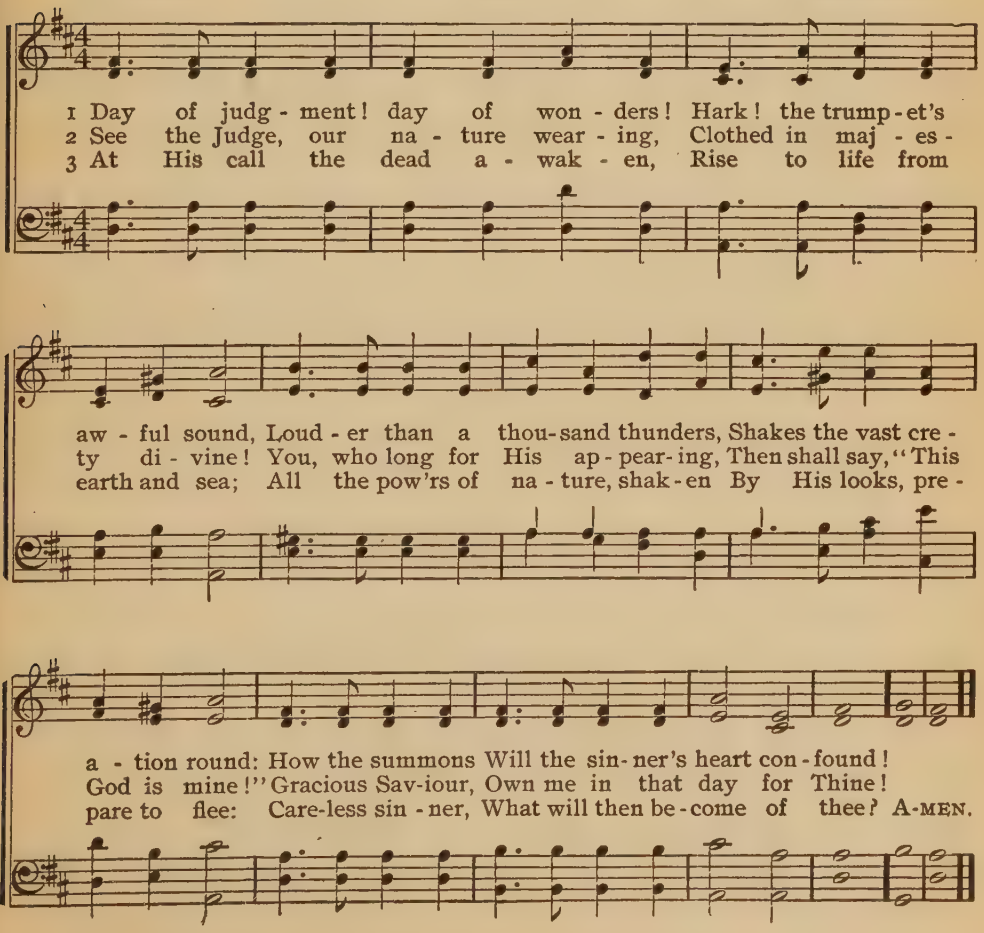

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take Thy ransomed peo - ple
2 I love to meet Thy peo - ple now, Be - fore Thy feet with them to
3 O Lord, pre-vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou my on - ly hid - ing -
4 And when the fi - nal trump shall sound, A - mong Thy saints let me be
home, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,
bow, Tho' vi - lest of them all; But—can I bear the pierc-ing tho't?—
place In this, th' ac-cept-ed day; Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
found, To bow be - fore Thy face; Then in tri-um-phant strains I'll sing,

When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come


Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out When Thou for them shalt call?
To still my un-be-liev-ing fear; Nor let me fall, I pray.
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With praise of sov'reign grace. A-MEN.

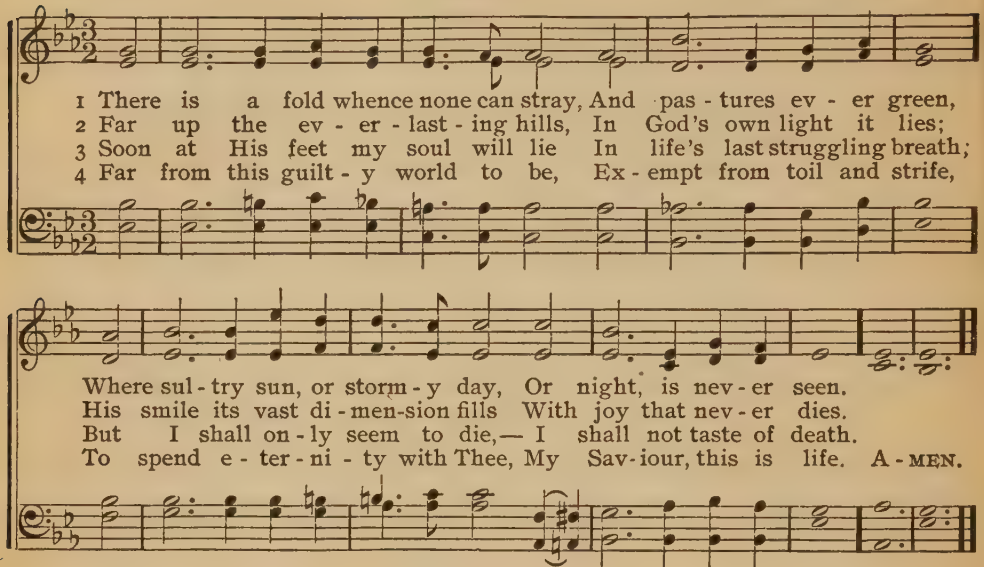
397 Day of judgment! day of wonders

JOHN NEWTON BREST LOWELL MASON


1 Day of judg-ment! day of won-ders! Hark! the trump-et's
2 See the Judge, our na-ture wear-ing, Clothed in maj-es-
3 At His call the dead a-wak-en, Rise to life from
aw-ful sound, Loud-er than a thou-sand thunders, Shakes the vast cre-
ty di-vine! You, who long for His ap-pear-ing, Then shall say, "This
earth and sea; All the pow'rs of na-ture, shak-en By His looks, pre-
a-tion round: How the summons Will the sin-ner's heart con-found!
God is mine!" Gracious Sav-iour, Own me in that day for Thine!
pare to flee: Care-less sin-ner, What will then be-come of thee? A-MEN.

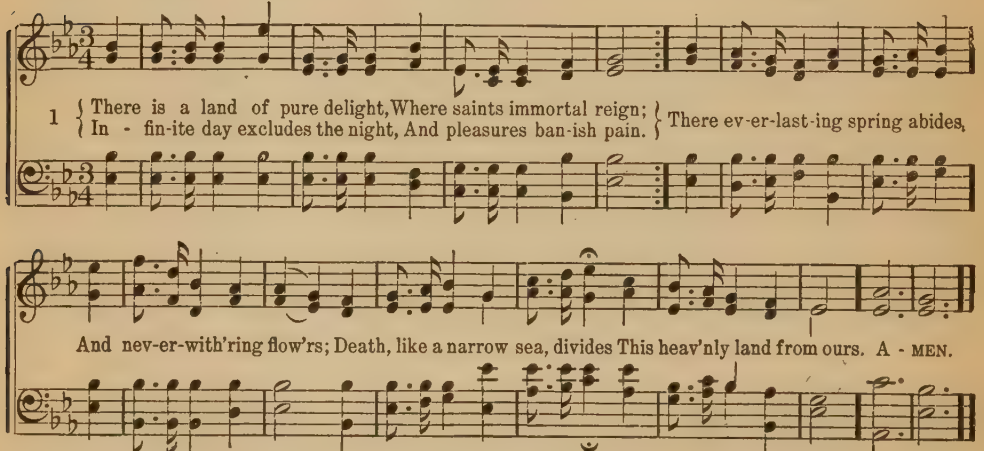
398 There is a fold whence none can stray

JOHN EAST — SERENITY — WILLIAM V. WALLACE


1 There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas - tures ev - er green,
2 Far up the ev - er - last - ing hills, In God's own light it lies;
3 Soon at His feet my soul will lie In life's last struggling breath;
4 Far from this guilt - y world to be, Ex - empt from toil and strife,
Where sul - try sun, or storm - y day, Or night, is nev - er seen.
His smile its vast di - men-sion fills With joy that nev - er dies.
But I shall on - ly seem to die,— I shall not taste of death.
To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee, My Sav - iour, this is life. A - MEN.

399 There is a land of pure delight

ISAAC WATTS — VARINA — GEORGE F. ROOT


1 { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; { There ev-er-last-ing spring abides,
{ In - fin-ite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours. A - MEN.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

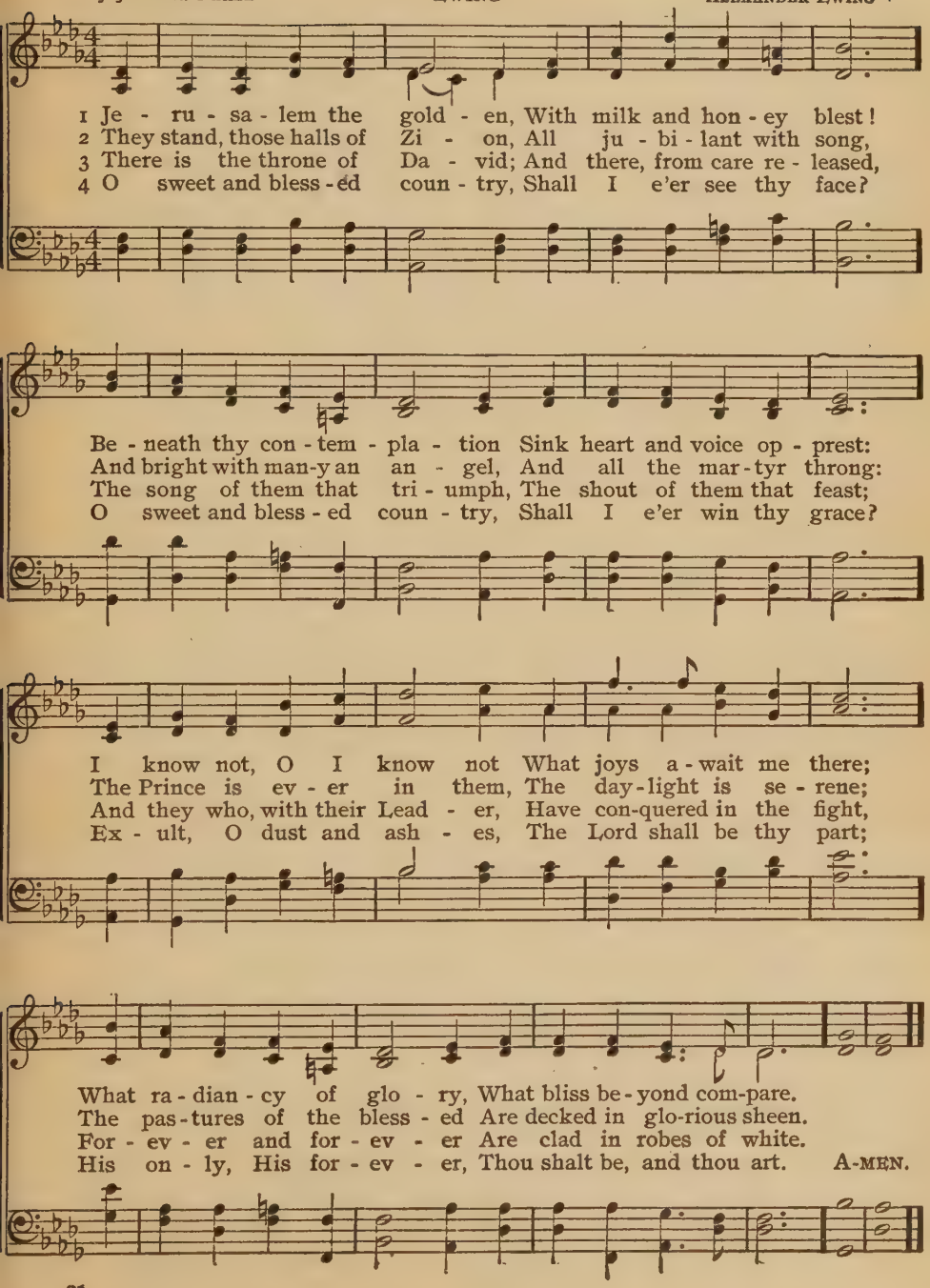
3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

400 Jerusalem the golden

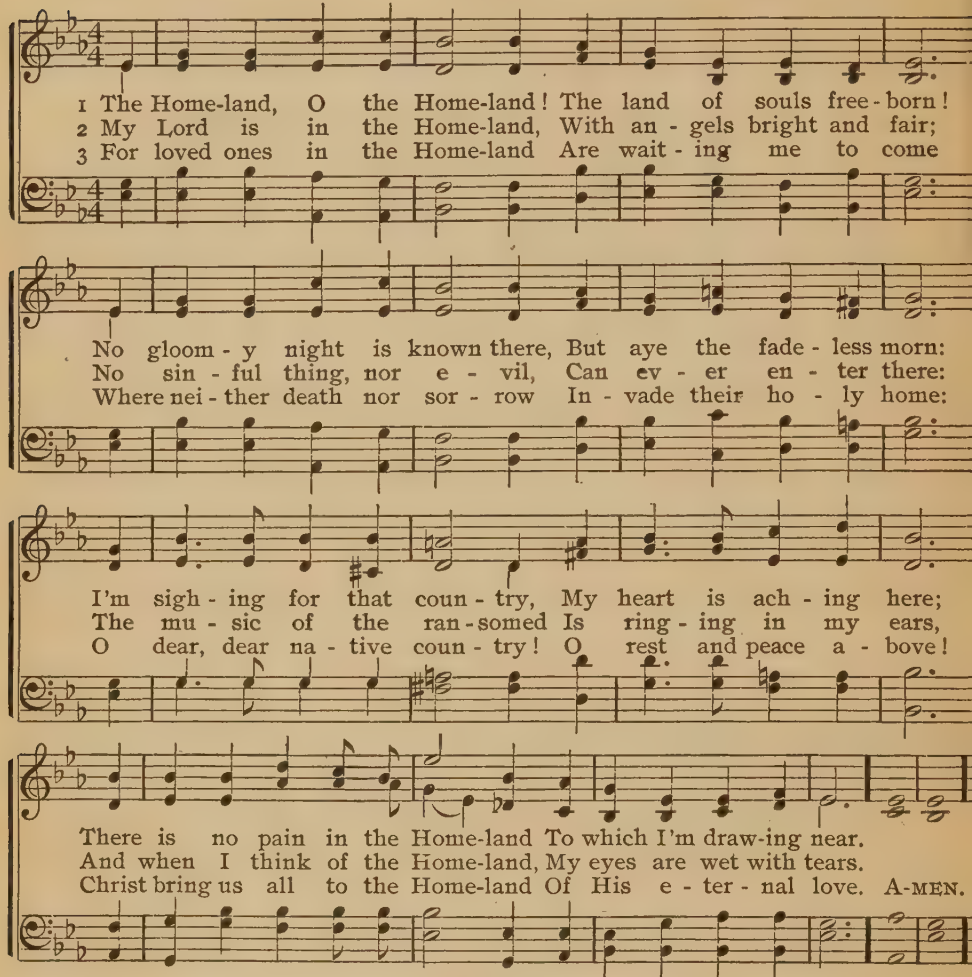
BERNARD OF CLUNY
Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE

EWING

ALEXANDER EWING

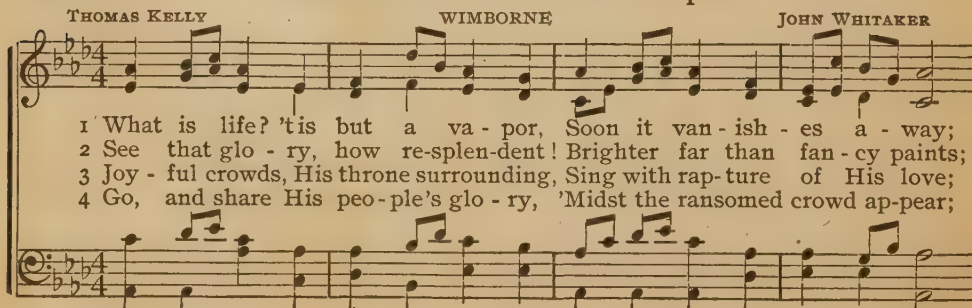

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3 There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
4 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er see thy face?
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
And bright with man-y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er win thy grace?
I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait me there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es, The Lord shall be thy part;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art. A-MEN.

401 The Homeland, O the Homeland

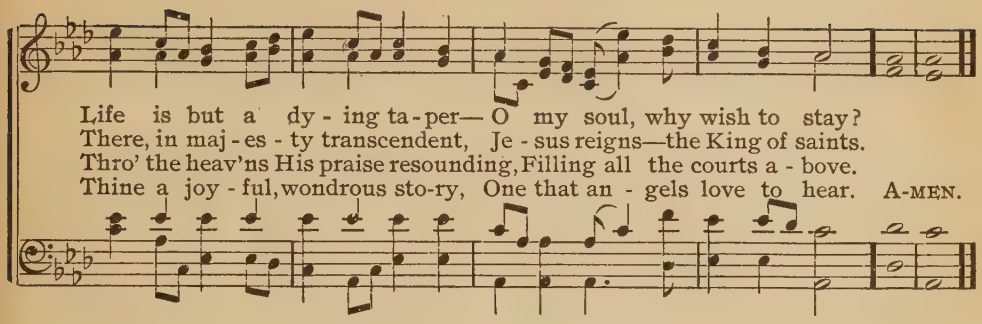
HUGH R. HAWEIS — HOMELAND — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1 The Home-land, O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!
2 My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3 For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come
No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
No sin-ful thing, nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there:
Where nei-ther death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home:
I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!
There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love. A-MEN.

402 What is life? 'tis but a vapor

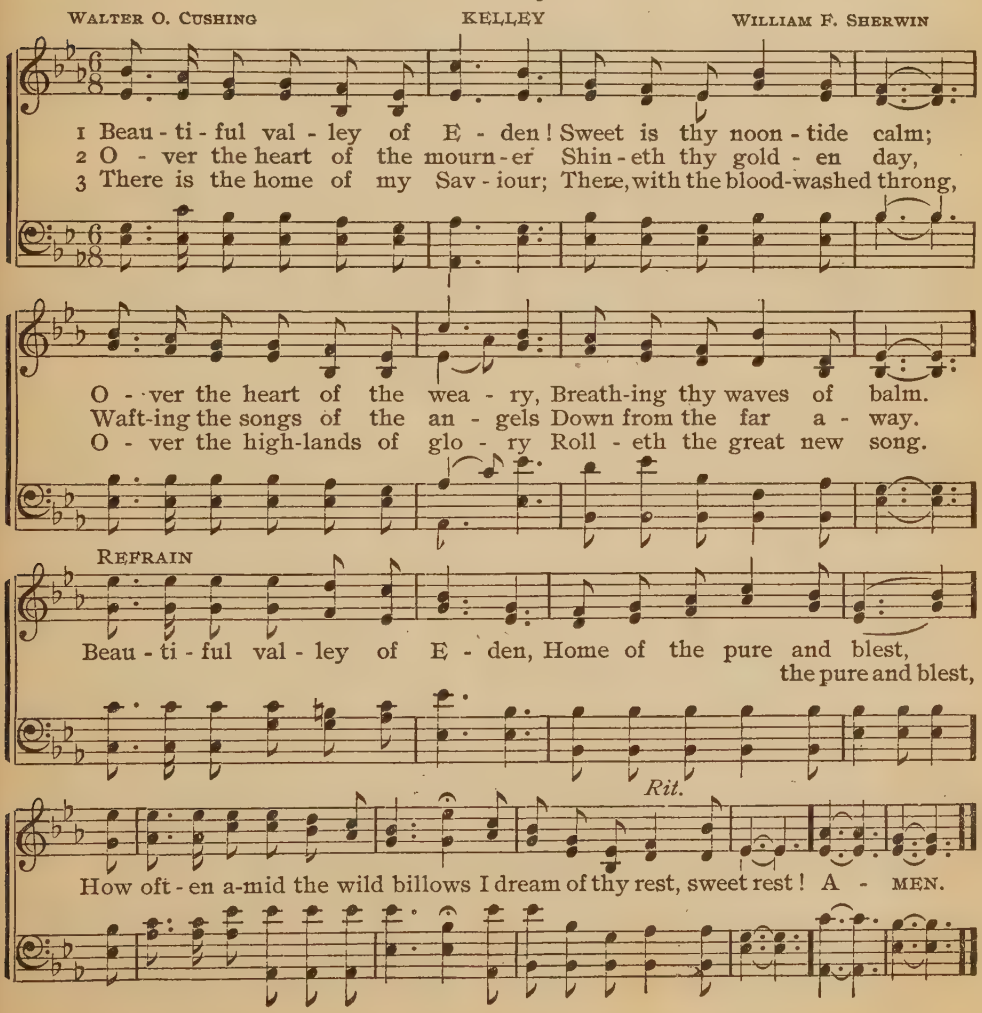
THOMAS KELLY — WIMBORNE — JOHN WHITAKER


1 What is life? 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish-es a-way;
2 See that glo-ry, how re-splen-dent! Brighter far than fan-cy paints;
3 Joy-ful crowds, His throne surrounding, Sing with rap-ture of His love;
4 Go, and share His peo-ple's glo-ry, 'Midst the ransomed crowd ap-pear;

What is life? 'tis but a vapor


Life is but a dy - ing ta - per— O my soul, why wish to stay?
There, in maj - es - ty transcendent, Je - sus reigns—the King of saints.
Thro' the heav'ns His praise resounding, Filling all the courts a - bove.
Thine a joy - ful, wondrous sto-ry, One that an - gels love to hear. A-MEN.

403 Beautiful valley of Eden

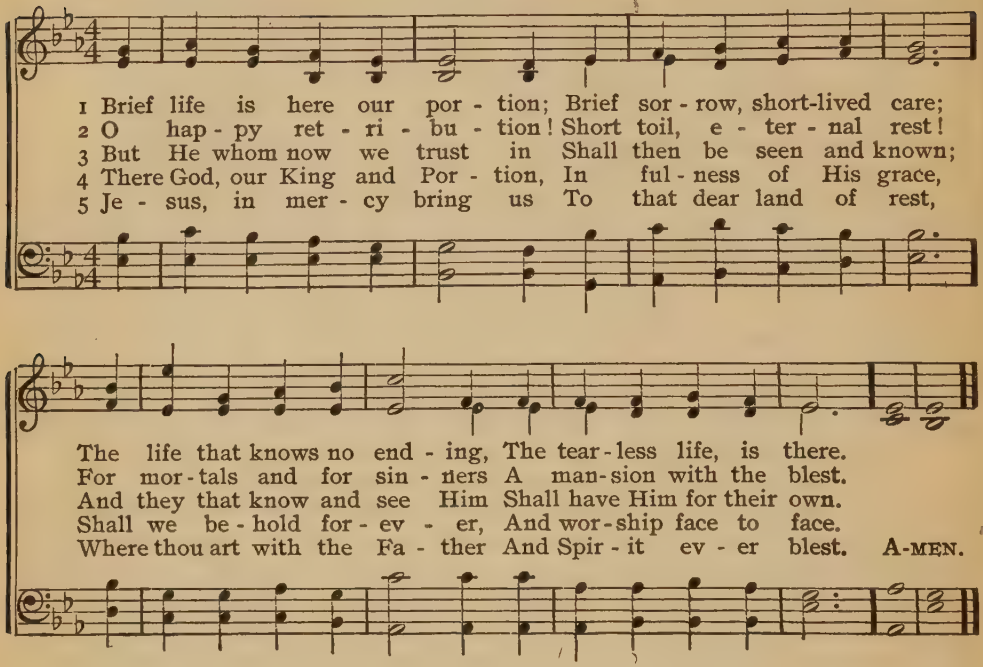
WALTER O. CUSHING KELLEY WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1 Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon - tide calm;
2 O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth thy gold - en day,
3 There is the home of my Sav - iour; There, with the blood-washed throng,
O - ver the heart of the wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
Waft-ing the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the high-lands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.
REFRAIN
Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest,
the pure and blest,
Rit.
How oft - en a-mid the wild billows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest! A - MEN.

404 Brief life is here our portion

BERNARD OF CLUNY
Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE

SACRIFICE

HENRY LAHEE

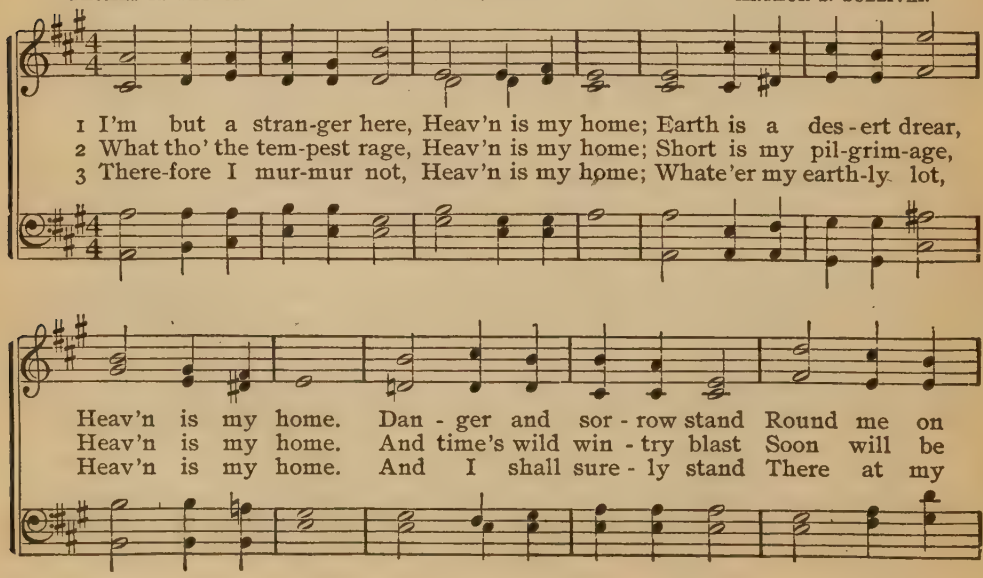

1 Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
2 O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest!
3 But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known;
4 There God, our King and Por - tion, In ful - ness of His grace,
5 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there.
For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest.
And they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.
Shall we be - hold for - ev - er, And wor - ship face to face.
Where thou art with the Fa - ther And Spir - it ev - er blest. A-MEN.

405 I'm but a stranger here

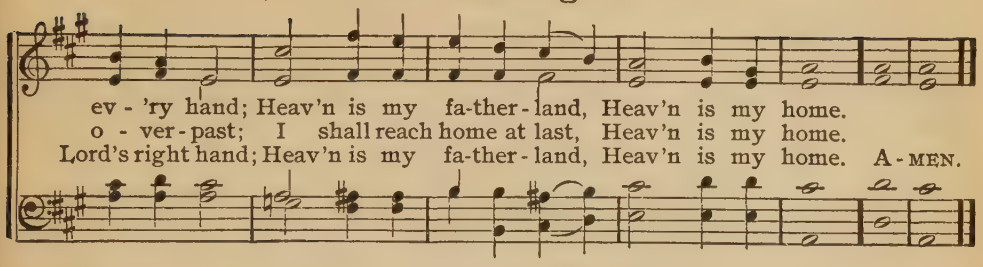
THOMAS R. TAYLOR

ST. EDMUND

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

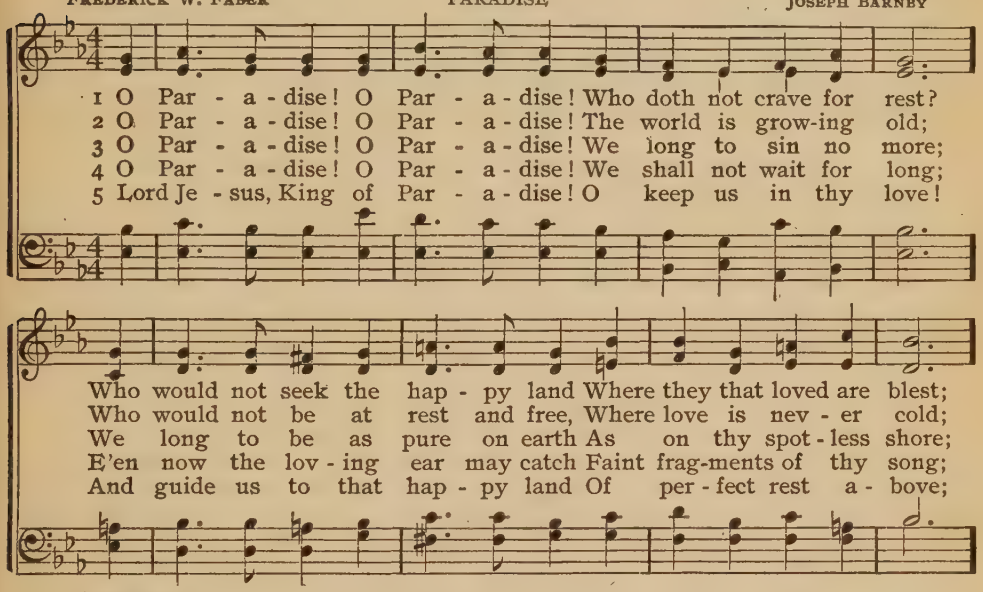

1 I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2 What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,
3 There-fore I mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; Whate'er my earth-ly lot,
Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on
Heav'n is my home. And time's wild win - try blast Soon will be
Heav'n is my home. And I shall sure - ly stand There at my

I'm but a stranger here

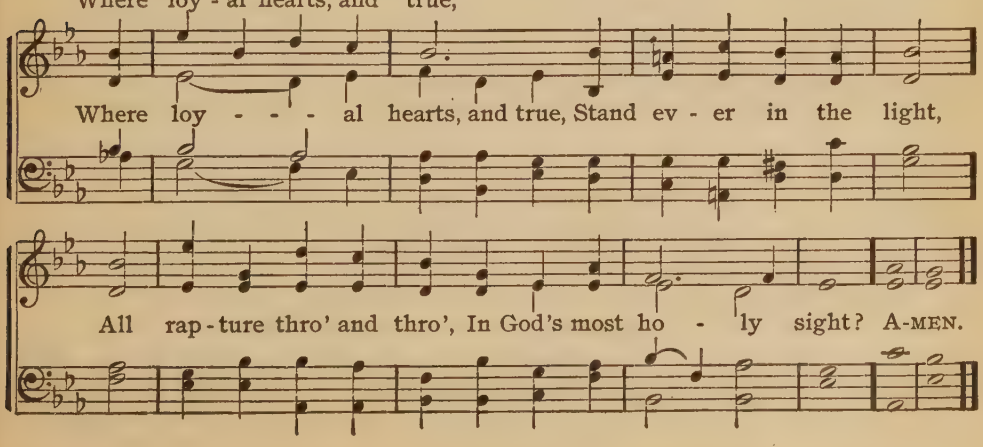

ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home. A-MEN.

406 O Paradise! O Paradise

FREDERICK W. FABER PARADISE JOSEPH BARNBY

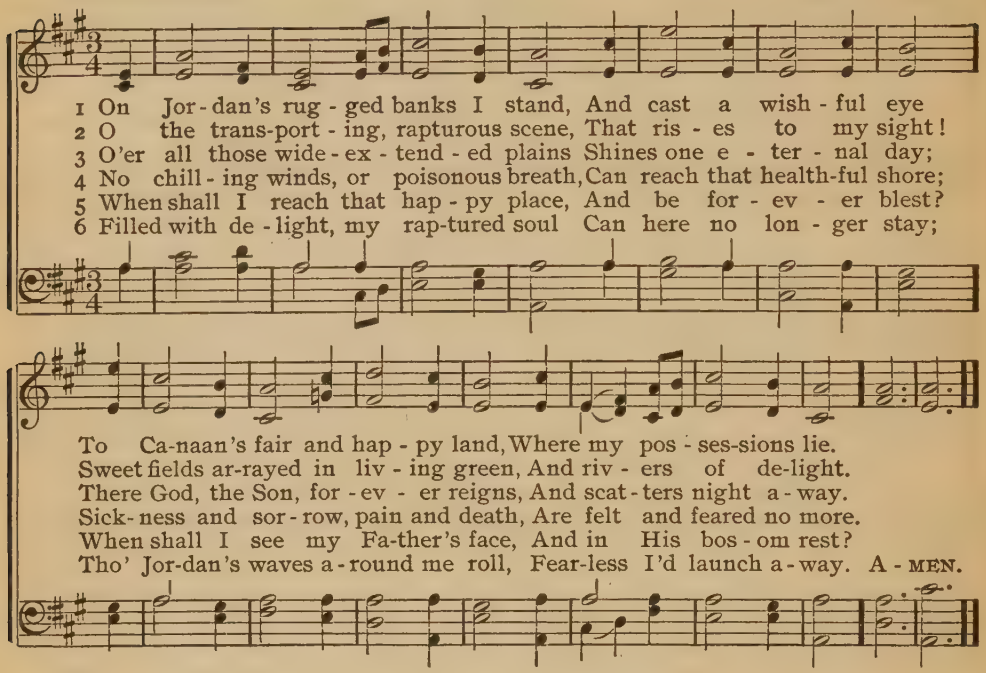

1 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We long to sin no more;
4 O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! We shall not wait for long;
5 Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise! O keep us in thy love!
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold;
We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;
E'en now the lov - ing ear may catch Faint frag-ments of thy song;
And guide us to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

REFRAIN


Where loy - al hearts, and true,
Where loy - - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-MEN.

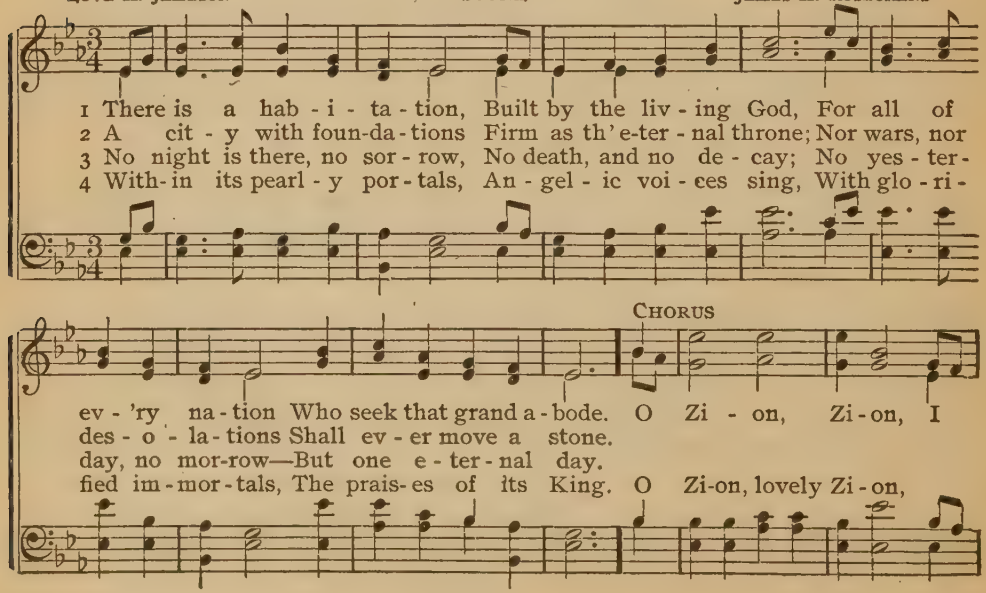
407 On Jordan's rugged banks I stand

SAMUEL STENNETT — AVON — HUGH WILSON

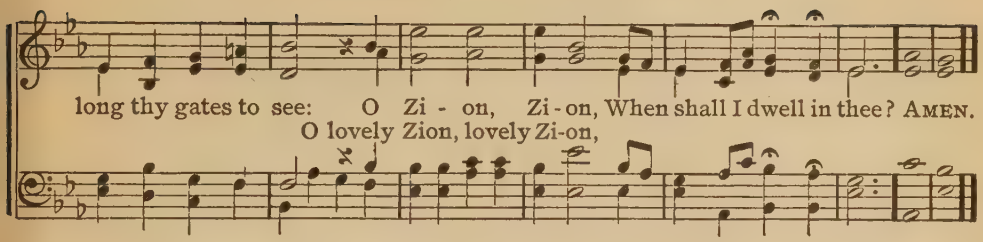

1 On Jor-dan's rug-ged banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2 O the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight!
3 O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
4 No chill-ing winds, or poisonous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
5 When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
6 Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Can here no lon-ger stay;
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way. A-MEN.

408 There is a habitation

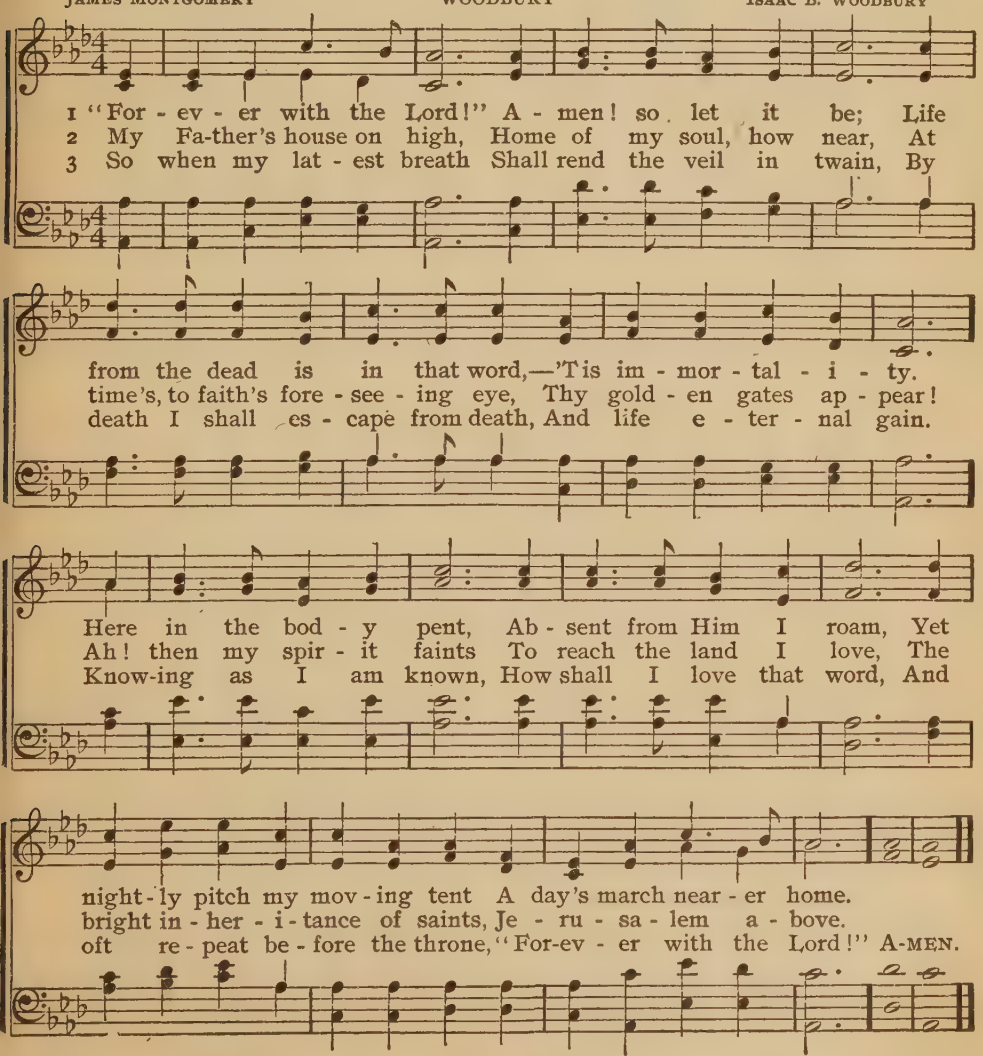
LOVE H. JAMESON — STONE — JAMES H. ROSECRANS


1 There is a hab-i-ta-tion, Built by the liv-ing God, For all of
2 A cit-y with foun-da-tions Firm as th' e-ter-nal throne; Nor wars, nor
3 No night is there, no sor-row, No death, and no de-cay; No yes-ter-
4 With-in its pearl-y por-tals, An-gel-ic voi-ces sing, With glo-ri-
CHORUS
ev-'ry na-tion Who seek that grand a-bode. O Zi-on, Zi-on, I
des-o-la-tions Shall ev-er move a stone.
day, no mor-row—But one e-ter-nal day.
fied im-mor-tals, The prais-es of its King. O Zi-on, lovely Zi-on,

There is a habitation

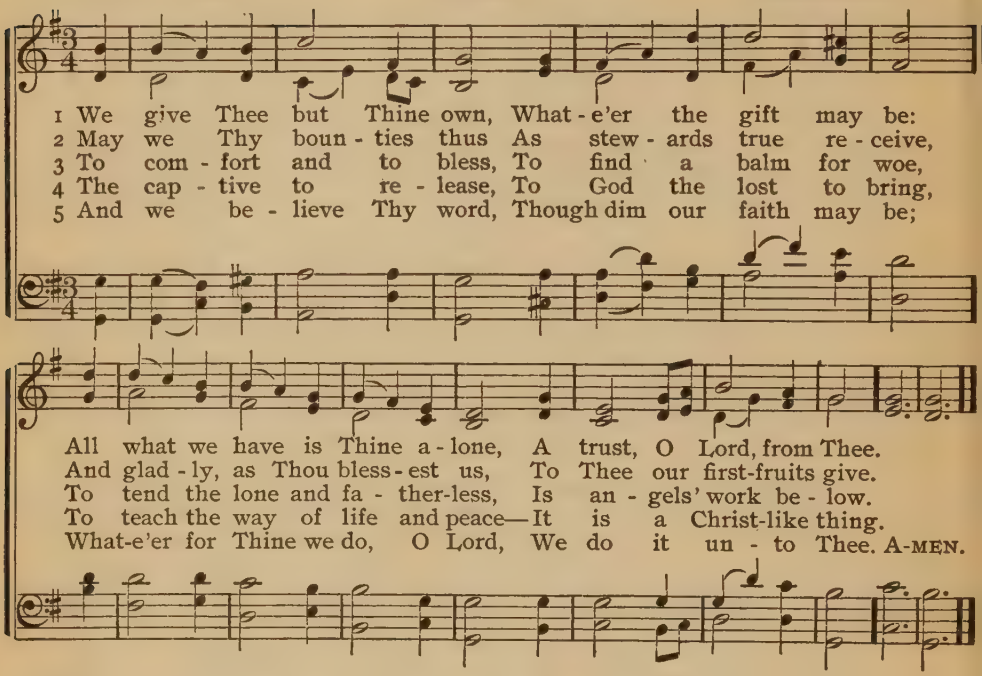


409 "Forever with the Lord"

JAMES MONTGOMERY WOODBURY ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be; Life
2 My Fa-ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At
3 So when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By
from the dead is in that word,—'T is im - mor - tal - i - ty.
time's, to faith's fore - see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam, Yet
Ah! then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love, The
Know-ing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And
night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
bright in - her - i - tance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A-MEN.

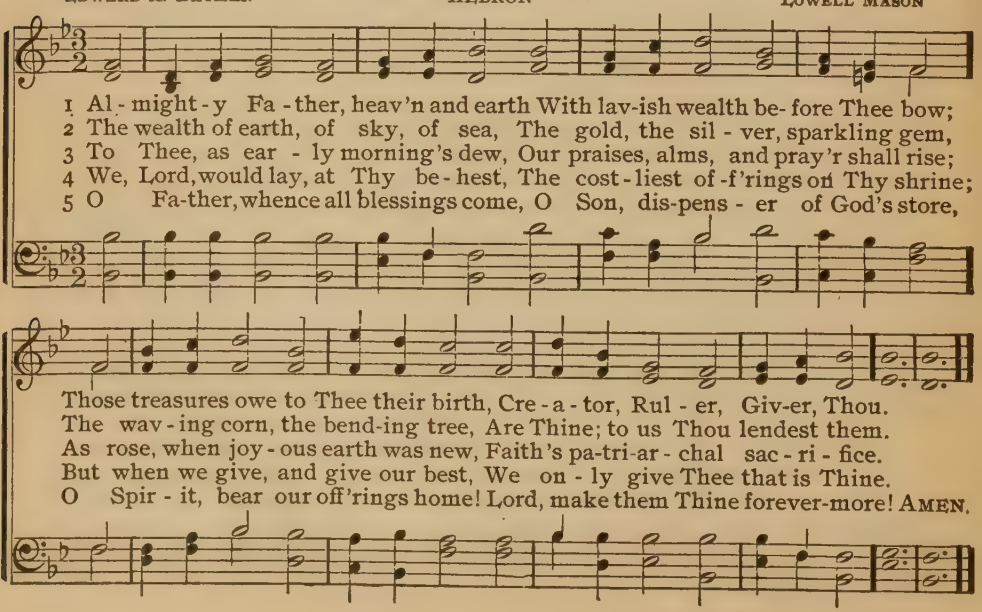
410 We give Thee but Thine own

WILLIAM W. HOW — DAYSPRING — CORNELIUS BRYAN


1 We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
2 May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive,
3 To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
4 The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,
5 And we be-lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be;
All what we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad-ly, as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
To tend the lone and fa-ther-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace—It is a Christ-like thing.
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un-to Thee. A-MEN.

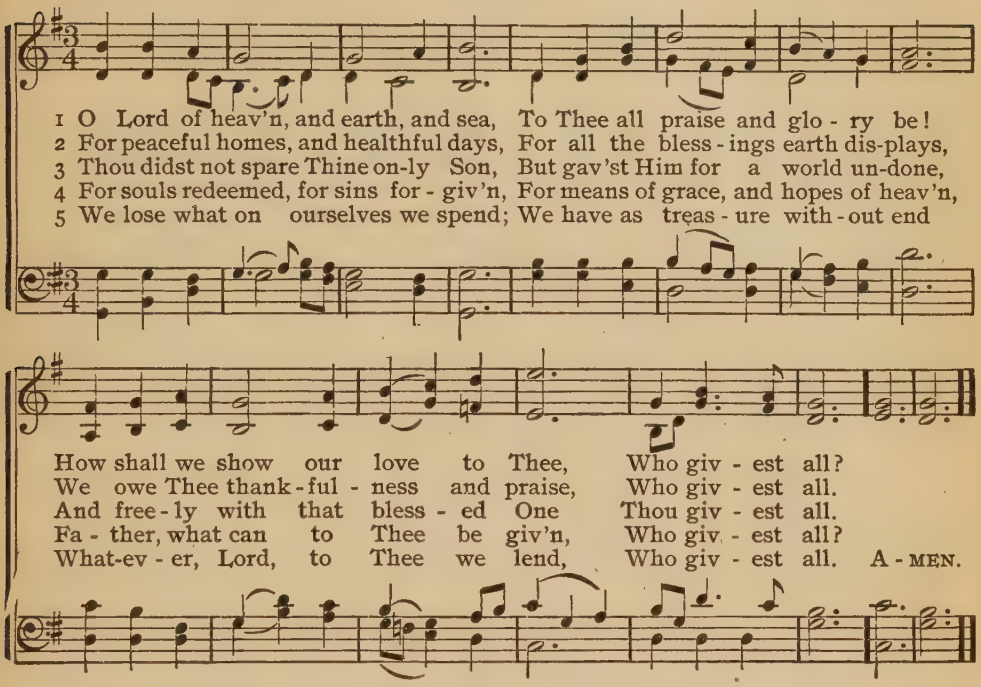
411 Almighty Father, heaven and earth

EDWARD A. DAYMAN — HEBRON — LOWELL MASON


1 Al-might-y Fa-ther, heav'n and earth With lav-ish wealth be-fore Thee bow;
2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea, The gold, the sil-ver, sparkling gem,
3 To Thee, as ear-ly morning's dew, Our praises, alms, and pray'r shall rise;
4 We, Lord, would lay, at Thy be-hest, The cost-liest of-f'rings on Thy shrine;
5 O Fa-ther, whence all blessings come, O Son, dis-pens-er of God's store,
Those treasures owe to Thee their birth, Cre-a-tor, Rul-er, Giv-er, Thou.
The wav-ing corn, the bend-ing tree, Are Thine; to us Thou lendest them.
As rose, when joy-ous earth was new, Faith's pa-tri-ar-chal sac-ri-fice.
But when we give, and give our best, We on-ly give Thee that is Thine.
O Spir-it, bear our off'rings home! Lord, make them Thine forever-more! AMEN.

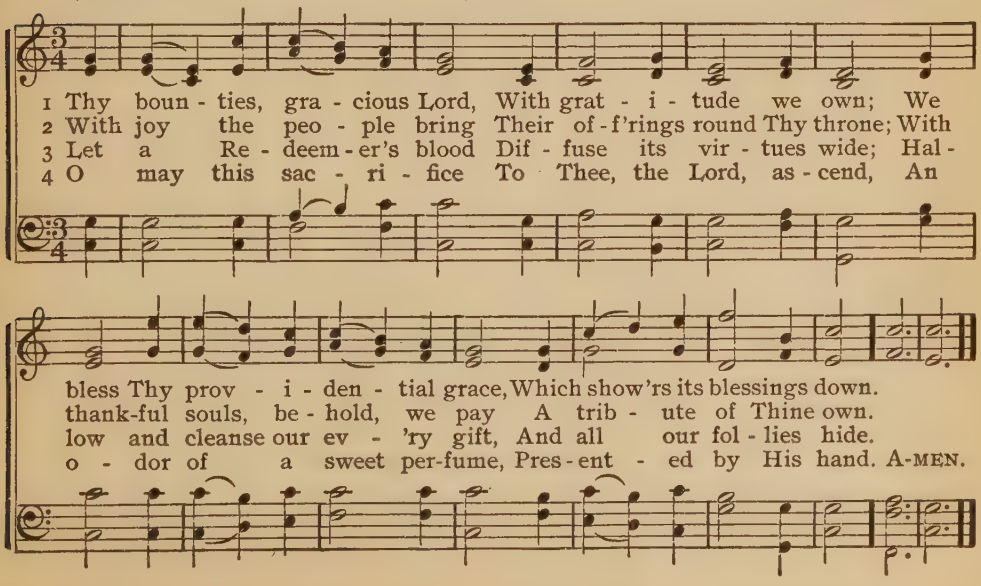
412 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH — ALMSGIVING — JOHN B. DYKES


1 O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be!
2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the bless - ings earth dis-plays,
3 Thou didst not spare Thine on-ly Son, But gav'st Him for a world un-done,
4 For souls redeemed, for sins for - giv'n, For means of grace, and hopes of heav'n,
5 We lose what on ourselves we spend; We have as treas - ure with - out end
How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
We owe Thee thank - ful - ness and praise, Who giv - est all.
And free - ly with that bless - ed One Thou giv - est all.
Fa - ther, what can to Thee be giv'n, Who giv - est all?
What-ev - er, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who giv - est all. A - MEN.

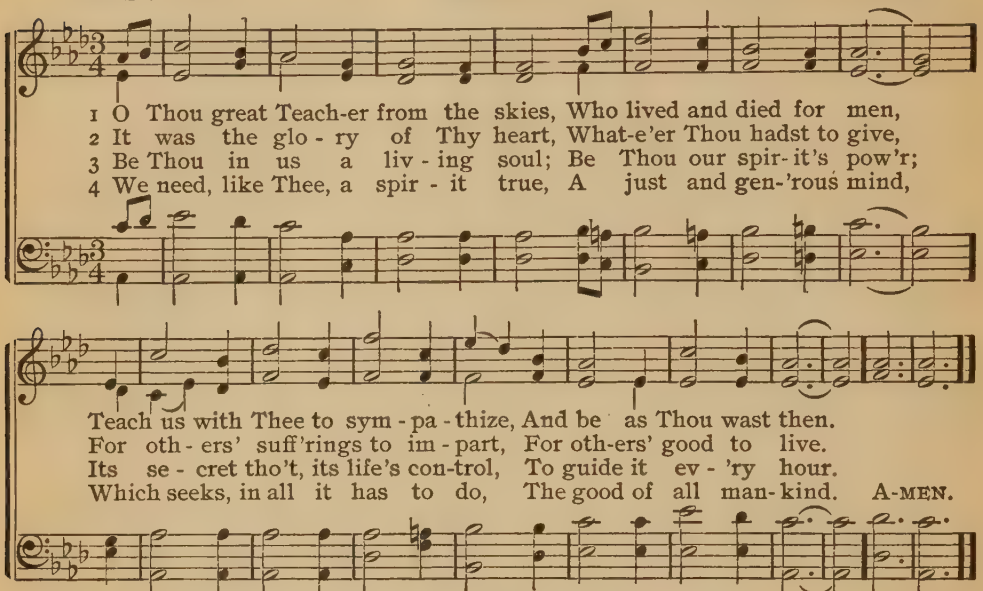
413 Thy bounties, gracious Lord

ELIZABETH SCOTT — FERGUSON — GEORGE KINGSLEY


1 Thy boun - ties, gra - cious Lord, With grat - i - tude we own; We
2 With joy the peo - ple bring Their of - f'rings round Thy throne; With
3 Let a Re - deem - er's blood Dif - fuse its vir - tues wide; Hal -
4 O may this sac - ri - fice To Thee, the Lord, as - cend, An
bless Thy prov - i - den - tial grace, Which show'rs its blessings down.
thank-ful souls, be - hold, we pay A trib - ute of Thine own.
low and cleanse our ev - 'ry gift, And all our fol - lies hide.
o - dor of a sweet per-fume, Pres - ent - ed by His hand. A-MEN.

414 O Thou great Teacher from the skies

THOMAS C. UPHAM MANOAH GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI

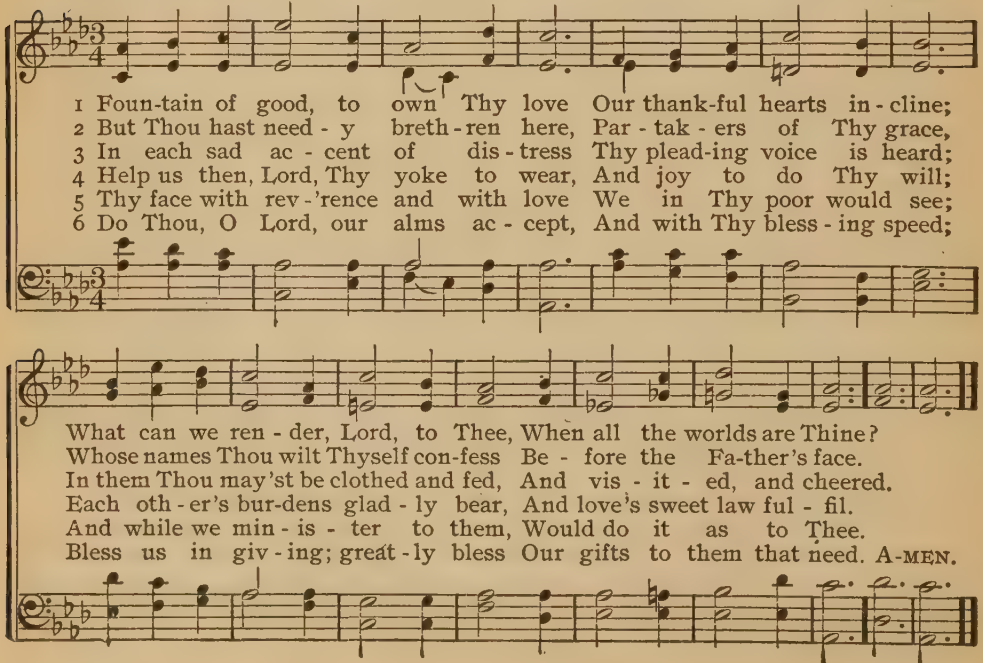


1 O Thou great Teach-er from the skies, Who lived and died for men,
2 It was the glo - ry of Thy heart, What-e'er Thou hadst to give,
3 Be Thou in us a liv - ing soul; Be Thou our spir-it's pow'r;
4 We need, like Thee, a spir - it true, A just and gen-'rous mind,

Teach us with Thee to sym - pa - thize, And be as Thou wast then.
For oth - ers' suff'rings to im - part, For oth-ers' good to live.
Its se - cret tho't, its life's con-trol, To guide it ev - 'ry hour.
Which seeks, in all it has to do, The good of all man-kind. A-MEN.

415 Fountain of good, to own Thy love

PHILIP DODDRIDGE BEATITUDO JOHN B. DYKES

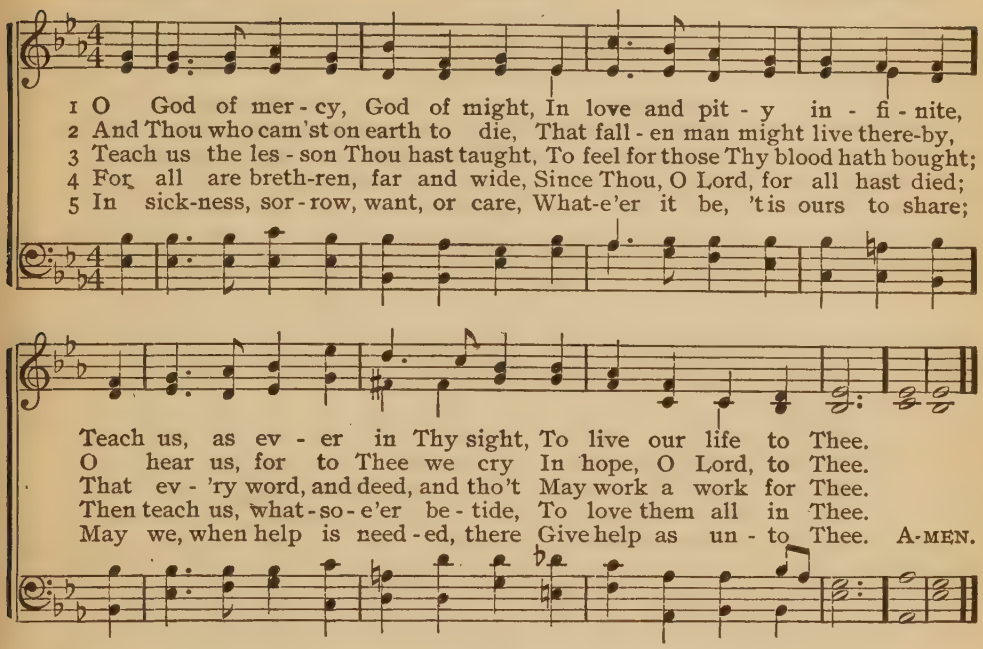


1 Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline;
2 But Thou hast need - y breth - ren here, Par - tak - ers of Thy grace,
3 In each sad ac - cent of dis - tress Thy plead-ing voice is heard;
4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear, And joy to do Thy will;
5 Thy face with rev - 'rence and with love We in Thy poor would see;
6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms ac - cept, And with Thy bless - ing speed;

What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine?
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself con-fess Be - fore the Fa-ther's face.
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed, And vis - it - ed, and cheered.
Each oth - er's bur-dens glad - ly bear, And love's sweet law ful - fil.
And while we min - is - ter to them, Would do it as to Thee.
Bless us in giv - ing; great - ly bless Our gifts to them that need. A-MEN.

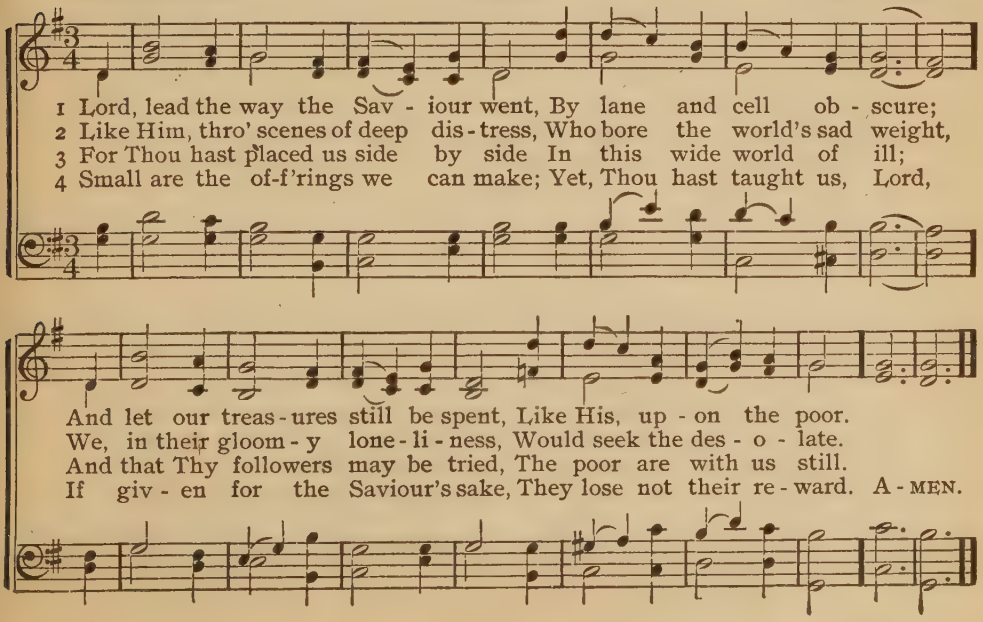
416 O God of mercy, God of might

GODFREY THRING — ELMHURST — EDWIN DREWETT


1 O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,
2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die, That fall - en man might live there-by,
3 Teach us the les - son Thou hast taught, To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
4 For all are breth-ren, far and wide, Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
5 In sick-ness, sor - row, want, or care, What-e'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.
O hear us, for to Thee we cry In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
That ev - 'ry word, and deed, and tho't May work a work for Thee.
Then teach us, what - so - e'er be - tide, To love them all in Thee.
May we, when help is need - ed, there Give help as un - to Thee. A-MEN.

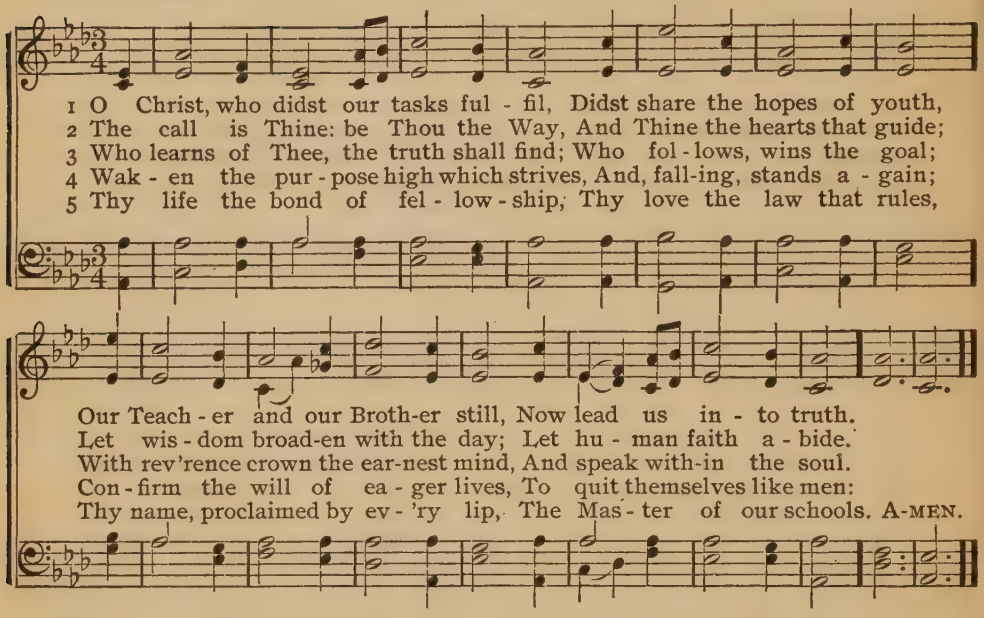
417 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went

WILLIAM CROSWELL — BELMONT — SAMUEL WEBBE


1 Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure;
2 Like Him, thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill;
4 Small are the of-f'rings we can make; Yet, Thou hast taught us, Lord,
And let our treas - ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor.
We, in their gloom - y lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.
And that Thy followers may be tried, The poor are with us still.
If giv - en for the Saviour's sake, They lose not their re - ward. A - MEN.

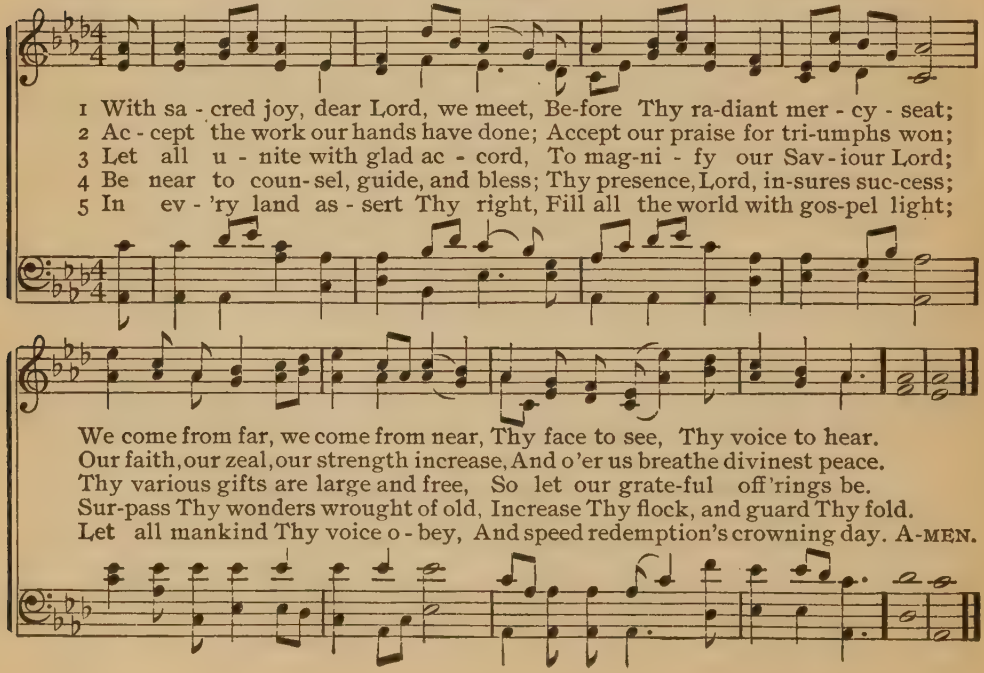
418 O Christ, who didst our tasks fulfil

LOUIS F. BENSON — AVON — HUGH WILSON


1 O Christ, who didst our tasks ful - fil, Didst share the hopes of youth,
2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way, And Thine the hearts that guide;
3 Who learns of Thee, the truth shall find; Who fol - lows, wins the goal;
4 Wak - en the pur - pose high which strives, And, fall-ing, stands a - gain;
5 Thy life the bond of fel - low - ship; Thy love the law that rules,
Our Teach - er and our Broth-er still, Now lead us in - to truth.
Let wis - dom broad-en with the day; Let hu - man faith a - bide.
With rev'rence crown the ear-nest mind, And speak with-in the soul.
Con - firm the will of ea - ger lives, To quit themselves like men:
Thy name, proclaimed by ev - 'ry lip, The Mas - ter of our schools. A-MEN.

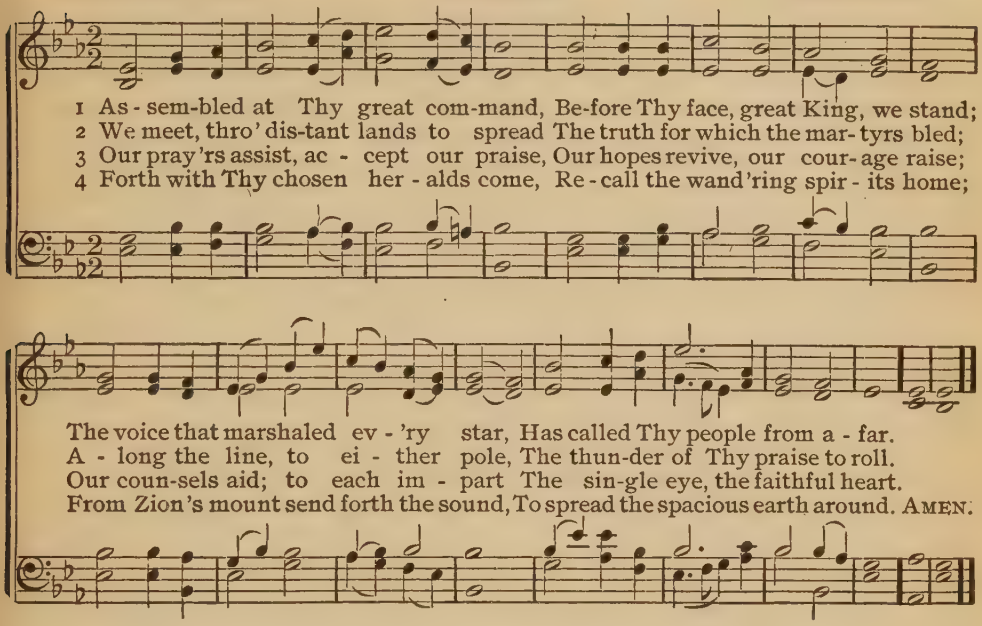
419 With sacred joy, dear Lord, we meet

JOHN CLARK — WIMBORNE — JOHN WHITAKER


1 With sa - cred joy, dear Lord, we meet, Be-fore Thy ra-diant mer - cy - seat;
2 Ac - cept the work our hands have done; Accept our praise for tri-umphs won;
3 Let all u - nite with glad ac - cord, To mag-ni - fy our Sav - iour Lord;
4 Be near to coun-sel, guide, and bless; Thy presence, Lord, in-sures suc-cess;
5 In ev - 'ry land as - sert Thy right, Fill all the world with gos-pel light;
We come from far, we come from near, Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear.
Our faith, our zeal, our strength increase, And o'er us breathe divinest peace.
Thy various gifts are large and free, So let our grate-ful off'rings be.
Sur-pass Thy wonders wrought of old, Increase Thy flock, and guard Thy fold.
Let all mankind Thy voice o - bey, And speed redemption's crowning day. A-MEN.

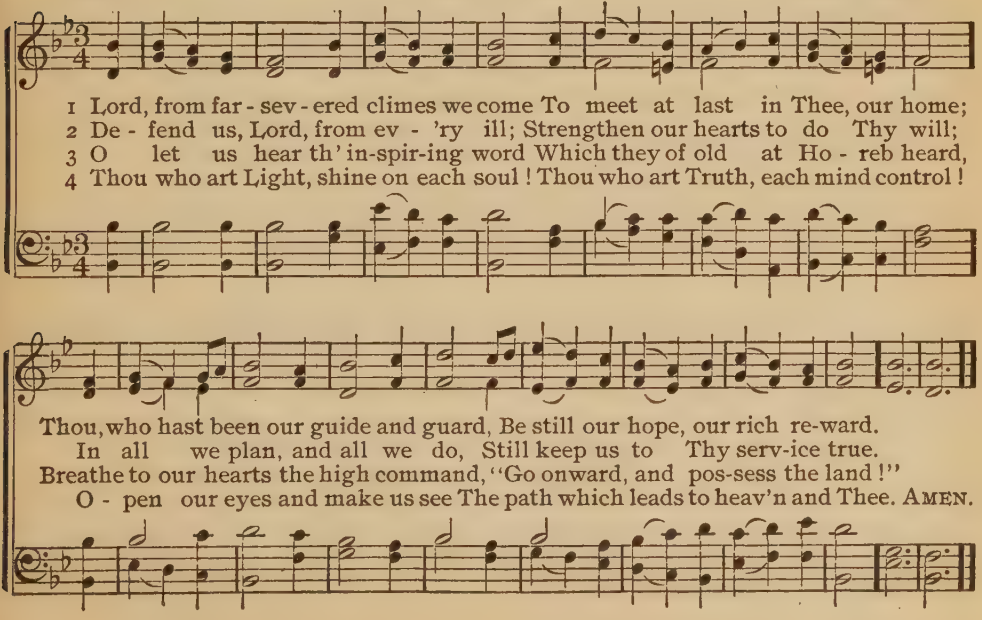
420 Assembled at Thy great command

WILLIAM B. COLLYER — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON


1 As - sem-bled at Thy great com-mand, Be-fore Thy face, great King, we stand;
2 We meet, thro' dis-tant lands to spread The truth for which the mar-tyrs bled;
3 Our pray'rs assist, ac - cept our praise, Our hopes revive, our cour-age raise;
4 Forth with Thy chosen her - alds come, Re-call the wand'ring spir - its home;
The voice that marshaled ev - 'ry star, Has called Thy people from a - far.
A - long the line, to ei - ther pole, The thun-der of Thy praise to roll.
Our coun-sels aid; to each im - part The sin-gle eye, the faithful heart.
From Zion's mount send forth the sound, To spread the spacious earth around. AMEN.

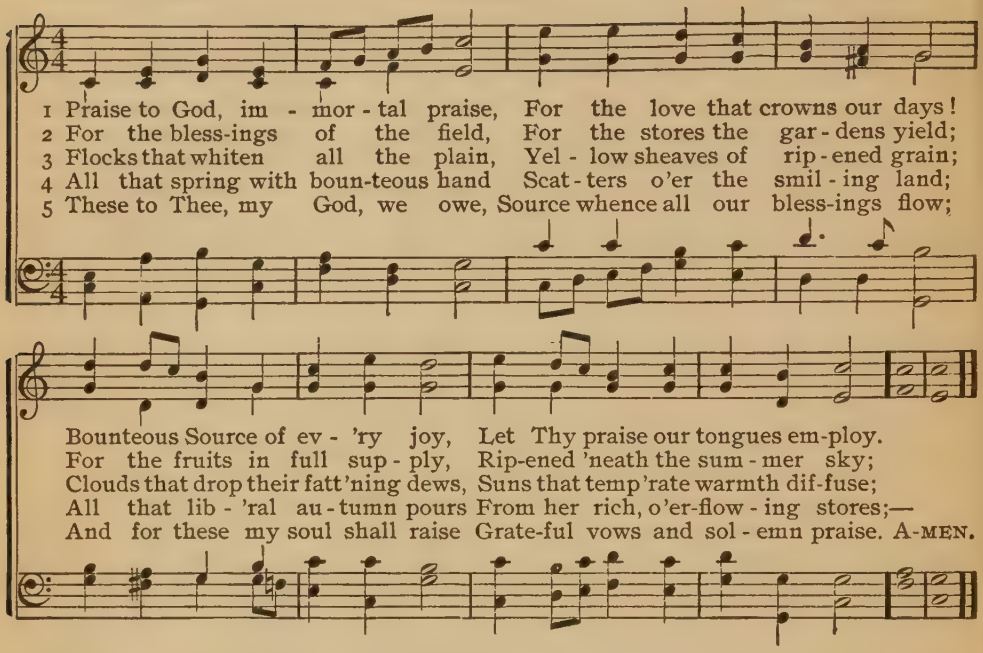
421 Lord, from far-severed climes we come

JOHN HAY — ALL SAINTS — WILLIAM KNAPP


1 Lord, from far - sev - ered climes we come To meet at last in Thee, our home;
2 De - fend us, Lord, from ev - 'ry ill; Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will;
3 O let us hear th' in-spir-ing word Which they of old at Ho - reb heard,
4 Thou who art Light, shine on each soul! Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Thou, who hast been our guide and guard, Be still our hope, our rich re-ward.
In all we plan, and all we do, Still keep us to Thy serv-ice true.
Breathe to our hearts the high command, "Go onward, and pos-sess the land!"
O - pen our eyes and make us see The path which leads to heav'n and Thee. AMEN.

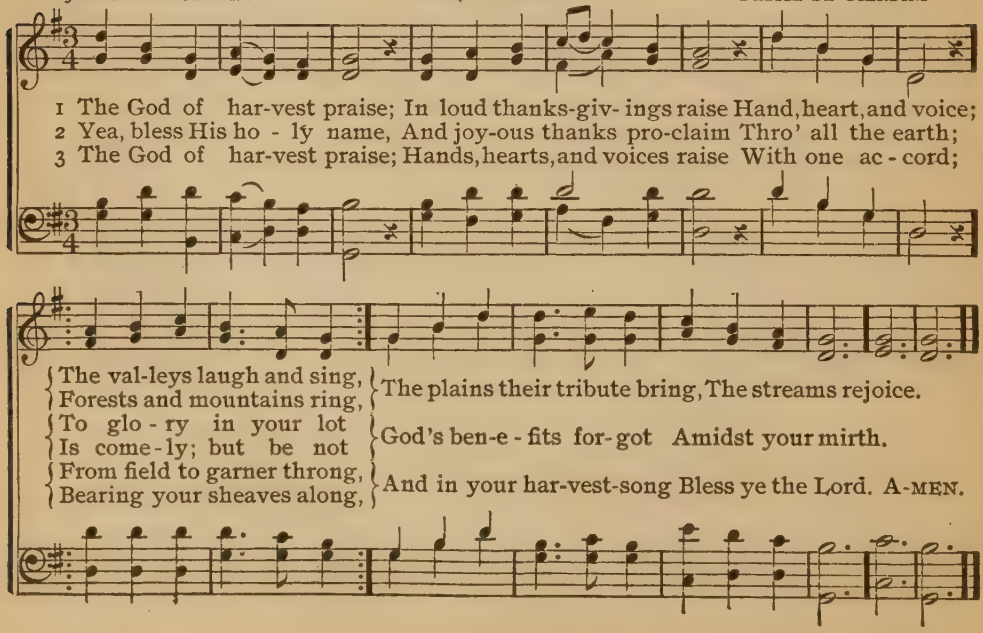
422 Praise to God, immortal praise

ANNA L. BARBAULD — MONKLAND — JOHN B. WILKES


1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2 For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yield;
3 Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain;
4 All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
5 These to Thee, my God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;
Bounteous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy.
For the fruits in full sup - ply, Rip-ened 'neath the sum - mer sky;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews, Suns that temp'rate warmth dif-fuse;
All that lib - 'ral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er-flow - ing stores;—
And for these my soul shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol - emn praise. A-MEN.

423 The God of harvest praise

JAMES MONTGOMERY — ITALIAN HYMN — FELICE DE GIARDINI


1 The God of har-vest praise; In loud thanks-giv- ings raise Hand, heart, and voice;
2 Yea, bless His ho - ly name, And joy-ous thanks pro-claim Thro' all the earth;
3 The God of har-vest praise; Hands, hearts, and voices raise With one ac - cord;
The val-leys laugh and sing, Forests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.
To glo - ry in your lot Is come-ly; but be not God's ben-e - fits for-got Amidst your mirth.
From field to garner throng, Bearing your sheaves along, And in your har-vest-song Bless ye the Lord. A-MEN.

424 Come, ye thankful people, come

HENRY ALFORD — ST. GEORGE — GEORGE J. ELVEY

1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home!
2 We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
4 E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal Har-vest-home!

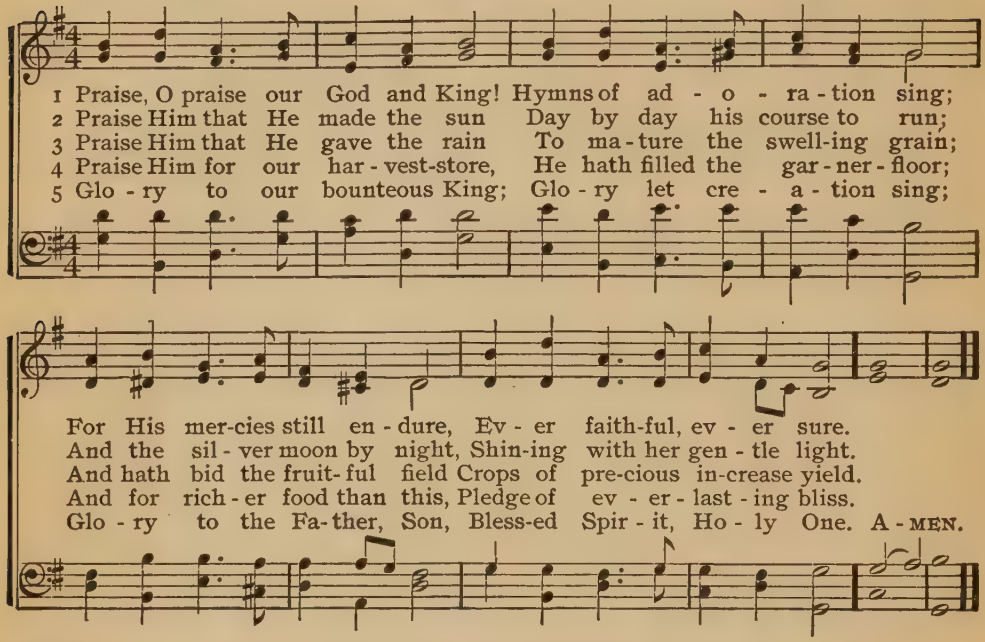
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin:
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
From His field shall purge a-way All that doth of-fend that day;
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn doth ap-pear:
Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home!
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be!
But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glorious Har-vest-home! A-MEN.

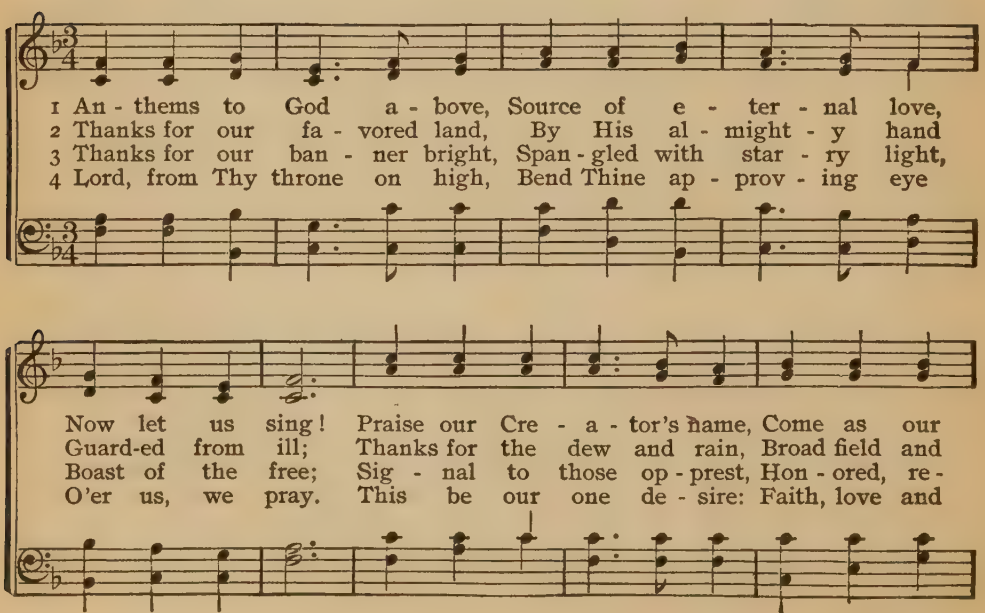
425 Praise, O praise our God and King

HENRY W. BAKER — PLEYEL'S HYMN — IGNACE J. PLEYEL

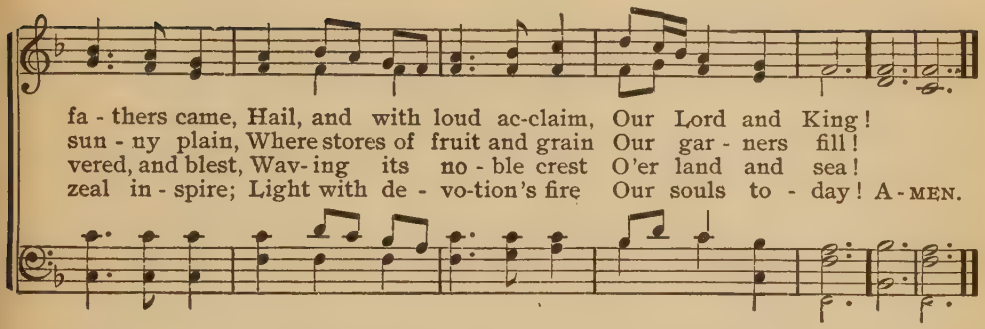

1 Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;
2 Praise Him that He made the sun Day by day his course to run;
3 Praise Him that He gave the rain To ma - ture the swell-ing grain;
4 Praise Him for our har - vest-store, He hath filled the gar - ner - floor;
5 Glo - ry to our bounteous King; Glo - ry let cre - a - tion sing;
For His mer-cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.
And the sil - ver moon by night, Shin-ing with her gen - tle light.
And hath bid the fruit-ful field Crops of pre-cious in-crease yield.
And for rich - er food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last - ing bliss.
Glo - ry to the Fa-ther, Son, Bless-ed Spir - it, Ho - ly One. A - MEN.

426 Anthems to God above

FANNY J. CROSBY — AMERICA — HENRY CAREY

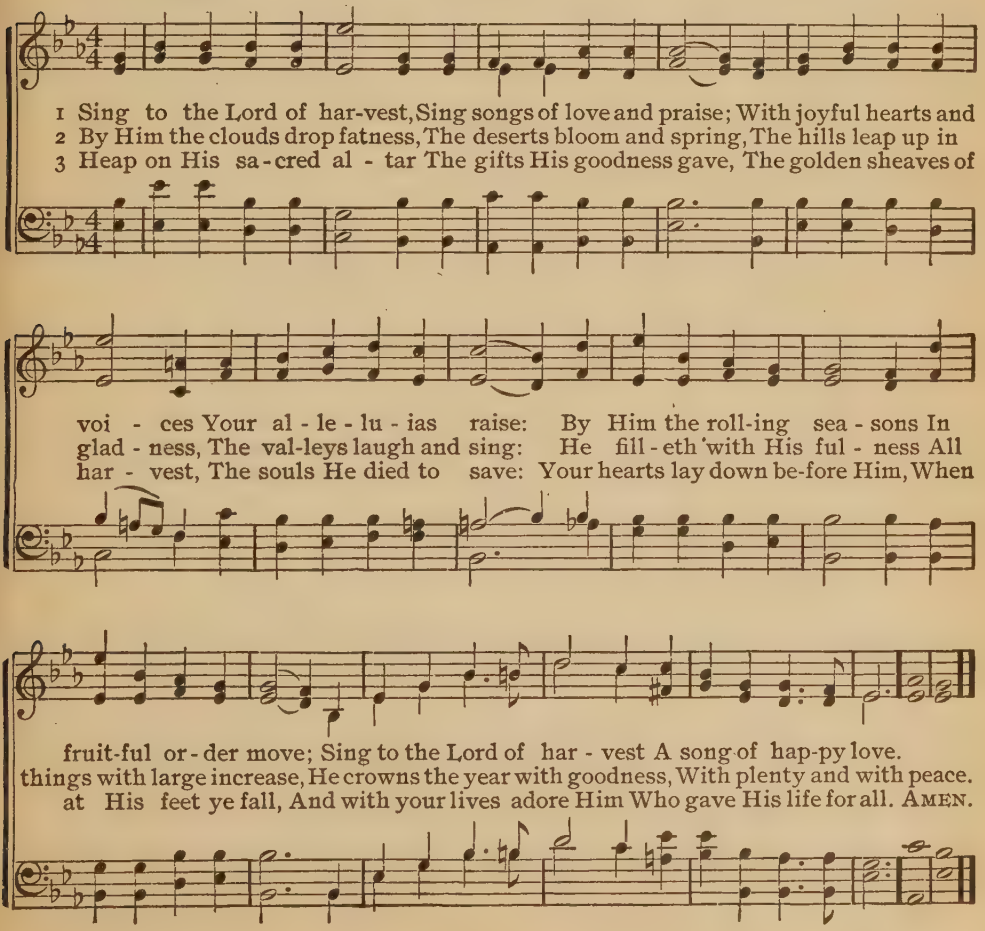

1 An - thems to God a - bove, Source of e - ter - nal love,
2 Thanks for our fa - vored land, By His al - might - y hand
3 Thanks for our ban - ner bright, Span - gled with star - ry light,
4 Lord, from Thy throne on high, Bend Thine ap - prov - ing eye
Now let us sing! Praise our Cre - a - tor's name, Come as our
Guard-ed from ill; Thanks for the dew and rain, Broad field and
Boast of the free; Sig - nal to those op - prest, Hon - ored, re -
O'er us, we pray. This be our one de - sire: Faith, love and

Anthems to God above


fa - thers came, Hail, and with loud ac-claim, Our Lord and King!
sun - ny plain, Where stores of fruit and grain Our gar - ners fill!
vered, and blest, Wav-ing its no - ble crest O'er land and sea!
zeal in - spire; Light with de - vo-tion's fire Our souls to - day! A - MEN.

427 Sing to the Lord of harvest

JOHN S. B. MONSELL GREENLAND JOHANN M. HAYDN

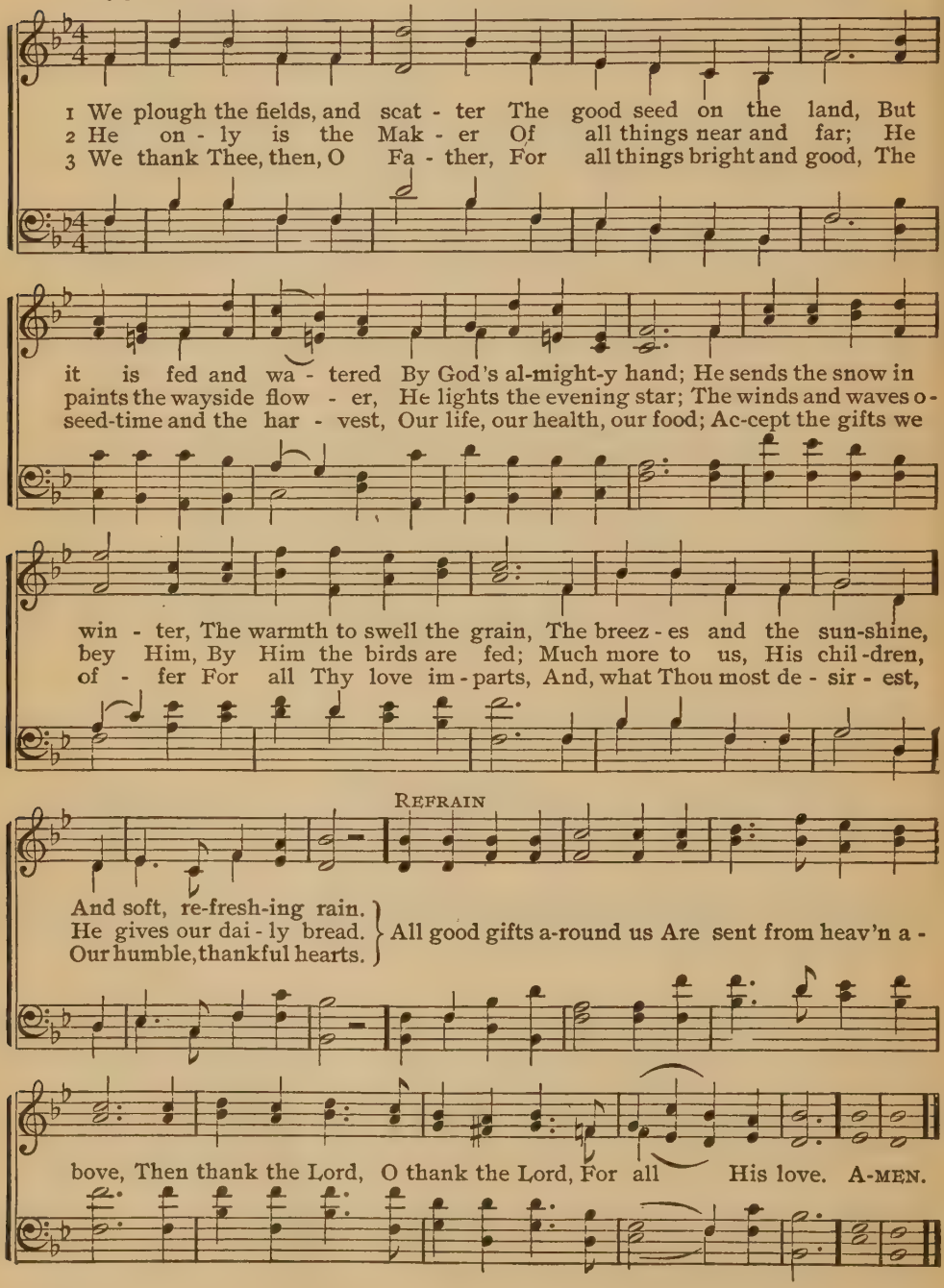

1 Sing to the Lord of har-vest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joyful hearts and
2 By Him the clouds drop fatness, The deserts bloom and spring, The hills leap up in
3 Heap on His sa-cred al - tar The gifts His goodness gave, The golden sheaves of
voi - ces Your al - le - lu - ias raise: By Him the roll-ing sea - sons In
glad - ness, The val-leys laugh and sing: He fill - eth with His ful - ness All
har - vest, The souls He died to save: Your hearts lay down be-fore Him, When
fruit-ful or - der move; Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap-py love.
things with large increase, He crowns the year with goodness, With plenty and with peace.
at His feet ye fall, And with your lives adore Him Who gave His life for all. AMEN.

428 We plough the fields, and scatter

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS
Tr. by JANE M. CAMPBELL

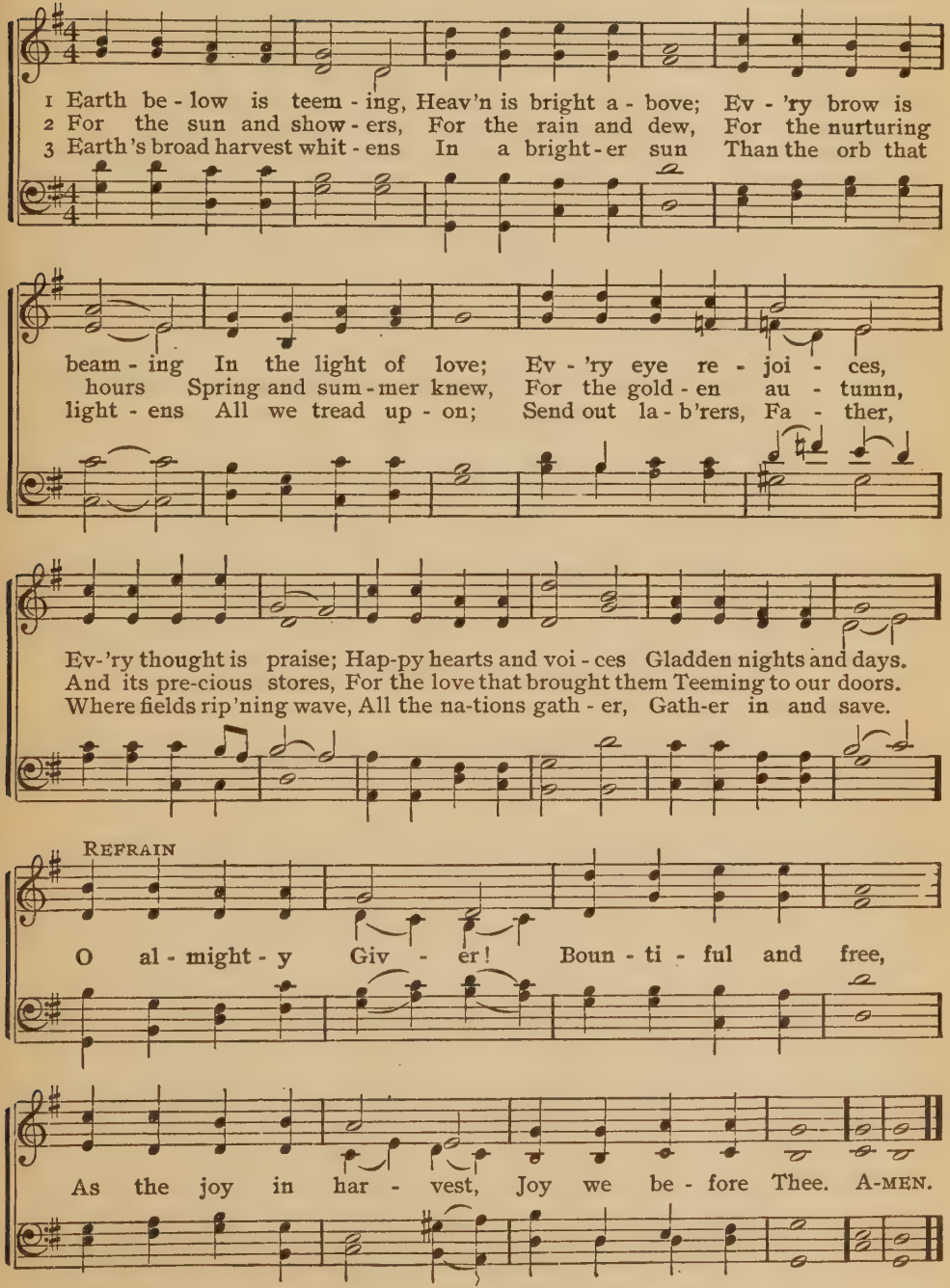
ARATOR

JOHANN A. P. SCHULTZE


1 We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
2 He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He
3 We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The
it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in
paints the wayside flow - er, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o-
seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac-cept the gifts we
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun-shine,
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil-dren,
of - fer For all Thy love im - parts, And, what Thou most de - sir - est,
REFRAIN
And soft, re-fresh-ing rain.
He gives our dai - ly bread.
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a -
bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love. A-MEN.

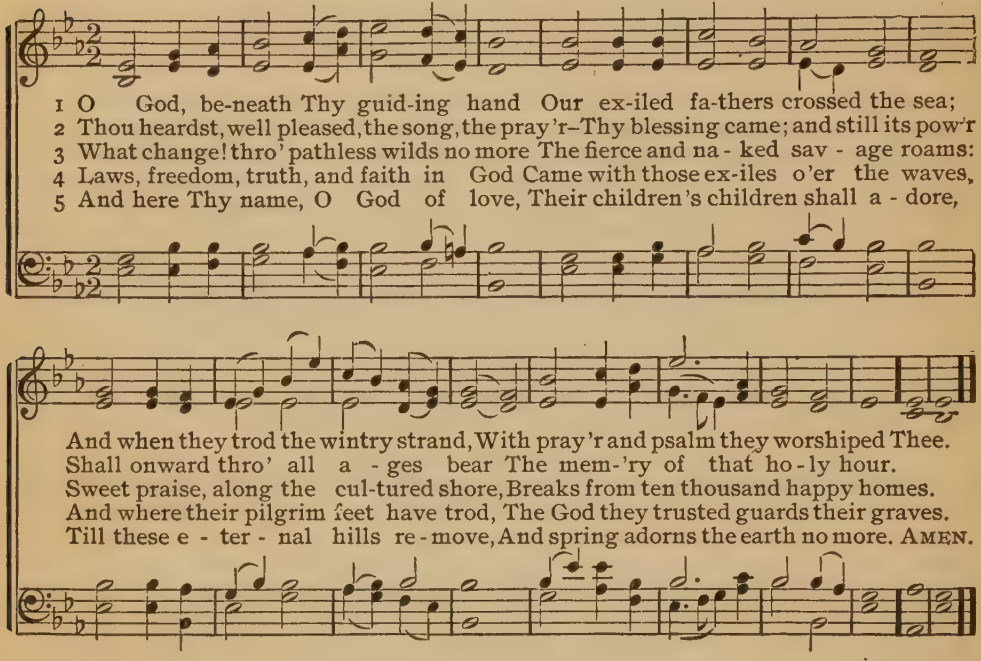
429 Earth below is teeming

JOHN S. B. MONSELL ST. ALBANS FRANZ J. HAYDN

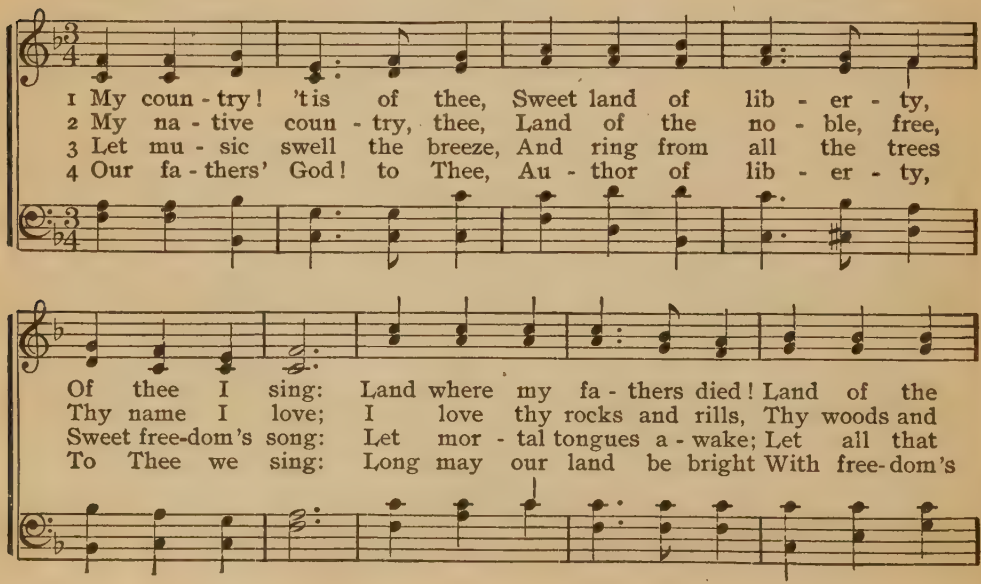

1 Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev - 'ry brow is
2 For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nurturing
3 Earth's broad harvest whit - ens In a bright - er sun Than the orb that
beam - ing In the light of love; Ev - 'ry eye re - joi - ces,
hours Spring and sum - mer knew, For the gold - en au - tumn,
light - ens All we tread up - on; Send out la - b'rers, Fa - ther,
Ev-'ry thought is praise; Hap-py hearts and voi - ces Gladden nights and days.
And its pre-cious stores, For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors.
Where fields rip'ning wave, All the na-tions gath - er, Gath-er in and save.
REFRAIN
O al - might - y Giv - er! Boun - ti - ful and free,
As the joy in har - vest, Joy we be - fore Thee. A-MEN.

430 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand

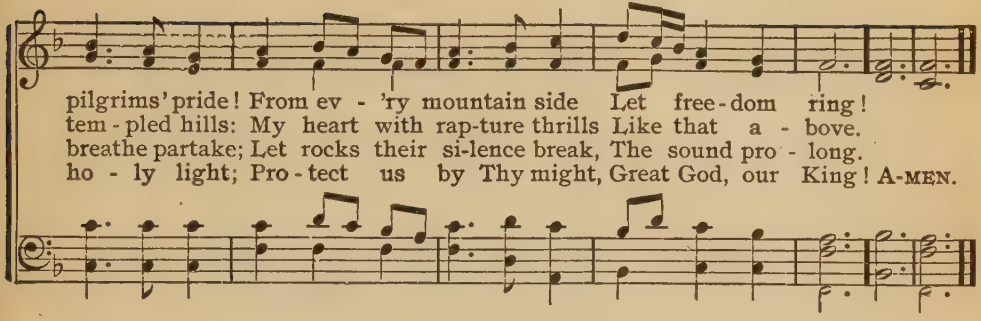
LEONARD BACON — DUKE STREET — JOHN HATTON


1 O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea;
2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the pray'r–Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3 What change! thro' pathless wilds no more The fierce and na - ked sav - age roams:
4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex-iles o'er the waves,
5 And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a - dore,
And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped Thee.
Shall onward thro' all a - ges bear The mem-'ry of that ho - ly hour.
Sweet praise, along the cul-tured shore, Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth no more. AMEN.

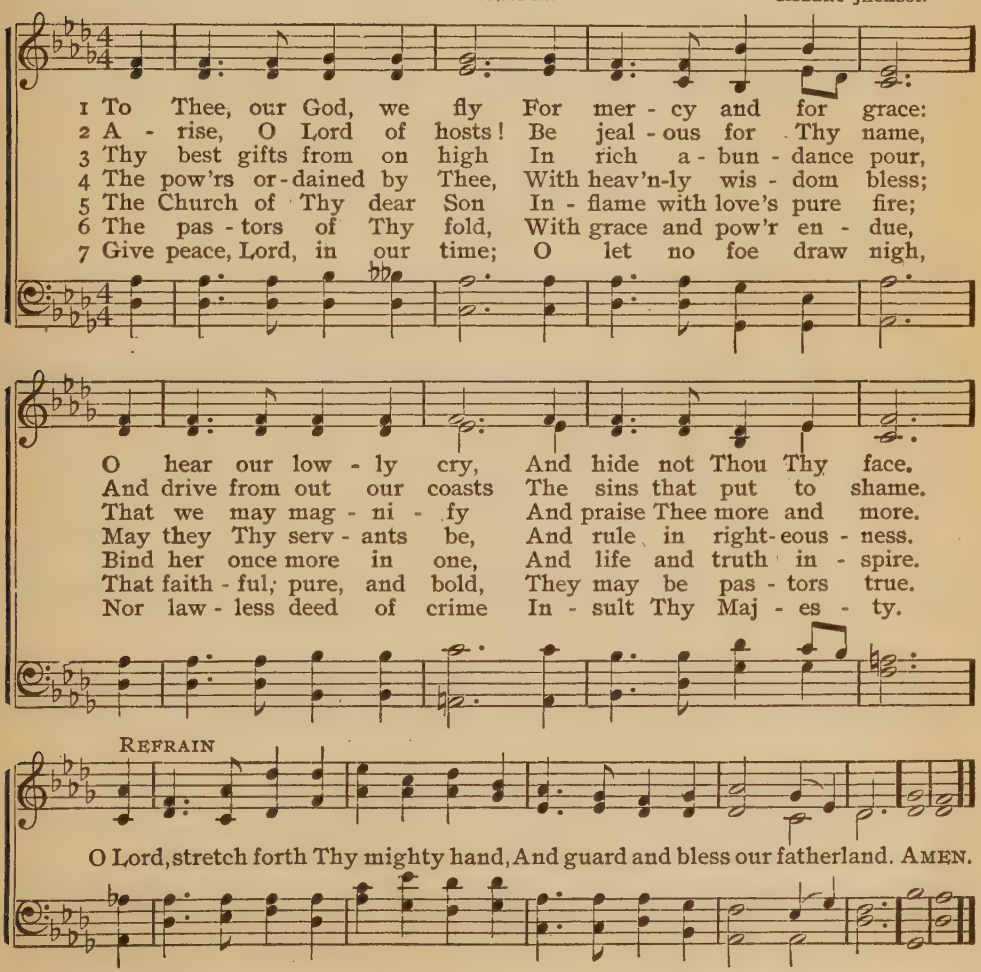
431 My country! 'tis of thee

SAMUEL F. SMITH — AMERICA — HENRY CAREY

1 My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4 Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

My country! 'tis of thee

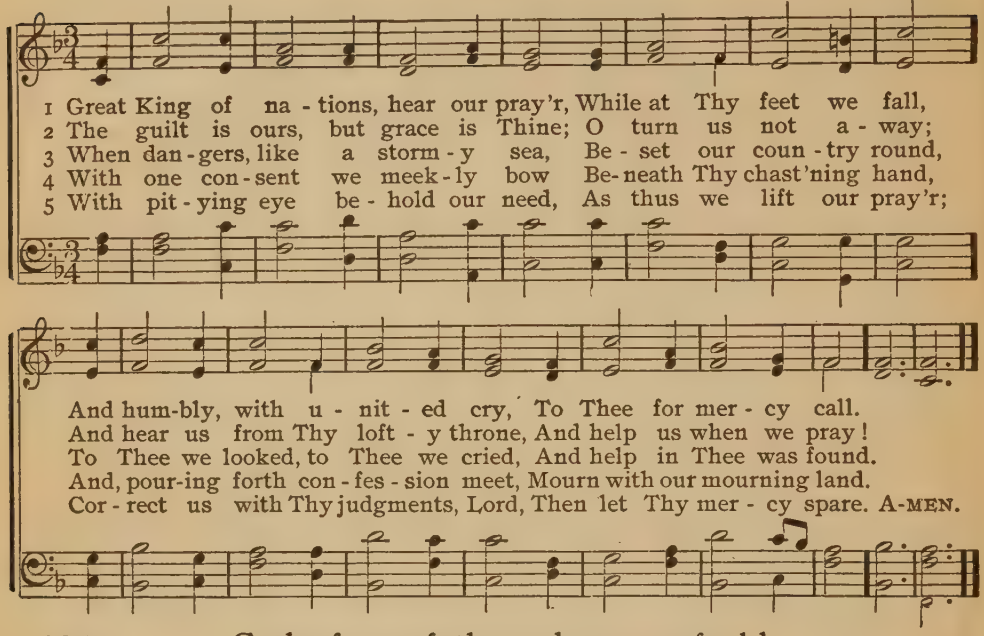

pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills: My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

432 To Thee, our God, we fly

WILLIAM W. HOW WAVERTON ROBERT JACKSON

1 To Thee, our God, we fly For mer - cy and for grace:
2 A - rise, O Lord of hosts! Be jeal - ous for Thy name,
3 Thy best gifts from on high In rich a - bun - dance pour,
4 The pow'rs or-dained by Thee, With heav'n-ly wis - dom bless;
5 The Church of Thy dear Son In - flame with love's pure fire;
6 The pas - tors of Thy fold, With grace and pow'r en - due,
7 Give peace, Lord, in our time; O let no foe draw nigh,
O hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face.
And drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame.
That we may mag - ni - fy And praise Thee more and more.
May they Thy serv - ants be, And rule in right-eous - ness.
Bind her once more in one, And life and truth in - spire.
That faith - ful, pure, and bold, They may be pas - tors true.
Nor law - less deed of crime In - sult Thy Maj - es - ty.
REFRAIN
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fatherland. AMEN.

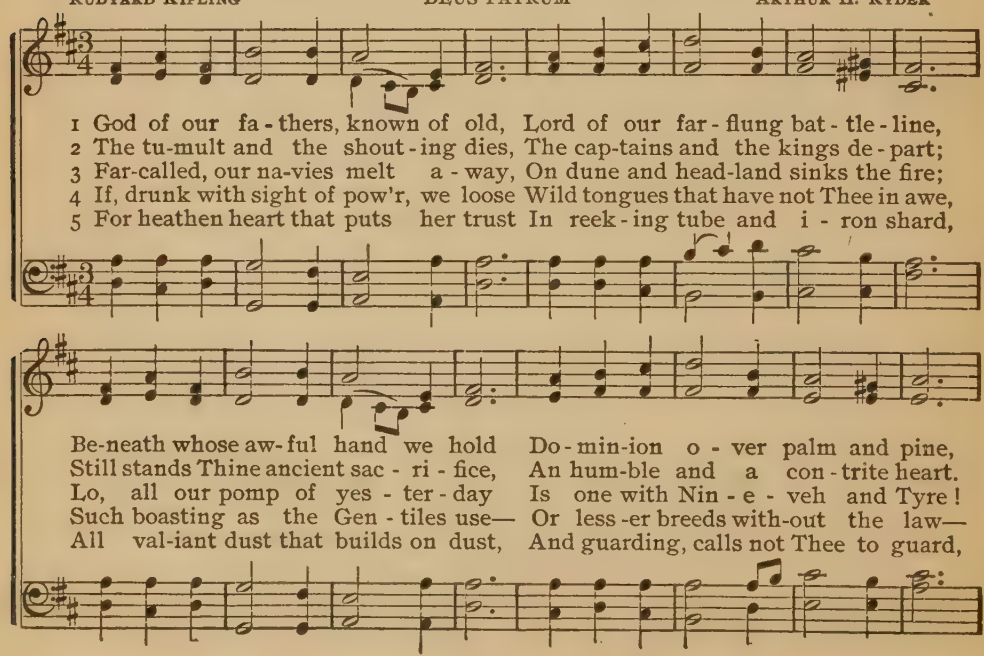
433 Great King of nations, hear our prayer

JOHN H. GURNEY — MEAR — AARON WILLIAMS

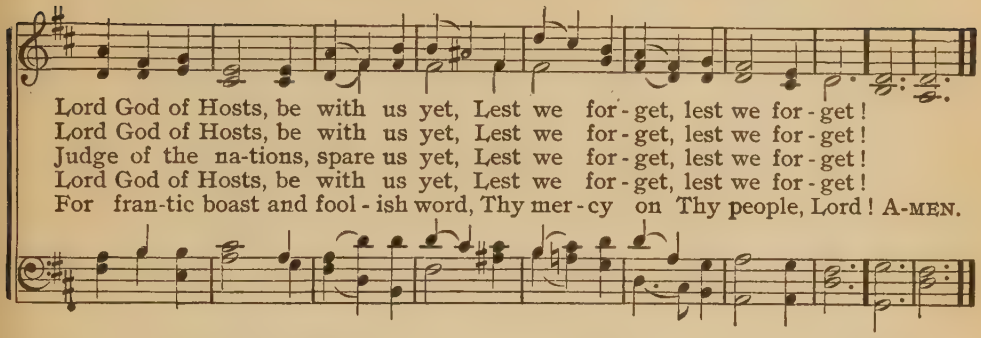

1 Great King of na - tions, hear our pray'r, While at Thy feet we fall,
2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; O turn us not a - way;
3 When dan - gers, like a storm - y sea, Be - set our coun - try round,
4 With one con - sent we meek - ly bow Be - neath Thy chast'ning hand,
5 With pit - ying eye be - hold our need, As thus we lift our pray'r;
And hum-bly, with u - nit - ed cry, To Thee for mer - cy call.
And hear us from Thy loft - y throne, And help us when we pray!
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee was found.
And, pour-ing forth con - fes - sion meet, Mourn with our mourning land.
Cor - rect us with Thy judgments, Lord, Then let Thy mer - cy spare. A-MEN.

434 God of our fathers, known of old

RUDYARD KIPLING — DEUS PATRUM — ARTHUR H. RYDER

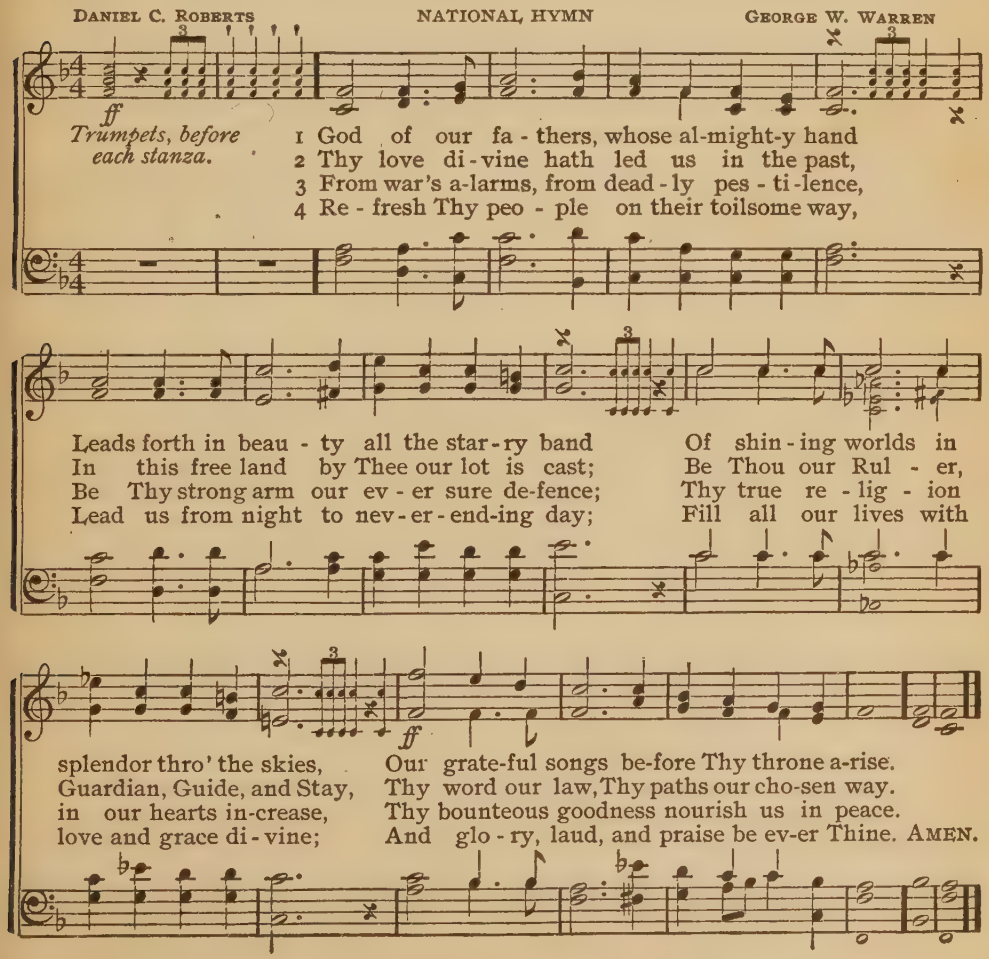

1 God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line,
2 The tu-mult and the shout - ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de - part;
3 Far-called, our na-vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land sinks the fire;
4 If, drunk with sight of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
5 For heathen heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and i - ron shard,
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do - min-ion o - ver palm and pine,
Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, An hum-ble and a con - trite heart.
Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with Nin - e - veh and Tyre!
Such boasting as the Gen - tiles use— Or less - er breeds with-out the law—
All val-iant dust that builds on dust, And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,

God of our fathers, known of old


Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get!
Judge of the na-tions, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get!
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get!
For fran-tic boast and fool-ish word, Thy mer-cy on Thy people, Lord! A-MEN.

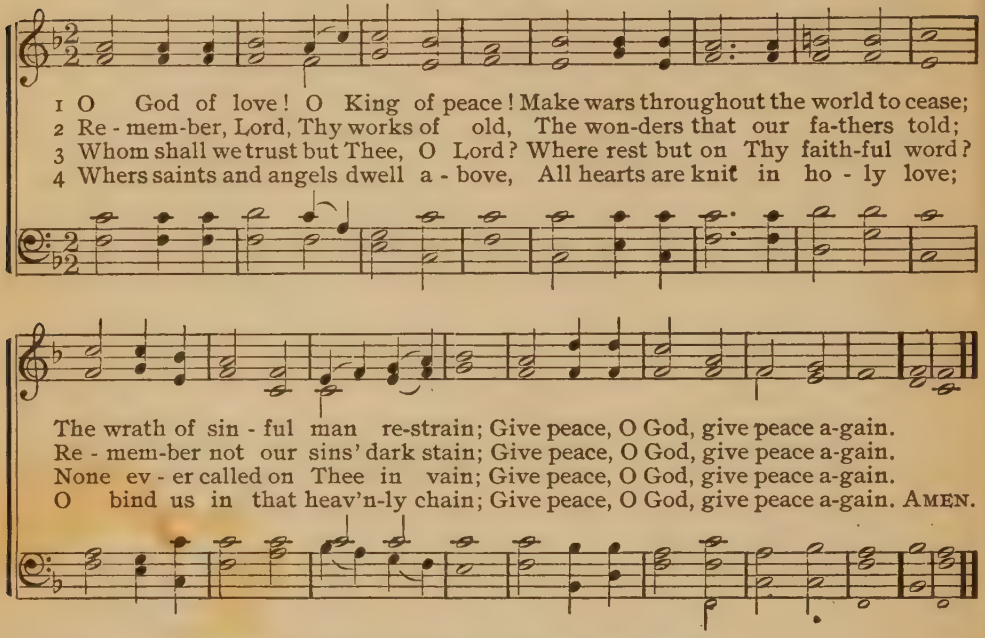
435 God of our fathers, whose almighty hand

DANIEL C. ROBERTS — NATIONAL HYMN — GEORGE W. WARREN


ff
Trumpets, before each stanza.
1 God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2 Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3 From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4 Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toilsome way,
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds in splendor thro' the skies,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Rul-er, Guardian, Guide, and Stay,
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence; Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-crease,
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di-vine;
ff
Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine. AMEN.

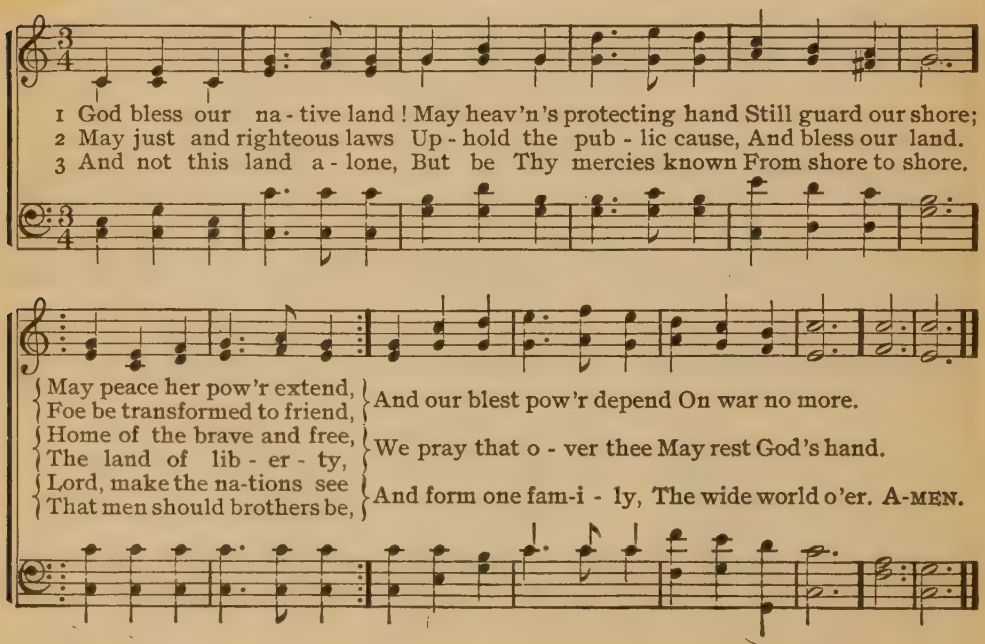
436 O God of love! O King of peace

HENRY W. BAKER — FEDERAL STREET — HENRY K. OLIVER


1 O God of love! O King of peace! Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2 Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful word?
4 Whers saints and angels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
Re - mem-ber not our sins' dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
None ev - er called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
O bind us in that heav'n-ly chain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. AMEN.

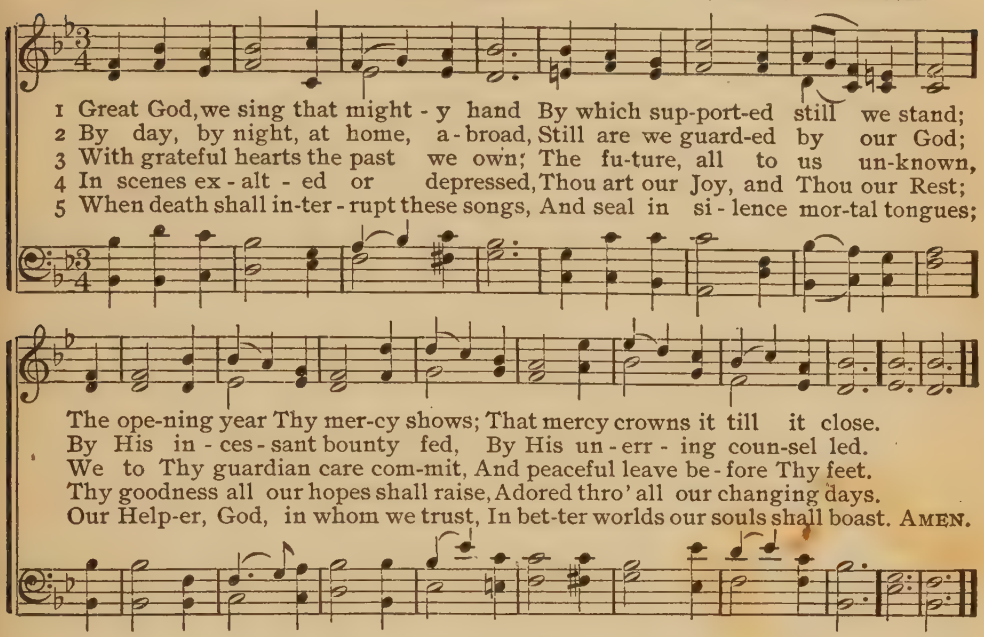
437 God bless our native land

* * * — DORT — LOWELL MASON


1 God bless our na - tive land! May heav'n's protecting hand Still guard our shore;
2 May just and righteous laws Up - hold the pub - lic cause, And bless our land.
3 And not this land a - lone, But be Thy mercies known From shore to shore.
May peace her pow'r extend, And our blest pow'r depend On war no more.
Foe be transformed to friend,
Home of the brave and free, We pray that o - ver thee May rest God's hand.
The land of lib - er - ty,
Lord, make the na-tions see And form one fam-i - ly, The wide world o'er. A-MEN.
That men should brothers be,

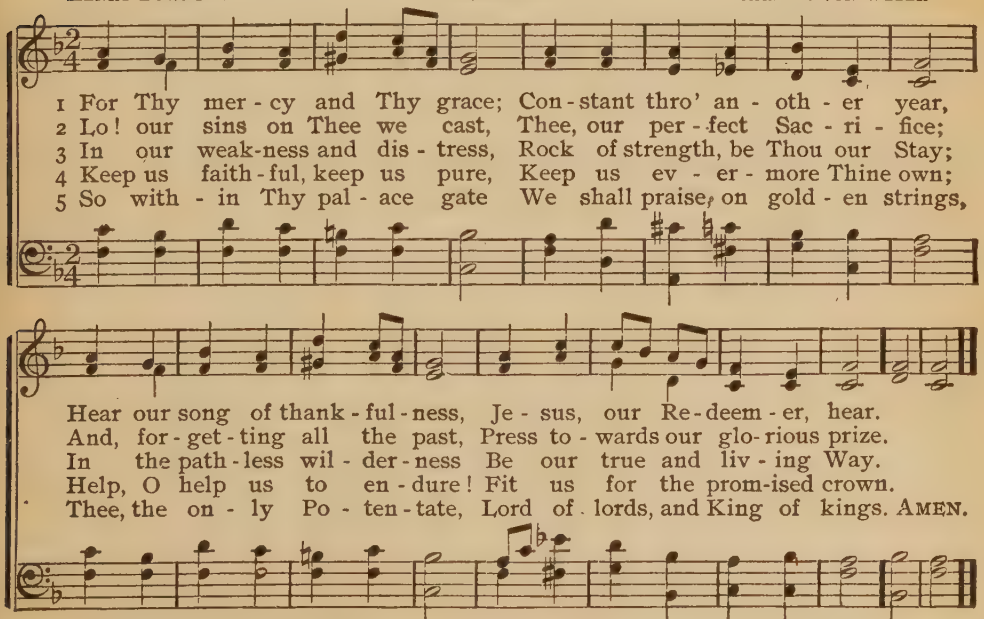
438 Great God, we sing that mighty hand

PHILIP DODDRIDGE GERMANY LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN


1 Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup-port-ed still we stand;
2 By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still are we guard-ed by our God;
3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The fu-ture, all to us un-known,
4 In scenes ex - alt - ed or depressed, Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
5 When death shall in-ter - rupt these songs, And seal in si - lence mor-tal tongues;
The ope-ning year Thy mer-cy shows; That mercy crowns it till it close.
By His in - ces - sant bounty fed, By His un - err - ing coun-sel led.
We to Thy guardian care com-mit, And peaceful leave be - fore Thy feet.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored thro' all our changing days.
Our Help-er, God, in whom we trust, In bet-ter worlds our souls shall boast. AMEN.

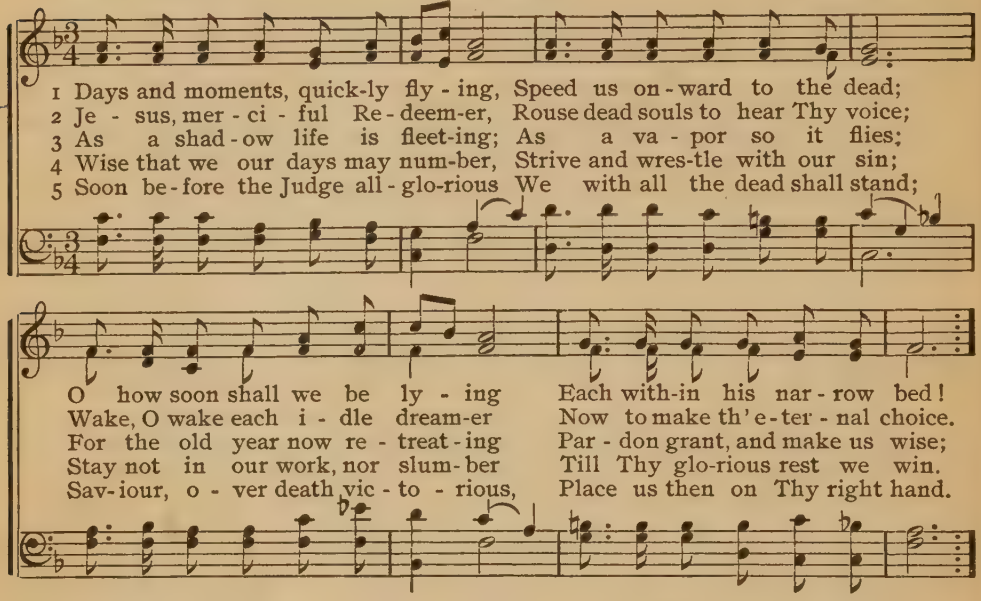
439 For Thy mercy and Thy grace

HENRY DOWNTON SEYMOUR CARL M. VON WEBER


1 For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace; Con - stant thro' an - oth - er year,
2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast, Thee, our per - fect Sac - ri - fice;
3 In our weak-ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
4 Keep us faith - ful, keep us pure, Keep us ev - er - more Thine own;
5 So with - in Thy pal - ace gate We shall praise, on gold - en strings,
Hear our song of thank - ful - ness, Je - sus, our Re-deem - er, hear.
And, for - get - ting all the past, Press to - wards our glo - rious prize.
In the path - less wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing Way.
Help, O help us to en - dure! Fit us for the prom-ised crown.
Thee, the on - ly Po - ten - tate, Lord of lords, and King of kings. AMEN.

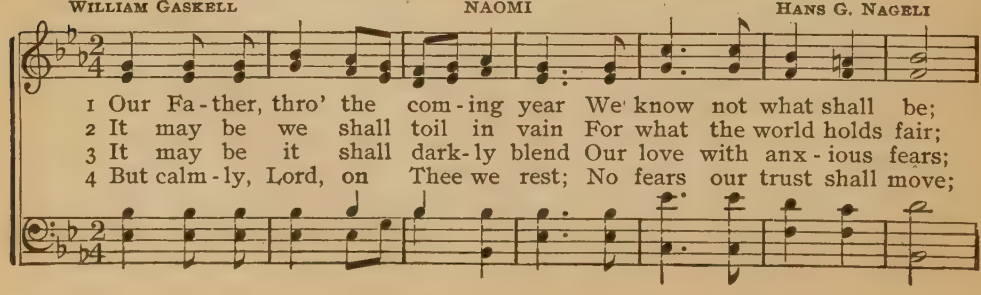
440 Days and moments, quickly flying

EDWARD CASWALL — ST. SYLVESTER — JOHN B. DYKES

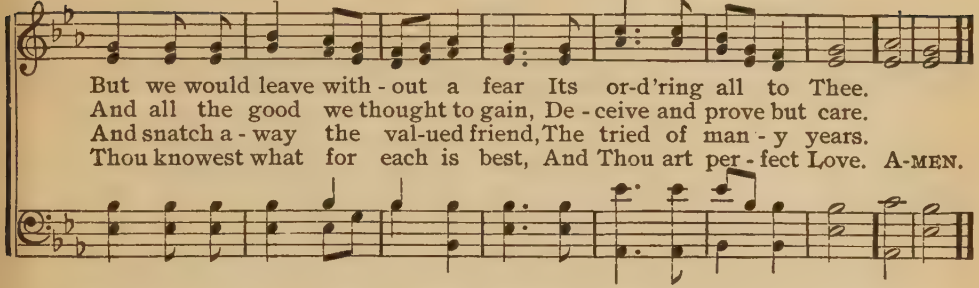

1 Days and moments, quick-ly fly - ing, Speed us on - ward to the dead;
2 Je - sus, mer - ci - ful Re - deem-er, Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
3 As a shad - ow life is fleet-ing; As a va - por so it flies;
4 Wise that we our days may num-ber, Strive and wres-tle with our sin;
5 Soon be - fore the Judge all - glo-rious We with all the dead shall stand;
O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar - row bed!
Wake, O wake each i - dle dream-er Now to make th' e - ter - nal choice.
For the old year now re - treat - ing Par - don grant, and make us wise;
Stay not in our work, nor slum-ber Till Thy glo-rious rest we win.
Sav-iour, o - ver death vic - to - rious, Place us then on Thy right hand.
6 Life passeth soon; death draweth near; Keep us, good Lord, till Thou ap - pear;
With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' e-ter - ni-ty. A-MEN.

441 Our Father, through the coming year

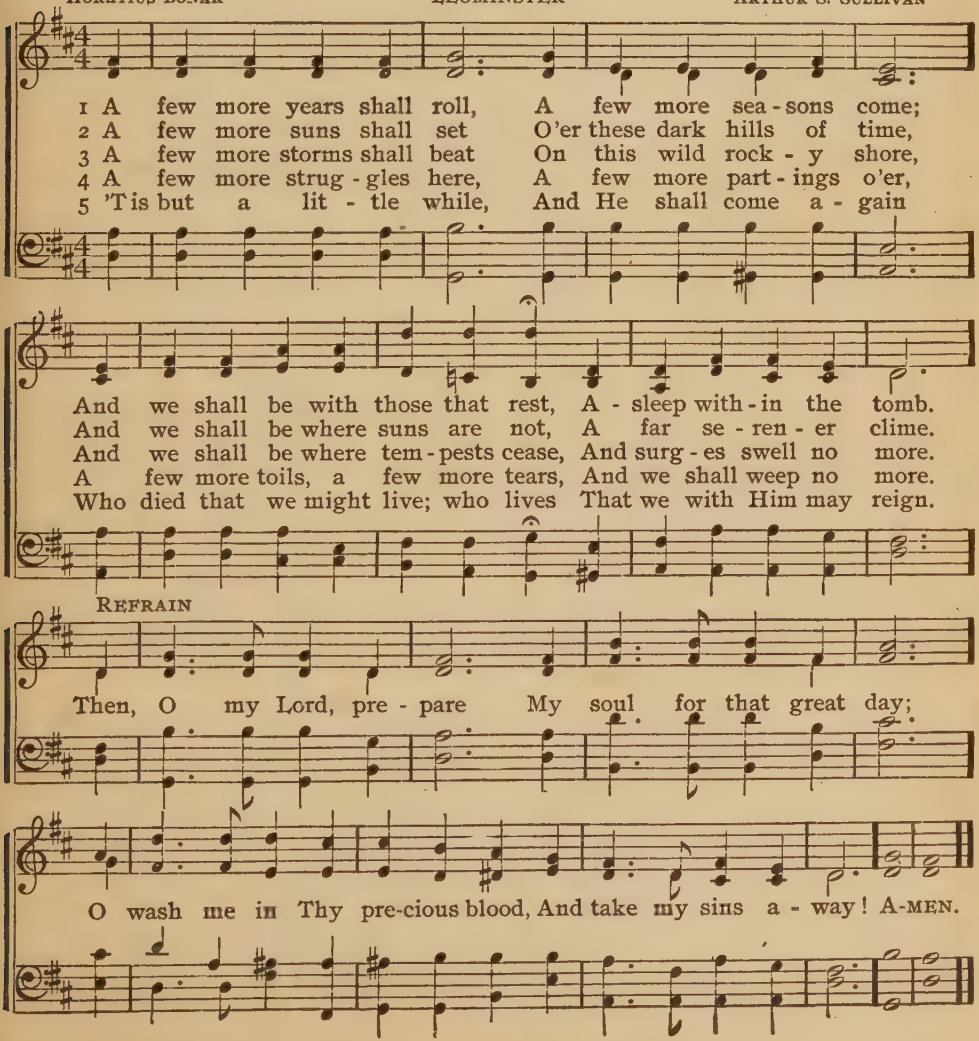
WILLIAM GASKELL — NAOMI — HANS G. NAGELI


1 Our Fa-ther, thro' the com-ing year We know not what shall be;
2 It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair;
3 It may be it shall dark-ly blend Our love with anx-ious fears;
4 But calm-ly, Lord, on Thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move;

Our Father, through the coming year

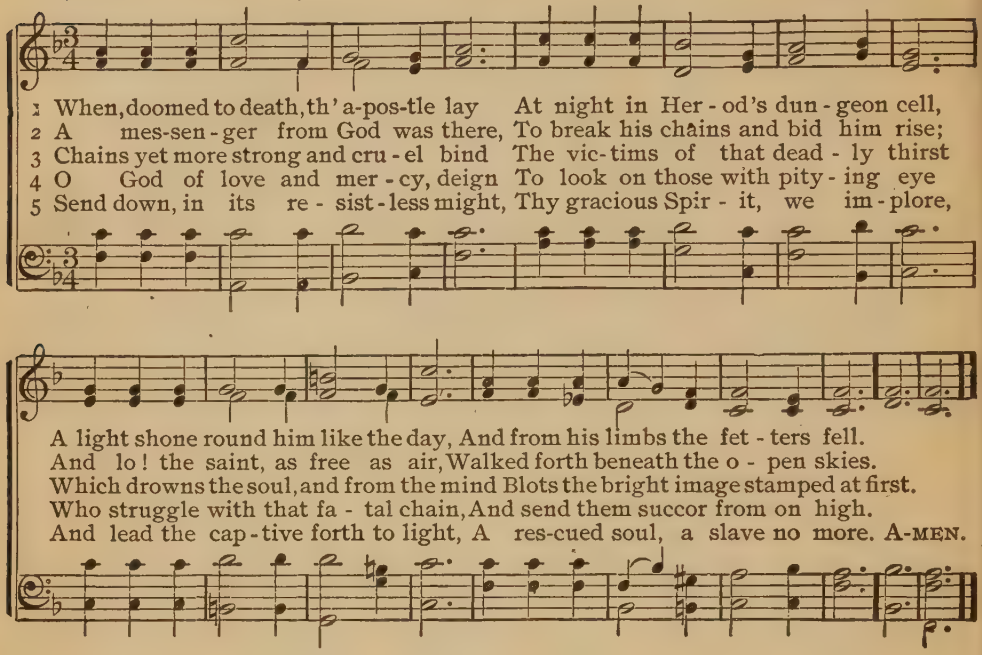

But we would leave with - out a fear Its or-d'ring all to Thee.
And all the good we thought to gain, De - ceive and prove but care.
And snatch a - way the val-ued friend, The tried of man - y years.
Thou knowest what for each is best, And Thou art per - fect Love. A-MEN.

442 A few more years shall roll

HORATIUS BONAR — LEOMINSTER — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come;
2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
3 A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore,
4 A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
5 'T is but a lit - tle while, And He shall come a - gain
And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb.
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
And we shall be where tem - pests cease, And surg - es swell no more.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
Who died that we might live; who lives That we with Him may reign.
REFRAIN
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way! A-MEN.

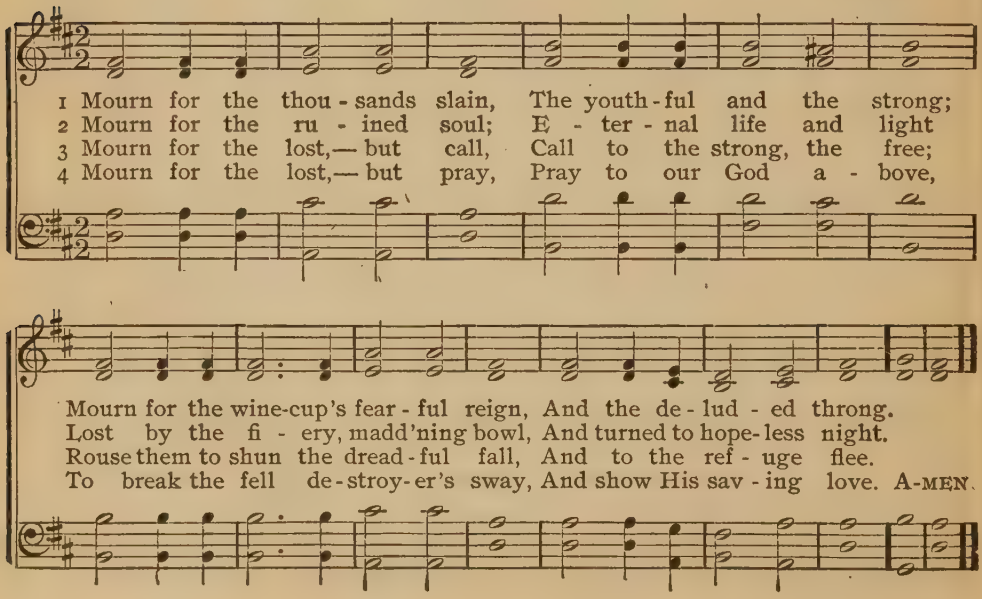
443 When, doomed to death, the apostle lay

WILLIAM C. BRYANT VENN HENRY BAKER

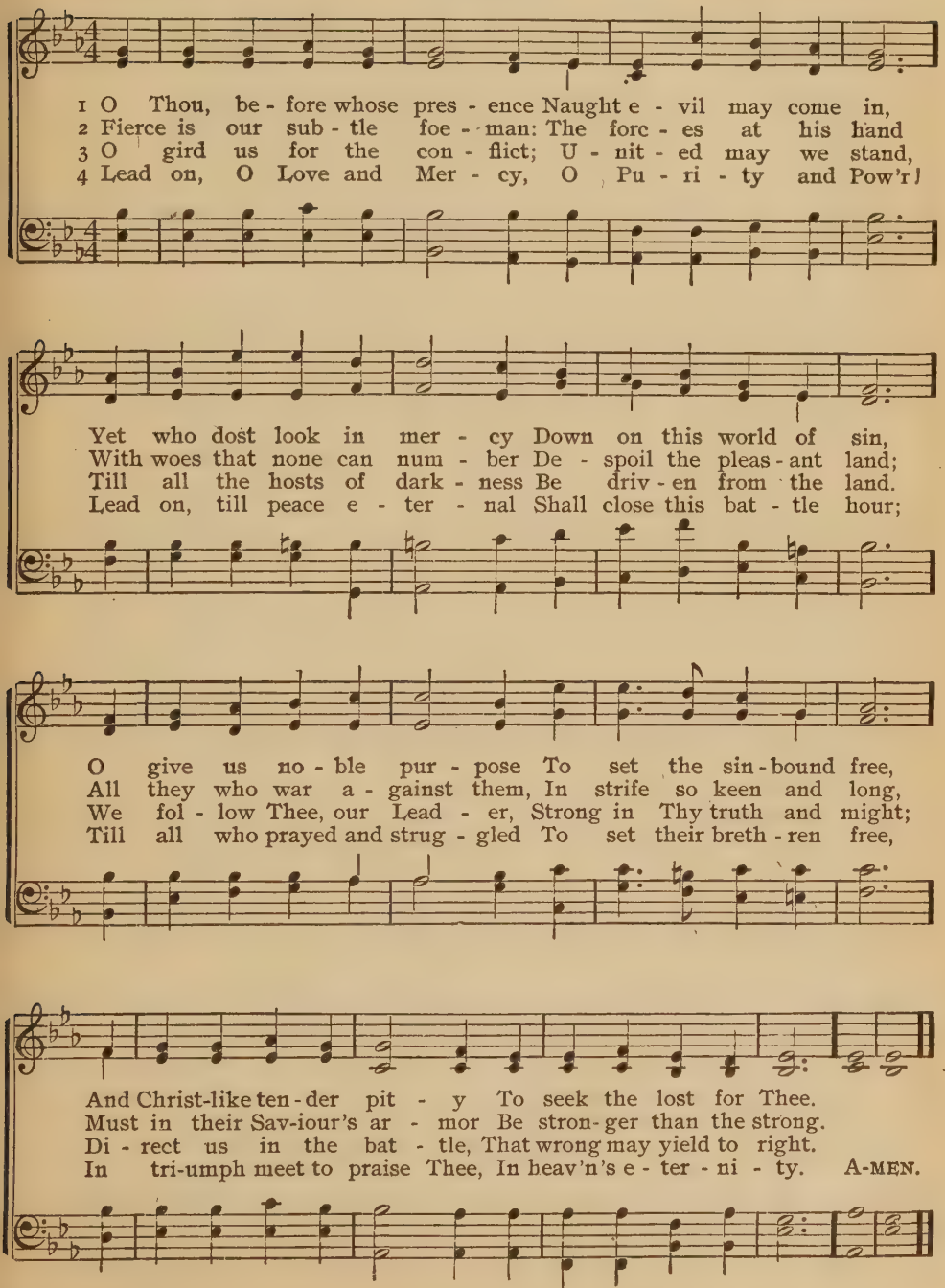

1 When, doomed to death, th' a-pos-tle lay At night in Her - od's dun - geon cell,
2 A mes-sen - ger from God was there, To break his chains and bid him rise;
3 Chains yet more strong and cru - el bind The vic-tims of that dead - ly thirst
4 O God of love and mer - cy, deign To look on those with pity - ing eye
5 Send down, in its re - sist - less might, Thy gracious Spir - it, we im - plore,
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.
And lo! the saint, as free as air, Walked forth beneath the o - pen skies.
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind Blots the bright image stamped at first.
Who struggle with that fa - tal chain, And send them succor from on high.
And lead the cap - tive forth to light, A res-cued soul, a slave no more. A-MEN.

444 Mourn for the thousands slain

SETH C. BRACE SHAWMUT LOWELL MASON

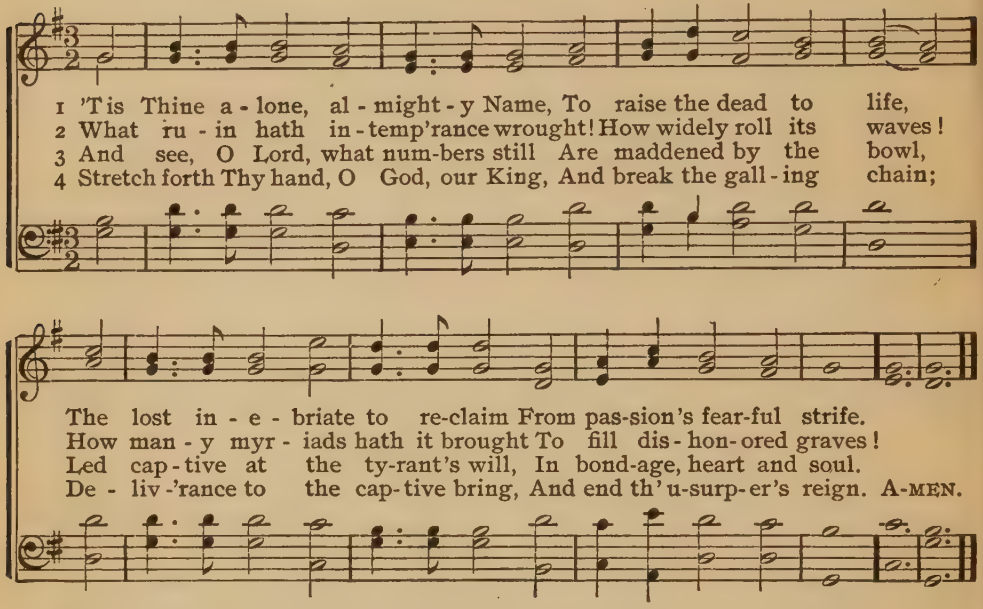

1 Mourn for the thou - sands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
2 Mourn for the ru - ined soul; E - ter - nal life and light
3 Mourn for the lost,— but call, Call to the strong, the free;
4 Mourn for the lost,— but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,
Mourn for the wine-cup's fear - ful reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.
Lost by the fi - ery, madd'ning bowl, And turned to hope-less night.
Rouse them to shun the dread - ful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
To break the fell de-stroy-er's sway, And show His sav - ing love. A-MEN.

445 O Thou, before whose presence

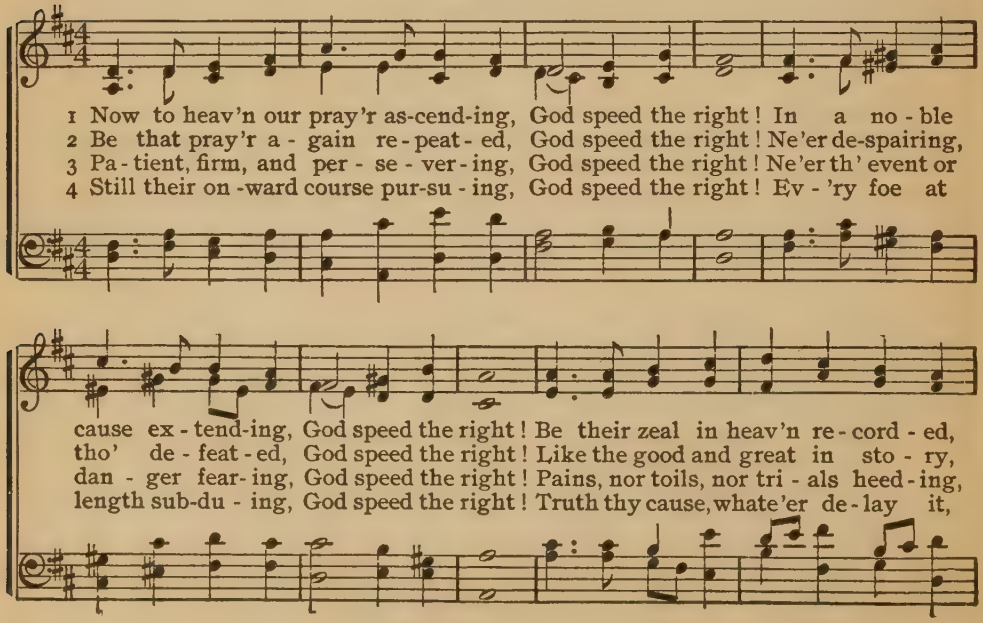
SAMUEL J. STONE — AURELIA — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1 O Thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,
2 Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man: The forc - es at his hand
3 O gird us for the con - flict; U - nit - ed may we stand,
4 Lead on, O Love and Mer - cy, O Pu - ri - ty and Pow'r!
Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,
With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;
Till all the hosts of dark - ness Be driv - en from the land.
Lead on, till peace e - ter - nal Shall close this bat - tle hour;
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,
All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
We fol - low Thee, our Lead - er, Strong in Thy truth and might;
Till all who prayed and strug - gled To set their breth - ren free,
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee.
Must in their Sav-iour's ar - mor Be stron - ger than the strong.
Di - rect us in the bat - tle, That wrong may yield to right.
In tri-umph meet to praise Thee, In heav'n's e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

446 'T is Thine alone, almighty Name

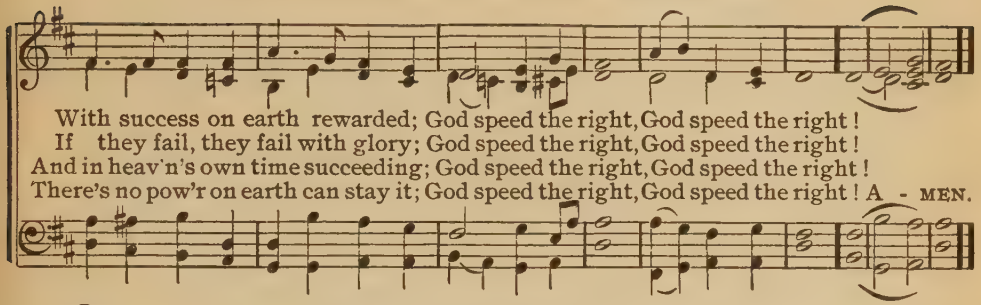
EDWIN F. HATFIELD — ARLINGTON — THOMAS A. ARNE


1 'T is Thine a - lone, al - might - y Name, To raise the dead to life,
2 What ru - in hath in - temp'rance wrought! How widely roll its waves!
3 And see, O Lord, what num-bers still Are maddened by the bowl,
4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King, And break the gall - ing chain;
The lost in - e - briate to re-claim From pas-sion's fear-ful strife.
How man - y myr - iads hath it brought To fill dis - hon-ored graves!
Led cap - tive at the ty-rant's will, In bond-age, heart and soul.
De - liv -'rance to the cap-tive bring, And end th' u-surp-er's reign. A-MEN.

447 Now to heaven our prayer ascending

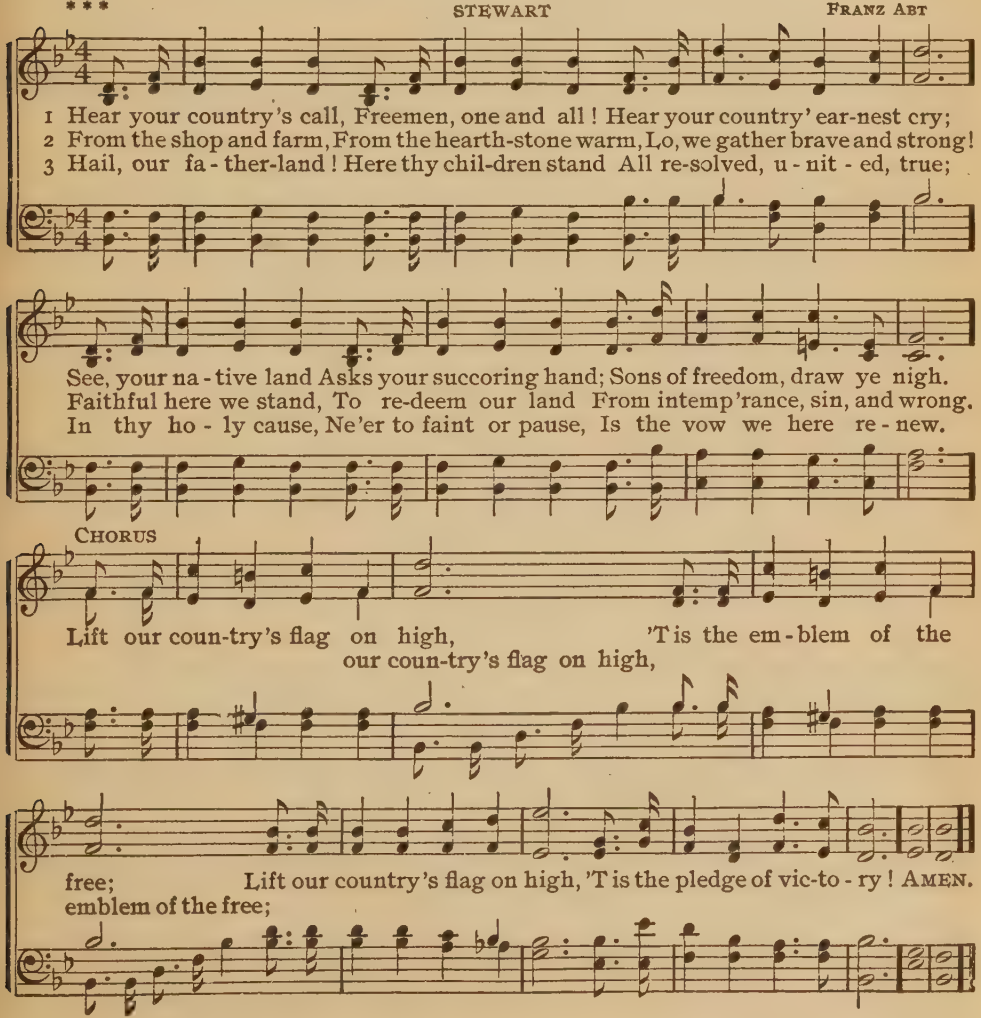
* * * — HARRIETTELLE — H. G. B. HUNT

1 Now to heav'n our pray'r as-cend-ing, God speed the right! In a no - ble
2 Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right! Ne'er de-spairing,
3 Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right! Ne'er th' event or
4 Still their on -ward course pur-su - ing, God speed the right! Ev - 'ry foe at
cause ex - tend-ing, God speed the right! Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed,
tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right! Like the good and great in sto - ry,
dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right! Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing,
length sub-du - ing, God speed the right! Truth thy cause, whate'er de - lay it,

Now to heaven our prayer ascending


With success on earth rewarded; God speed the right, God speed the right!
If they fail, they fail with glory; God speed the right, God speed the right!
And in heav'n's own time succeeding; God speed the right, God speed the right!
There's no pow'r on earth can stay it; God speed the right, God speed the right! A - MEN.

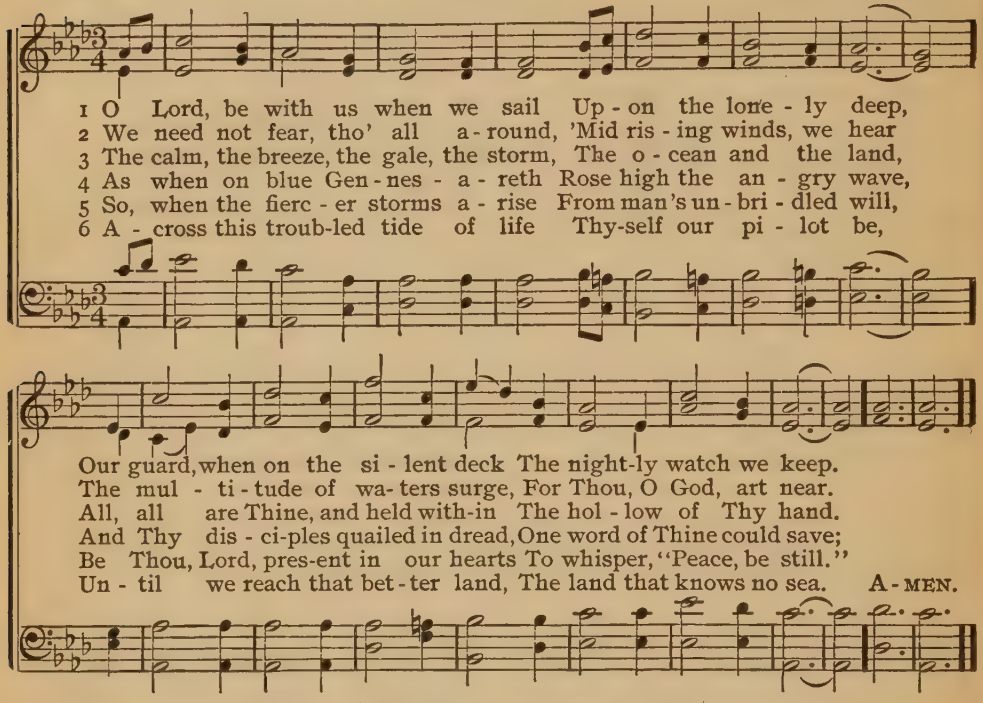
448 ***

Hear your country's call

STEWART FRANZ ABT

1 Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country' ear-nest cry;
2 From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gather brave and strong!
3 Hail, our fa - ther-land! Here thy chil-dren stand All re-solved, u - nit - ed, true;
See, your na - tive land Asks your succoring hand; Sons of freedom, draw ye nigh.
Faithful here we stand, To re-deem our land From intemp'rance, sin, and wrong.
In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause, Is the vow we here re - new.
CHORUS
Lift our coun-try's flag on high, 'T is the em - blem of the
our coun-try's flag on high,
free; Lift our country's flag on high, 'T is the pledge of vic-to - ry! AMEN.
emblem of the free;

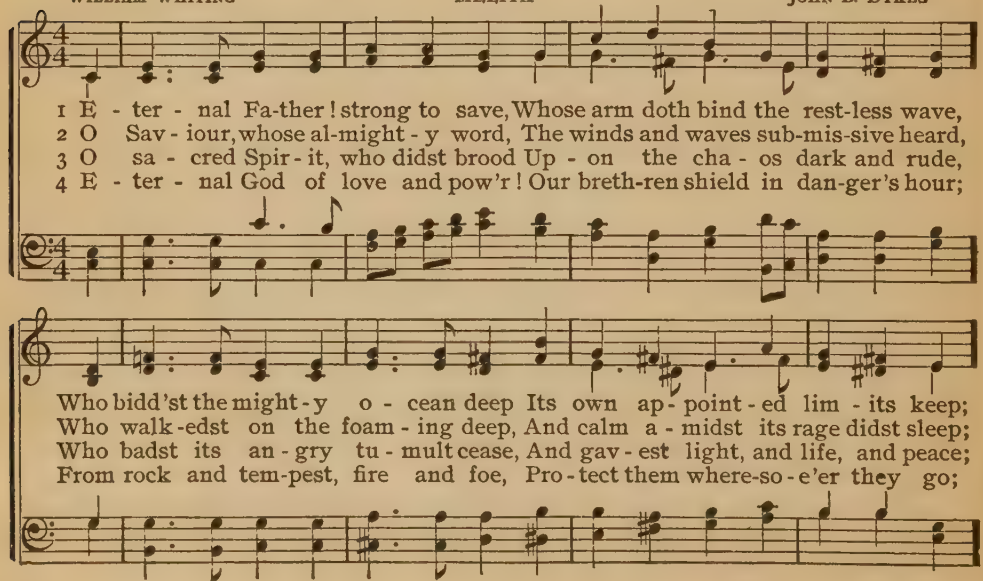
449 O Lord, be with us when we sail

EDWARD A. DAYMAN MANOAH GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI

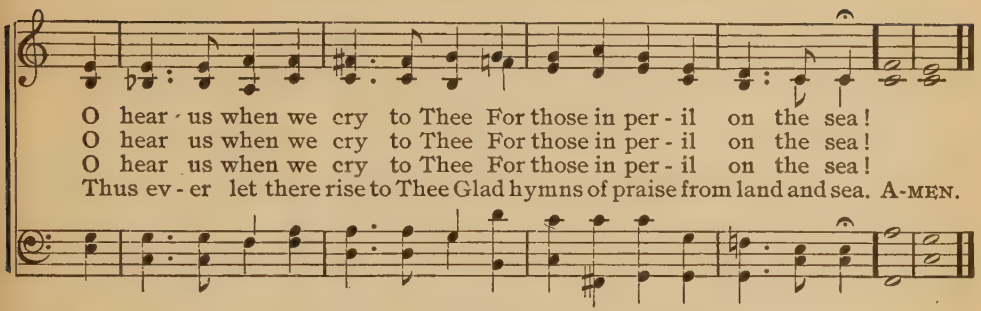

1 O Lord, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep,
2 We need not fear, tho' all a - round, 'Mid ris - ing winds, we hear
3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm, The o - cean and the land,
4 As when on blue Gen - nes - a - reth Rose high the an - gry wave,
5 So, when the fierc - er storms a - rise From man's un - bri - dled will,
6 A - cross this troub-led tide of life Thy-self our pi - lot be,
Our guard, when on the si - lent deck The night-ly watch we keep.
The mul - ti - tude of wa - ters surge, For Thou, O God, art near.
All, all are Thine, and held with-in The hol - low of Thy hand.
And Thy dis - ci-ples quailed in dread, One word of Thine could save;
Be Thou, Lord, pres-ent in our hearts To whisper, "Peace, be still."
Un - til we reach that bet - ter land, The land that knows no sea. A - MEN.

450 Eternal Father! strong to save

WILLIAM WHITING MELITA JOHN B. DYKES

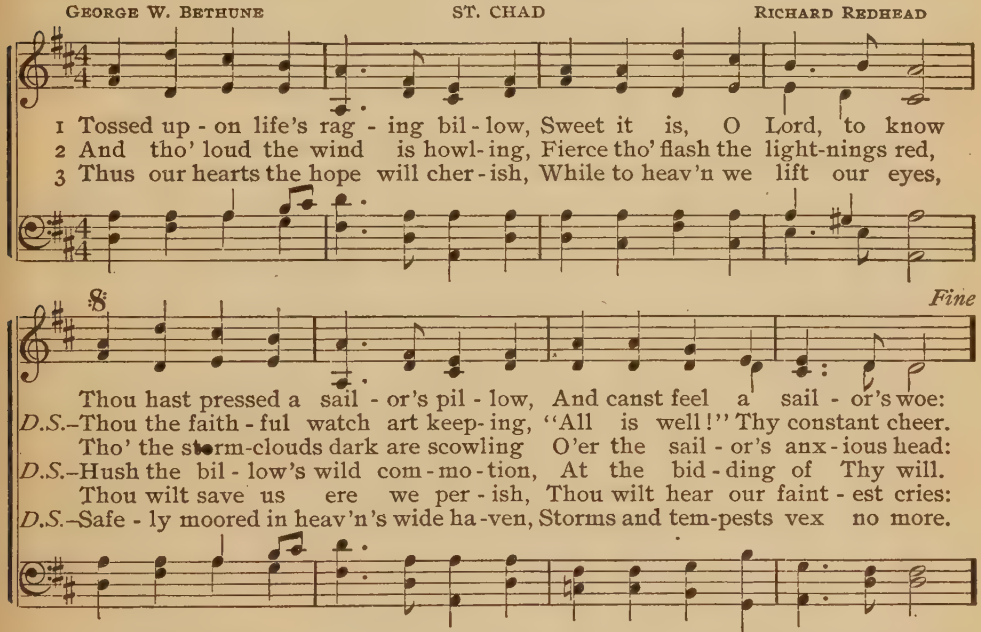

1 E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,
2 O Sav - iour, whose al-might - y word, The winds and waves sub-mis-sive heard,
3 O sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
4 E - ter - nal God of love and pow'r! Our breth-ren shield in dan-ger's hour;
Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;
Who walk-edst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage didst sleep;
Who badst its an - gry tu - mult cease, And gav - est light, and life, and peace;
From rock and tem-pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where-so - e'er they go;

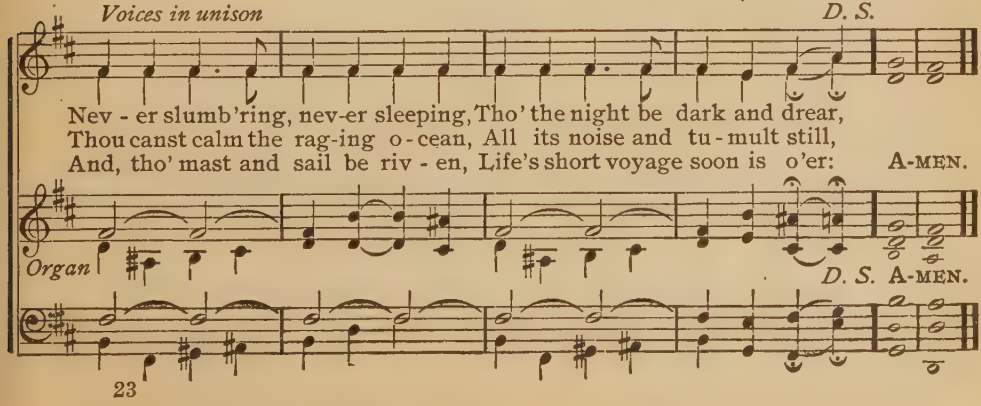
Eternal Father! strong to save


O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
Thus ev - er let there rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A-MEN.

451 Tossed upon life's raging billow

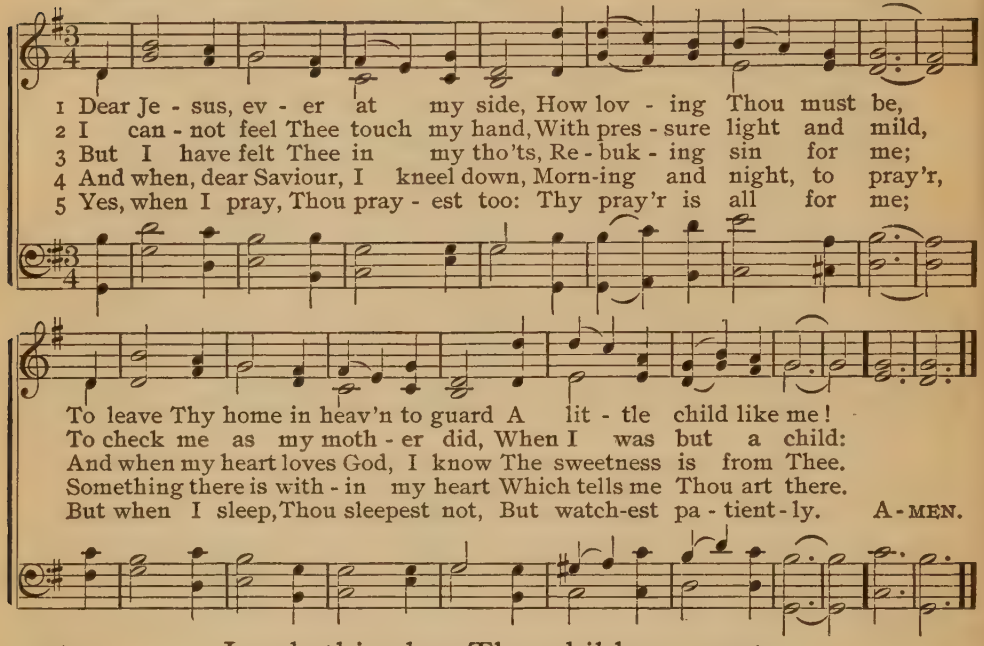
GEORGE W. BETHUNE ST. CHAD RICHARD REDHEAD


1 Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
2 And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the light-nings red,
3 Thus our hearts the hope will cher - ish, While to heav'n we lift our eyes,
S.
Fine
Thou hast pressed a sail - or's pil - low, And canst feel a sail - or's woe:
D.S.–Thou the faith - ful watch art keep - ing, "All is well!" Thy constant cheer.
Tho' the storm-clouds dark are scowling O'er the sail - or's anx - ious head:
D.S.–Hush the bil - low's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of Thy will.
Thou wilt save us ere we per - ish, Thou wilt hear our faint - est cries:
D.S.–Safe - ly moored in heav'n's wide ha - ven, Storms and tem-pests vex no more.


Voices in unison
D. S.
Nev - er slumb'ring, nev-er sleeping, Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou canst calm the rag-ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still,
And, tho' mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voyage soon is o'er: A-MEN.
Organ
D. S. A-MEN.

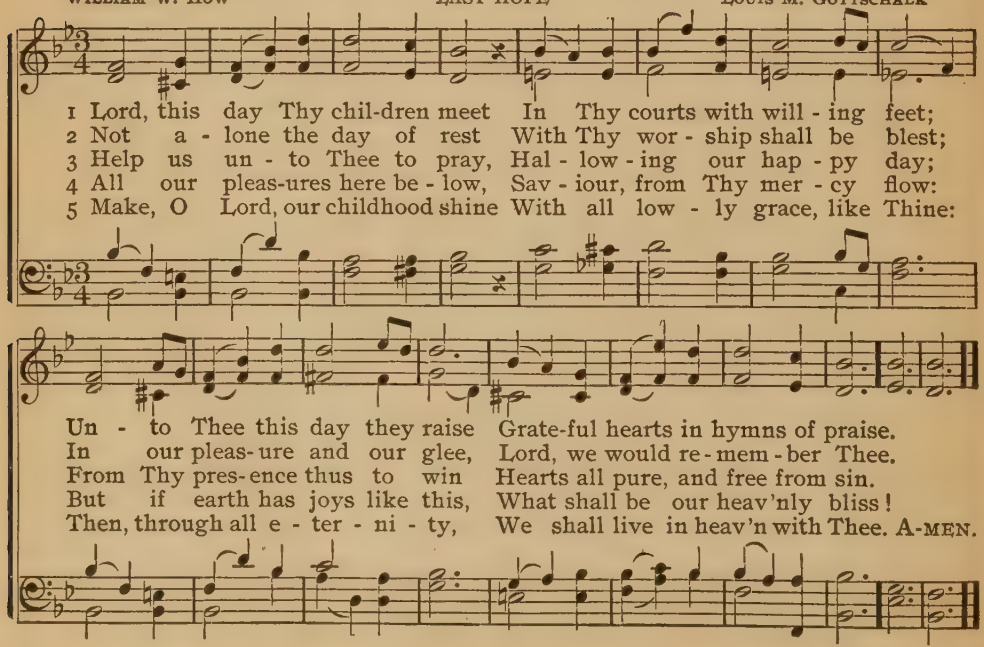
452 Dear Jesus, ever at my side

FREDERICK W. FABER — BELMONT — SAMUEL WEBBE


1 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
2 I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,
3 But I have felt Thee in my tho'ts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Morn-ing and night, to pray'r,
5 Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too: Thy pray'r is all for me;
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!
To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child:
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from Thee.
Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not, But watch-est pa - tient - ly. A - MEN.

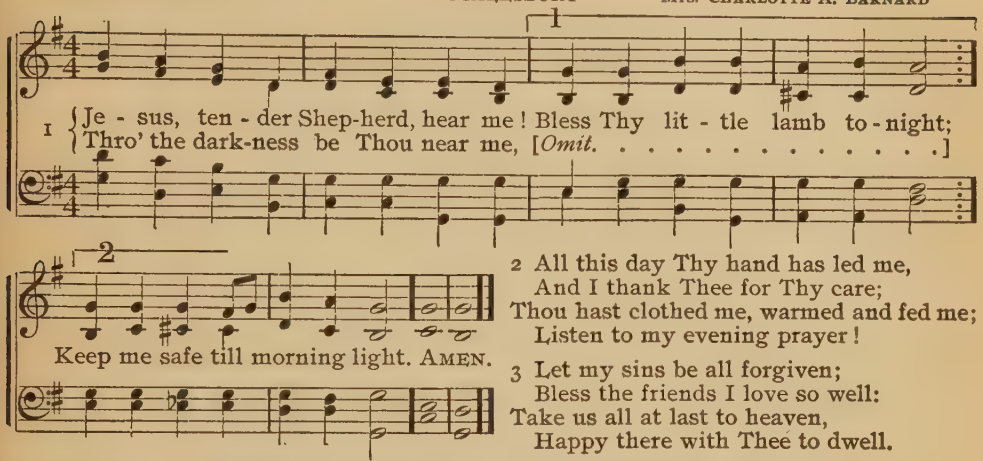
453 Lord, this day Thy children meet

WILLIAM W. HOW — LAST HOPE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1 Lord, this day Thy chil-dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
2 Not a - lone the day of rest With Thy wor - ship shall be blest;
3 Help us un - to Thee to pray, Hal - low - ing our hap - py day;
4 All our pleas-ures here be - low, Sav - iour, from Thy mer - cy flow:
5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine With all low - ly grace, like Thine:
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate-ful hearts in hymns of praise.
In our pleas-ure and our glee, Lord, we would re - mem - ber Thee.
From Thy pres-ence thus to win Hearts all pure, and free from sin.
But if earth has joys like this, What shall be our heav'nly bliss!
Then, through all e - ter - ni - ty, We shall live in heav'n with Thee. A - MEN.

454 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me

MARY L. DUNCAN — BROCKLESBURY — Mrs. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD

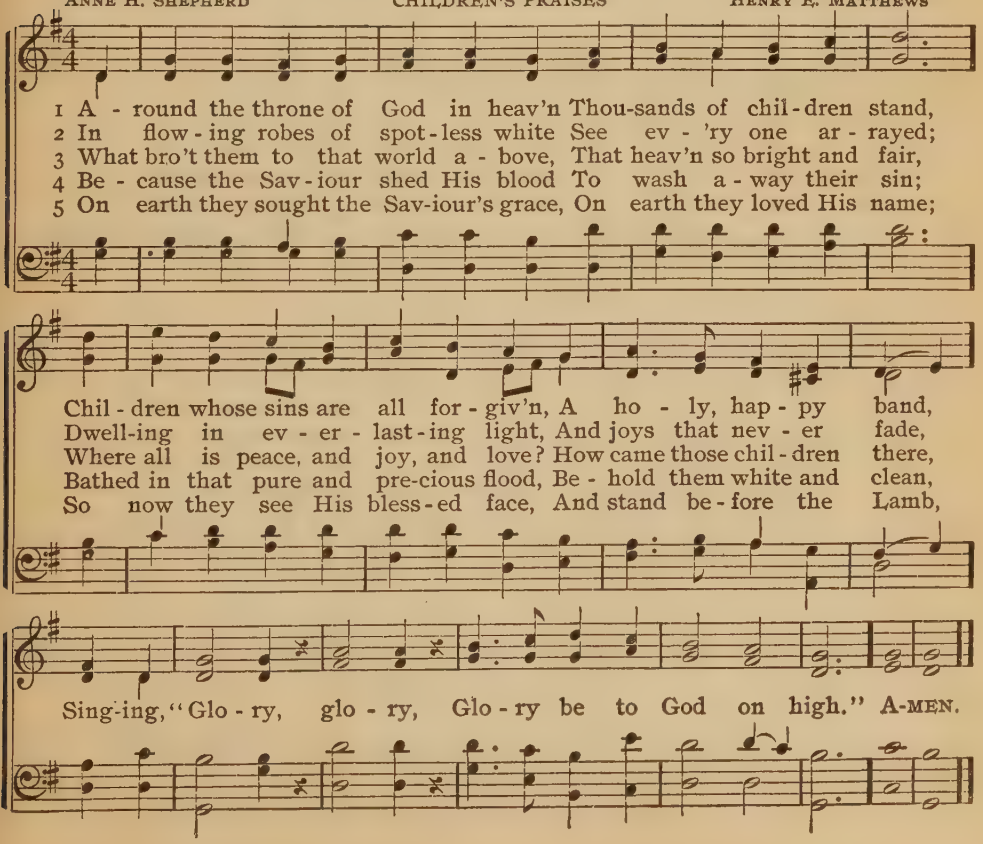

1
1 Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me! Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, [Omit. . . . . .]
2
Keep me safe till morning light. AMEN.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

455 Around the throne of God in heaven

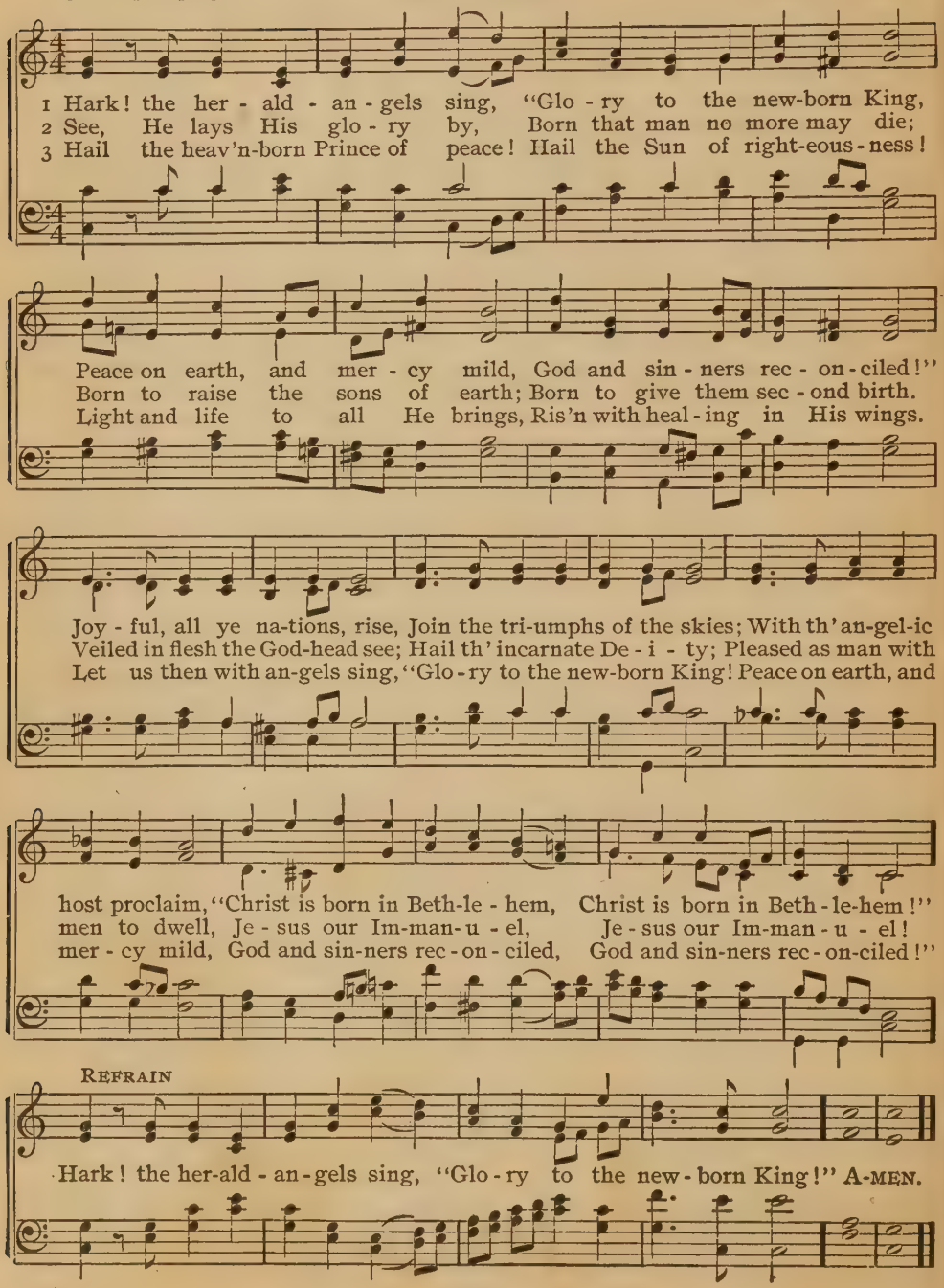
ANNE H. SHEPHERD — CHILDREN'S PRAISES — HENRY E. MATTHEWS


1 A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thou-sands of chil-dren stand,
2 In flow-ing robes of spot-less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed;
3 What bro't them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
4 Be - cause the Sav-iour shed His blood To wash a-way their sin;
5 On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they loved His name;
Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last-ing light, And joys that nev - er fade,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those chil - dren there,
Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless-ed face, And stand be-fore the Lamb,
Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

456

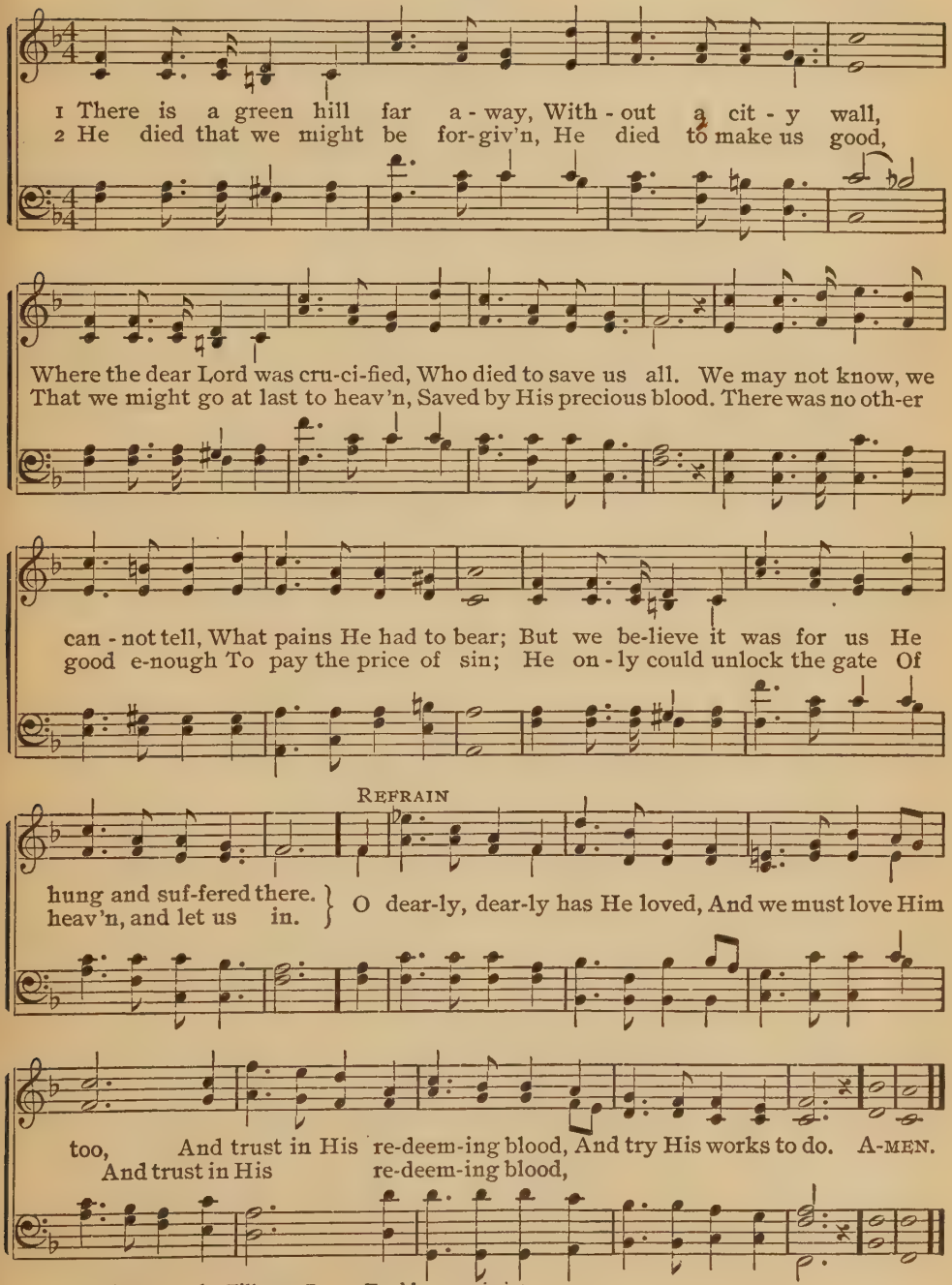
Hark! the herald-angels sing

CHARLES WESLEY — HERALD ANGELS — JOHN B. DYKES


1 Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,
2 See, He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.
Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umphs of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' incarnate De - i - ty; Pleased as man with
Let us then with an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth-le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le-hem!"
men to dwell, Je - sus our Im-man-u - el, Je - sus our Im-man - u - el!
mer - cy mild, God and sin-ners rec - on - ciled, God and sin-ners rec - on-ciled!"
REFRAIN
Hark! the her-ald - an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!" A-MEN.

457 There is a green hill far away

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — HERBERT — J. B. Herbert


1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2 He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. We may not know, we
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. There was no oth-er
can - not tell, What pains He had to bear; But we be-lieve it was for us He
good e-nough To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could unlock the gate Of
Refrain
hung and suf-fered there.
heav'n, and let us in.
O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him
too, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-men.
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood,

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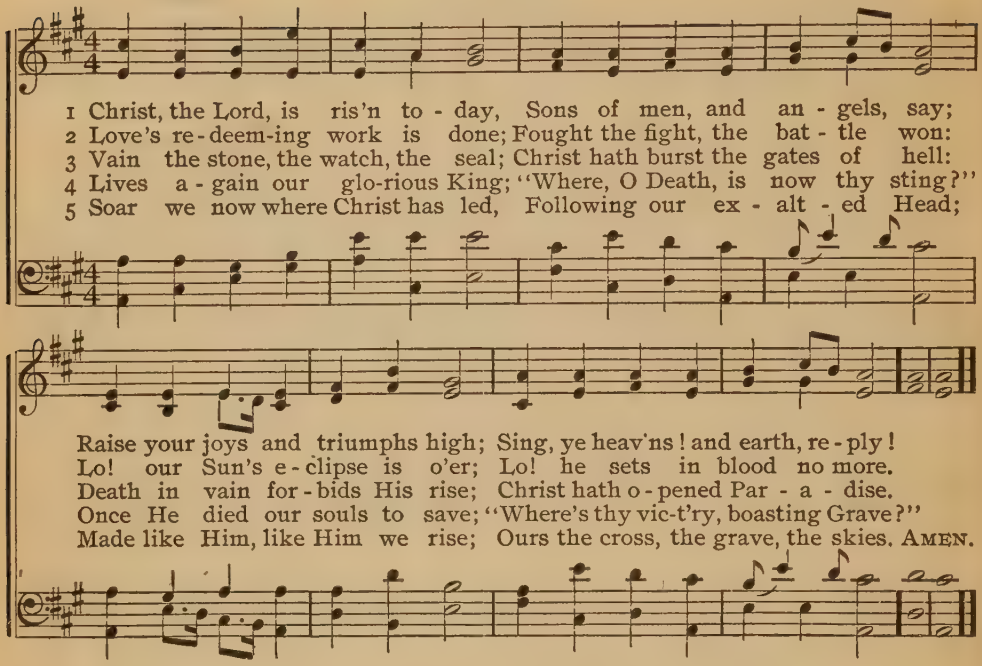
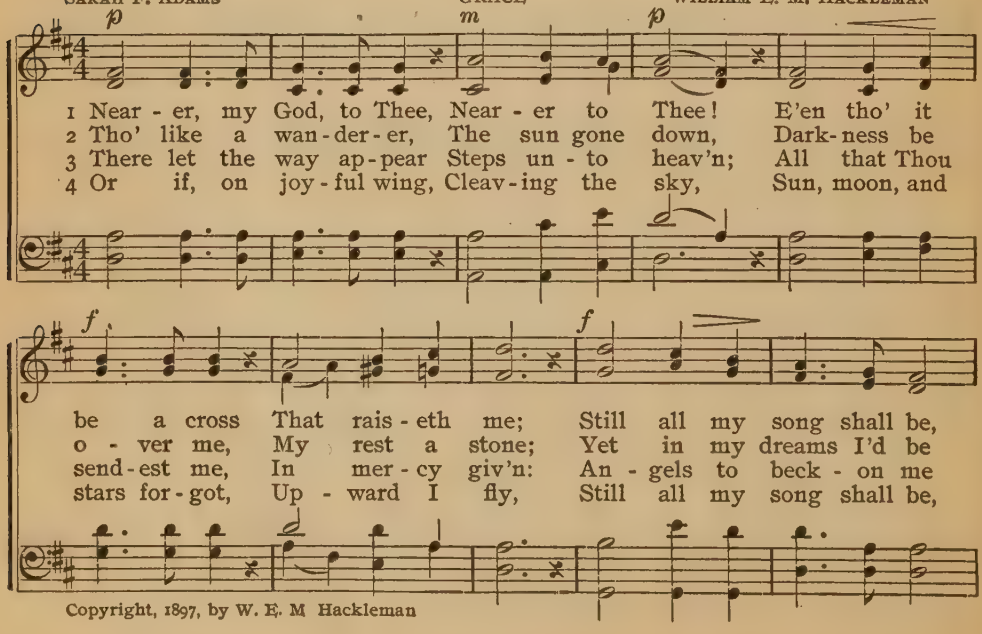
458 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day

CHARLES WESLEY — NUREMBURG — JOHANN R. AHLE


1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men, and an - gels, say;
2 Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won:
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
4 Lives a - gain our glo-rious King; "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our ex - alt - ed Head;
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re - ply!
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for - bids His rise; Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save; "Where's thy vic-t'ry, boasting Grave?"
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. AMEN.

459 Nearer, my God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — GRACE — WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN


p m p
1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2 Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3 There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4 Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
f f
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

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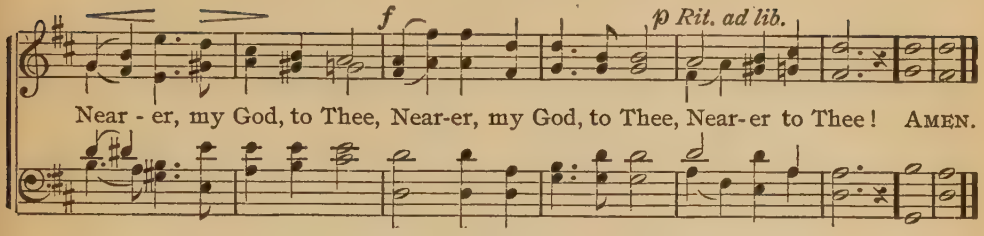
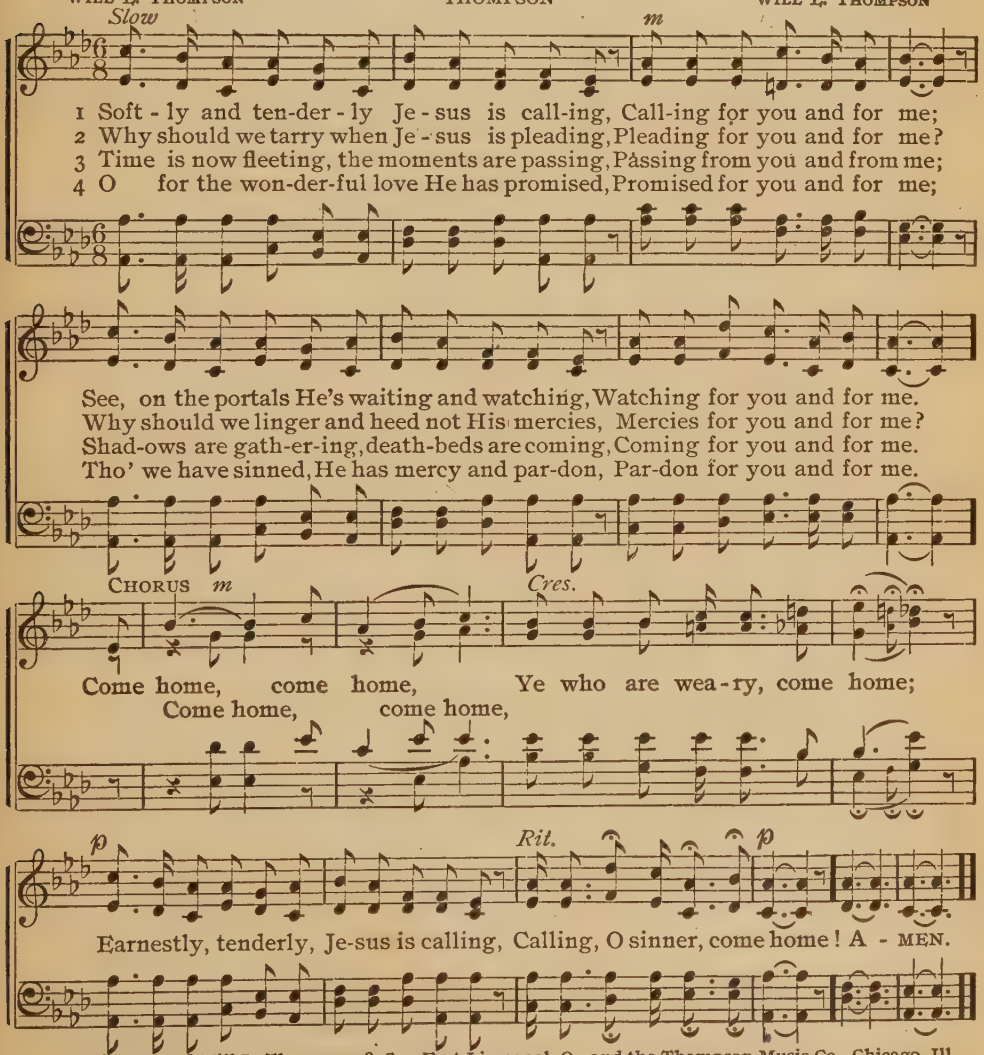
Nearer, my God, to Thee



460 Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling

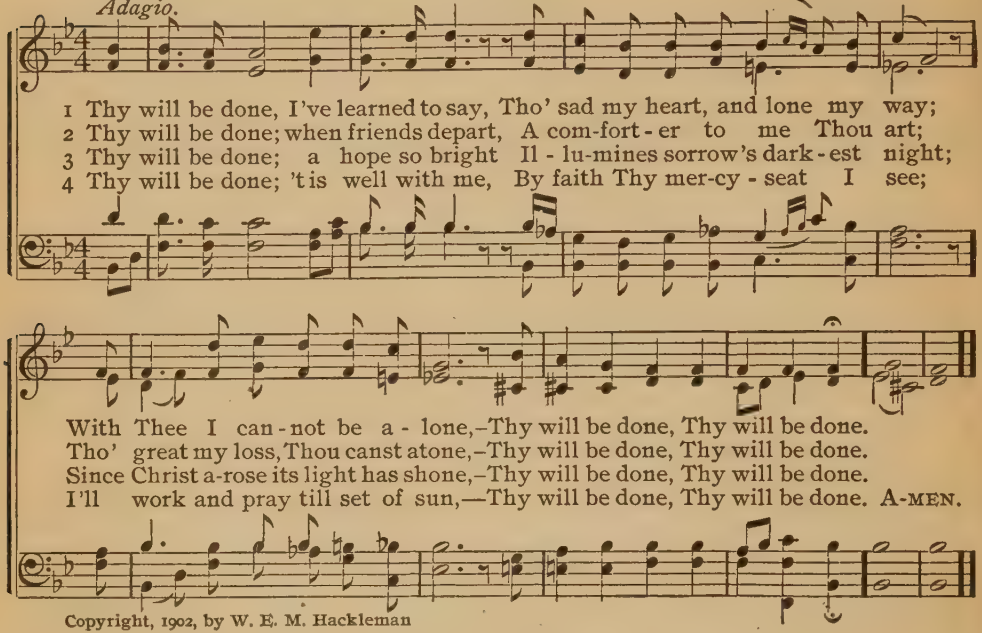
WILL L. THOMPSON THOMPSON WILL L. THOMPSON

Slow
m
1 Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2 Why should we tarry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4 O for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS m
Cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
Come home, come home,
p
Rit.
p
Earnestly, tenderly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A - MEN.

Used by per of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and the Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

461 Thy will be done, I've learned to say

INA DULEY OGDON — HACKLEMAN — DELOSS SMITH

Adagio.


1 Thy will be done, I've learned to say, Tho' sad my heart, and lone my way;
2 Thy will be done; when friends depart, A com-fort-er to me Thou art;
3 Thy will be done; a hope so bright Il-lu-mines sorrow's dark-est night;
4 Thy will be done; 'tis well with me, By faith Thy mer-cy-seat I see;
With Thee I can-not be a-lone,—Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
Tho' great my loss, Thou canst atone,—Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
Since Christ a-rose its light has shone,—Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
I'll work and pray till set of sun,—Thy will be done, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

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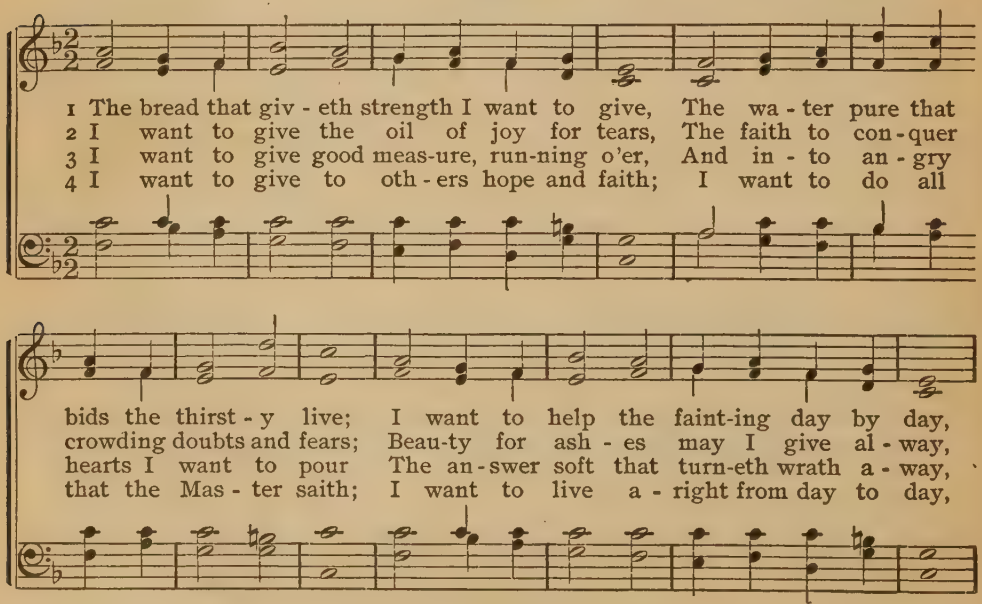
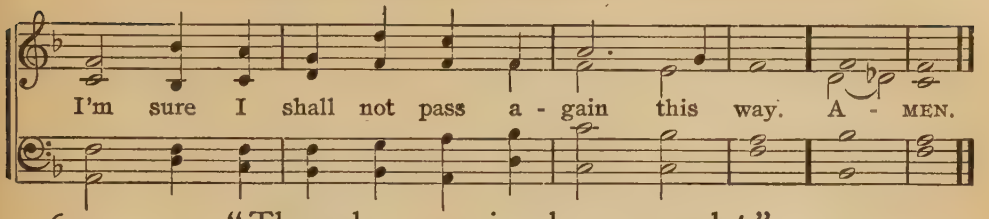
462 The bread that giveth strength I want to give

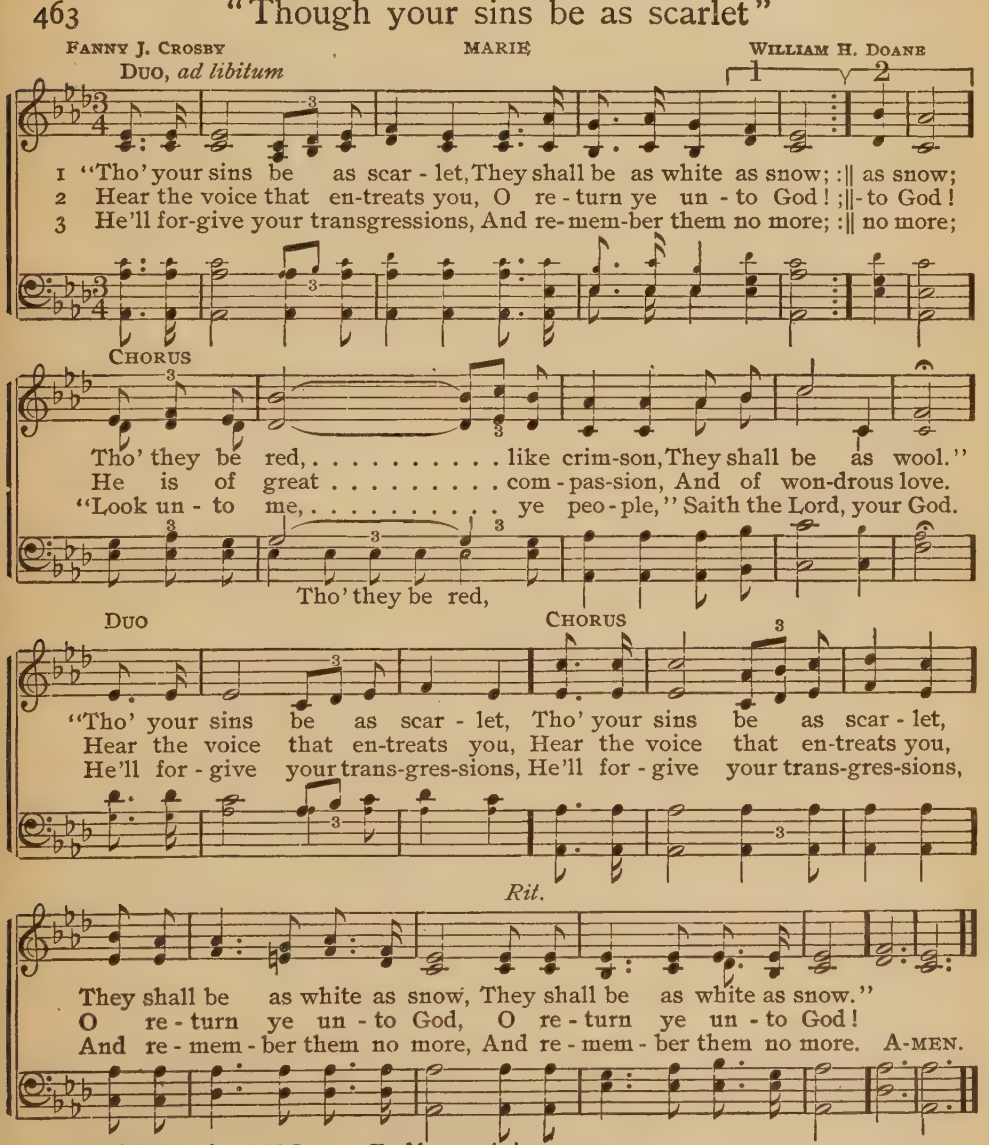
* * * — LIVORNO — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


1 The bread that giv-eth strength I want to give, The wa-ter pure that
2 I want to give the oil of joy for tears, The faith to con-quer
3 I want to give good meas-ure, run-ning o'er, And in-to an-gry
4 I want to give to oth-ers hope and faith; I want to do all
bids the thirst-y live; I want to help the faint-ing day by day,
crowding doubts and fears; Beau-ty for ash-es may I give al-way,
hearts I want to pour The an-swer soft that turn-eth wrath a-way,
that the Mas-ter saith; I want to live a-right from day to day,

The bread that giveth strength I want to give



463 "Though your sins be as scarlet"

FANNY J. CROSBY MARIE WILLIAM H. DOANE

DUO, *ad libitum*
1 "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; :|| as snow;
2 Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! ;|| - to God!
3 He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; :|| no more;
CHORUS
Tho' they be red, ... like crim-son, They shall be as wool."
He is of great . . . . . com - pas-sion, And of won-drous love.
"Look un - to me, ... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord, your God.
Tho' they be red,
DUO
CHORUS
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,
Rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God, O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more. A-MEN.

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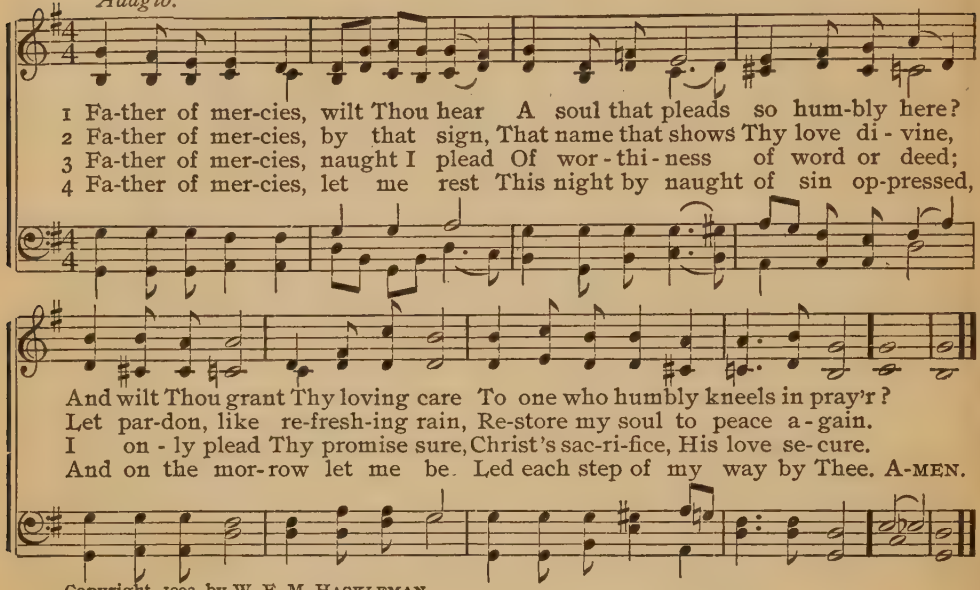
464 Father of mercies, wilt Thou hear

RAYNOTTE CLYDE DE LOSS DELOSS SMITH

Adagio.


1 Fa-ther of mer-cies, wilt Thou hear A soul that pleads so hum-bly here?
2 Fa-ther of mer-cies, by that sign, That name that shows Thy love di - vine,
3 Fa-ther of mer-cies, naught I plead Of wor - thi - ness of word or deed;
4 Fa-ther of mer-cies, let me rest This night by naught of sin op-pressed,
And wilt Thou grant Thy loving care To one who humbly kneels in pray'r?
Let par-don, like re-fresh-ing rain, Re-store my soul to peace a - gain.
I on - ly plead Thy promise sure, Christ's sac-ri-fice, His love se-cure.
And on the mor-row let me be Led each step of my way by Thee. A-MEN.

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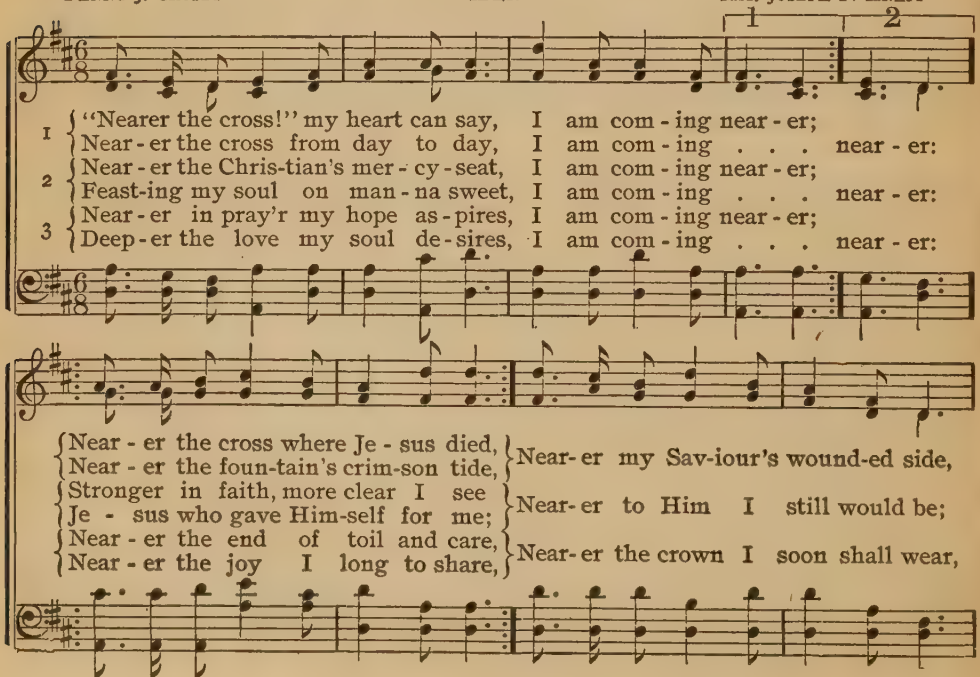
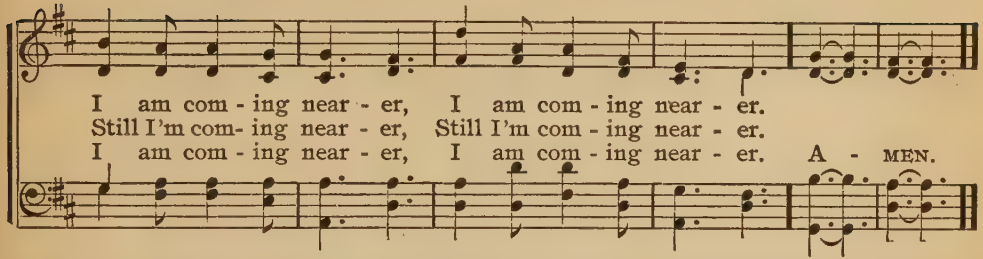
465 "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say

FANNY J. CROSBY IDEN MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP

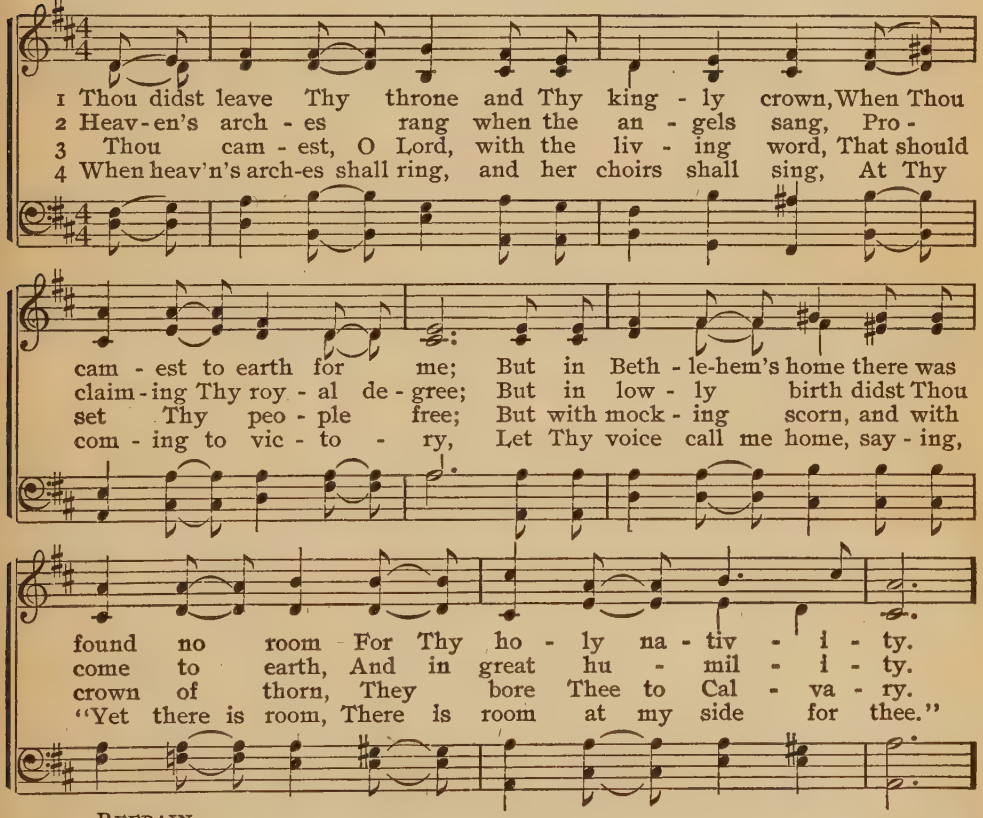

1 2
1 "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er;
Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing . . . near - er:
2 Near - er the Chris-tian's mer - cy - seat, I am com - ing near - er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing . . . near - er:
3 Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing . . . near - er:
Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er my Sav-iour's wound-ed side,
Near - er the foun-tain's crim-son tide,
Stronger in faith, more clear I see Near - er to Him I still would be;
Je - sus who gave Him-self for me;
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,
Near - er the joy I long to share,

"Nearer the cross!" my heart can say

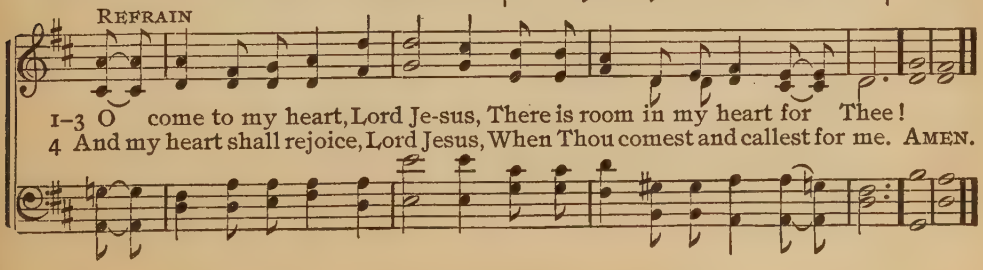

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
Still I'm com- ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er. A - MEN.

466 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT PEARL TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

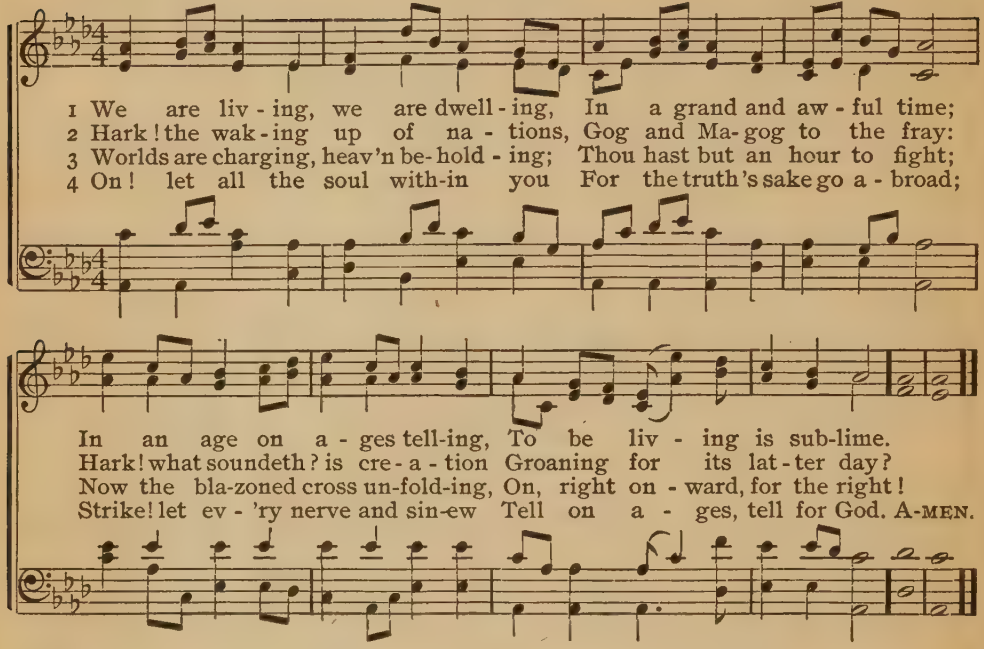

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
2 Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
3 Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should
4 When heav'n's arch-es shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
claim-ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty.
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.
"Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee."

REFRAIN


1-3 O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!
4 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus, When Thou comest and callest for me. AMEN.

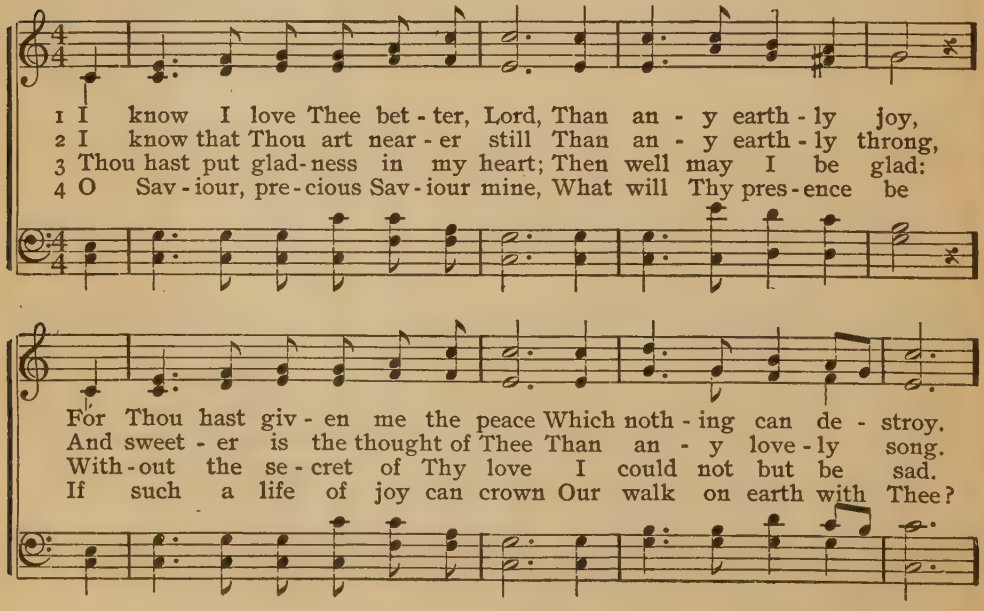
467 We are living, we are dwelling

ARTHUR C. COXE — WIMBORNE — JOHN WHITAKER

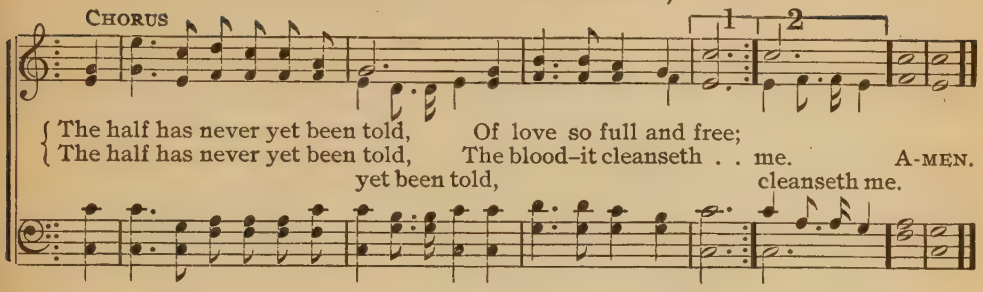

1 We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time;
2 Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma-gog to the fray:
3 Worlds are charging, heav'n be-hold - ing; Thou hast but an hour to fight;
4 On! let all the soul with-in you For the truth's sake go a - broad;
In an age on a - ges tell-ing, To be liv - ing is sub-lime.
Hark! what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day?
Now the bla-zoned cross un-fold-ing, On, right on - ward, for the right!
Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin-ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God. A-MEN.

468 I know I love Thee better, Lord

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — RUTH — R. E. HUDSON

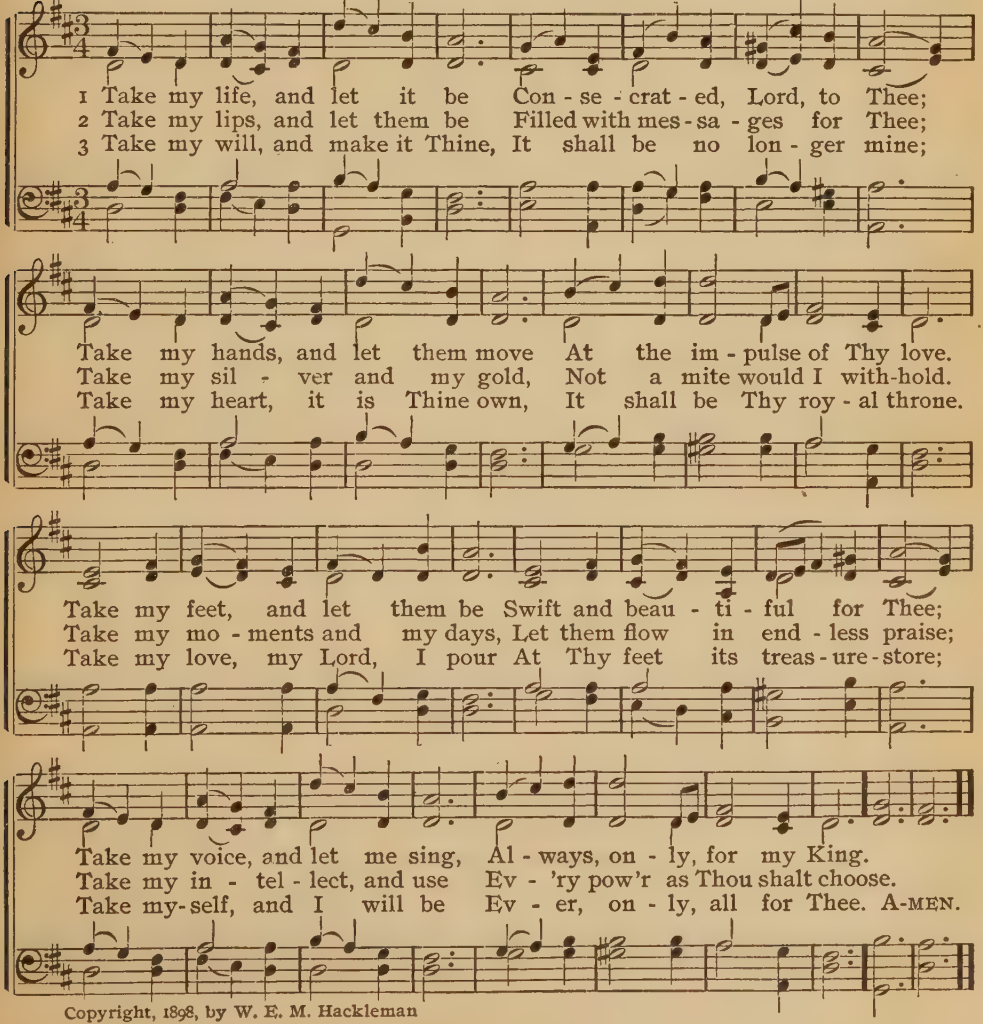

1 I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2 I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3 Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad:
4 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine, What will Thy pres - ence be
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

I know I love Thee better, Lord


CHORUS
1
2
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told, The blood–it cleanseth . . me. A-MEN.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

469 Take my life, and let it be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — CONSECRATION — FREDERICK A. FILLMORE


1 Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
3 Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store;
Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A-MEN.

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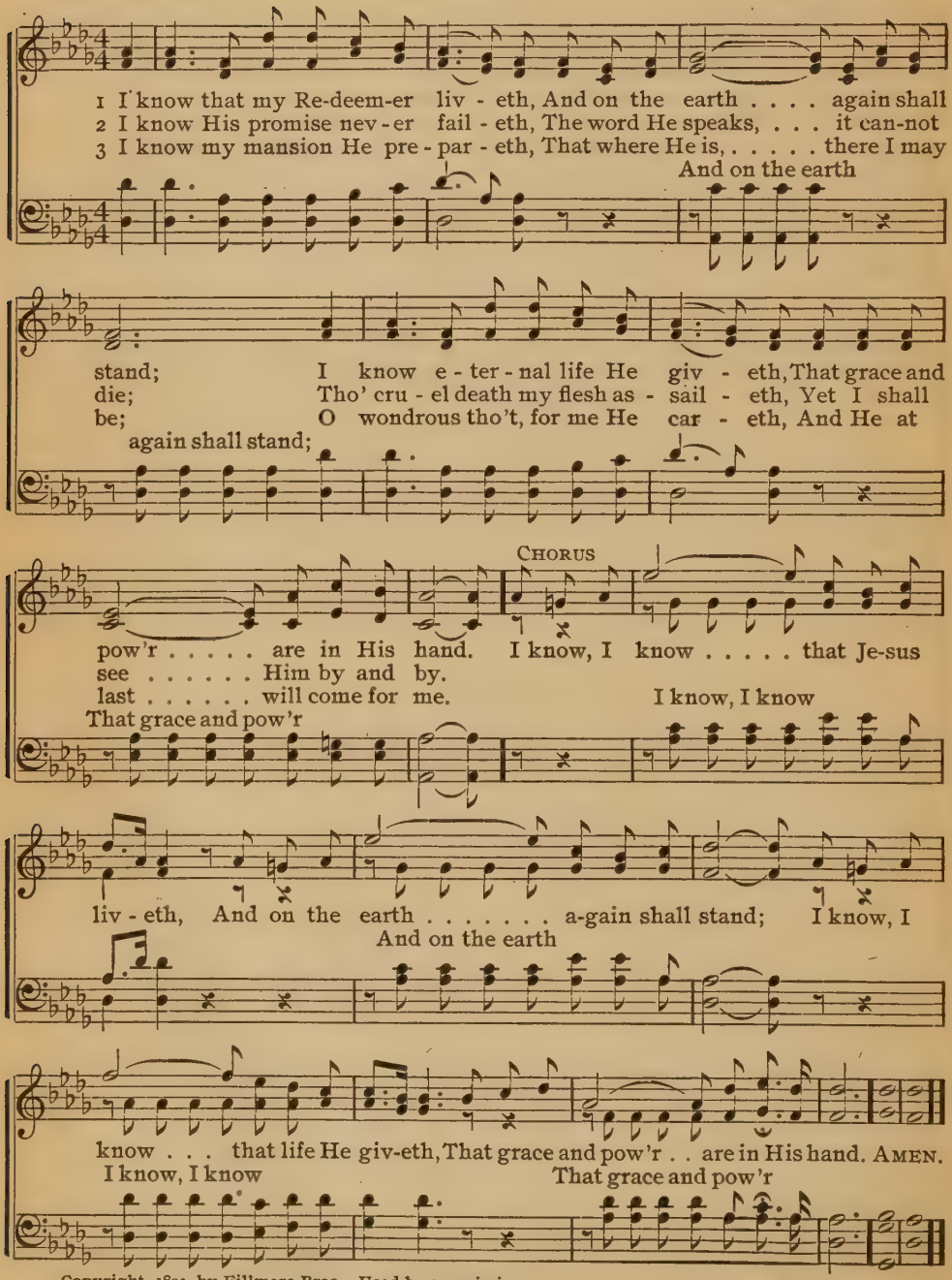
470 I know that my Redeemer liveth

JESSIE H. BROWN POUNDS JAMES H. FILLMORE

1 I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, And on the earth . . . . again shall
2 I know His promise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks, . . . it can-not
3 I know my mansion He pre - par - eth, That where He is, ... there I may
And on the earth
stand; I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and
die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
be; O wondrous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at
again shall stand;
CHORUS
pow'r . . . . . are in His hand. I know, I know . . . . . that Je-sus
see . . . . . Him by and by.
last . . . . . will come for me.
I know, I know
That grace and pow'r
liv - eth, And on the earth . . . . . a-gain shall stand; I know, I
And on the earth
know . . . that life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r . . are in His hand. AMEN.
I know, I know
That grace and pow'r

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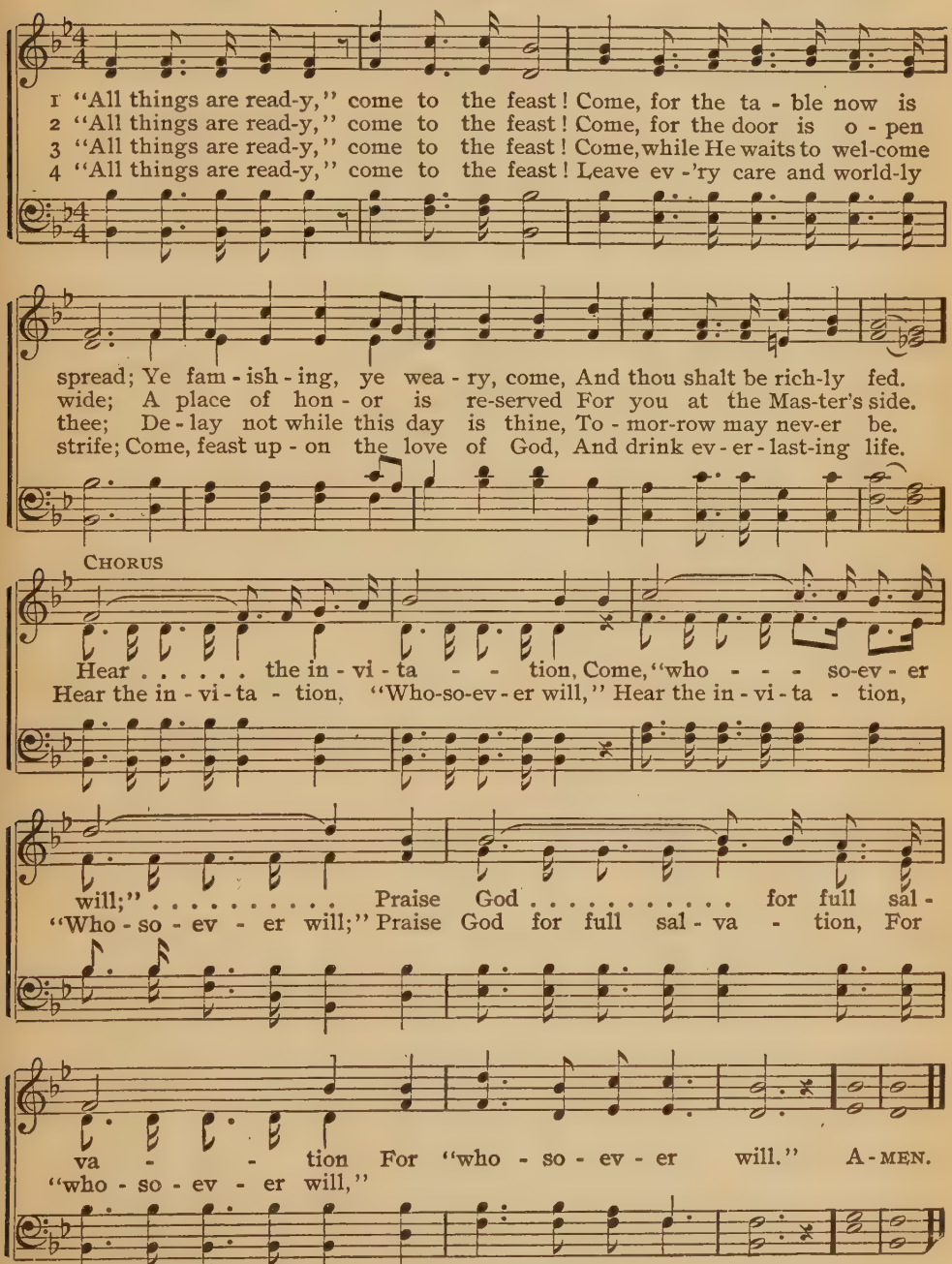
471 "All things are ready," come to the feast

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — COME TO THE FEAST — WILLIAM A. OGDEN

1 "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2 "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3 "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come
4 "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev -'ry care and world-ly
spread; Ye fam - ish - ing, ye wea - ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
wide; A place of hon - or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
thee; De - lay not while this day is thine, To - mor-row may nev-er be.
strife; Come, feast up - on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.
CHORUS
Hear . . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come, "who - - - so-ev - er
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,
will;" . . . . . Praise God . . . . . for full sal -
"Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - tion, For
va - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will." A - MEN.
"who - so - ev - er will,"

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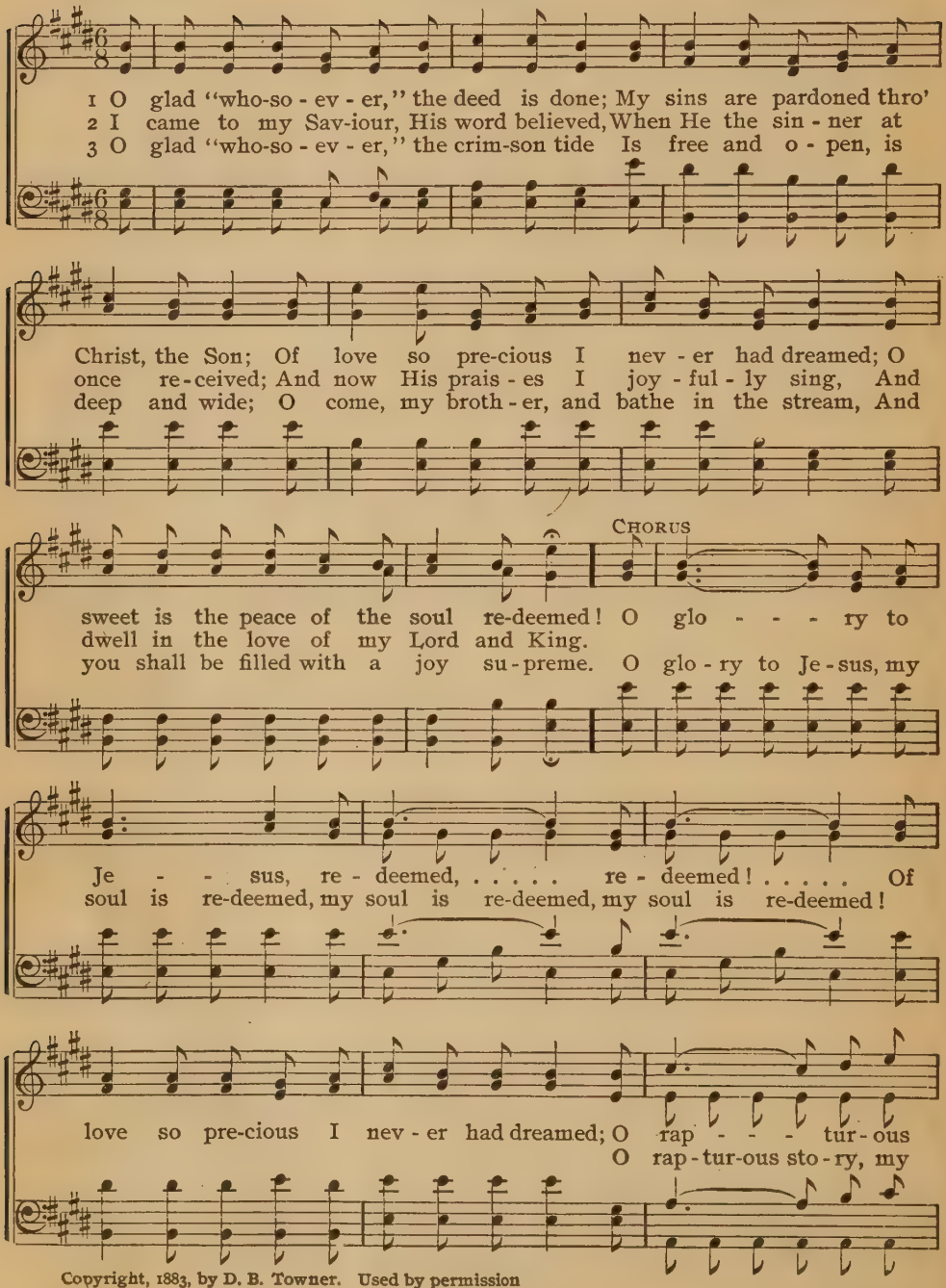
472 O glad "whosoever," the deed is done

HARRIET JONES — REDEEMED — DANIEL B. TOWNER

1 O glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done; My sins are pardoned thro'
2 I came to my Sav-iour, His word believed, When He the sin - ner at
3 O glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim-son tide Is free and o - pen, is
Christ, the Son; Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; O
once re-ceived; And now His prais - es I joy - ful - ly sing, And
deep and wide; O come, my broth - er, and bathe in the stream, And
CHORUS
sweet is the peace of the soul re-deemed! O glo - - - ry to
dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
you shall be filled with a joy su - preme. O glo - ry to Je - sus, my
Je - - sus, re - deemed, ... re - deemed! . . . . Of
soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed, my soul is re-deemed!
love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; O rap - - - tur - ous
O rap - tur-ous sto - ry, my

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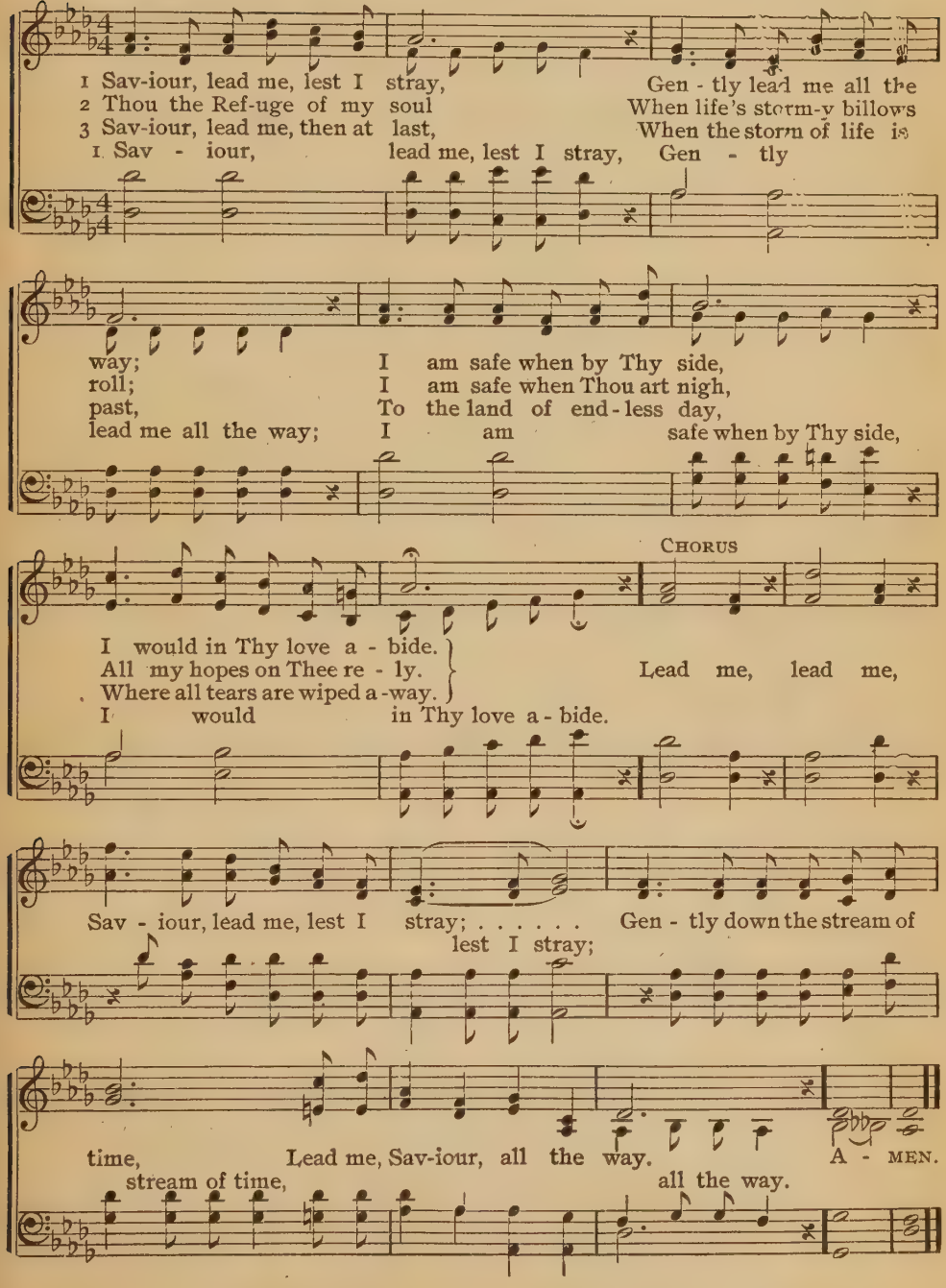
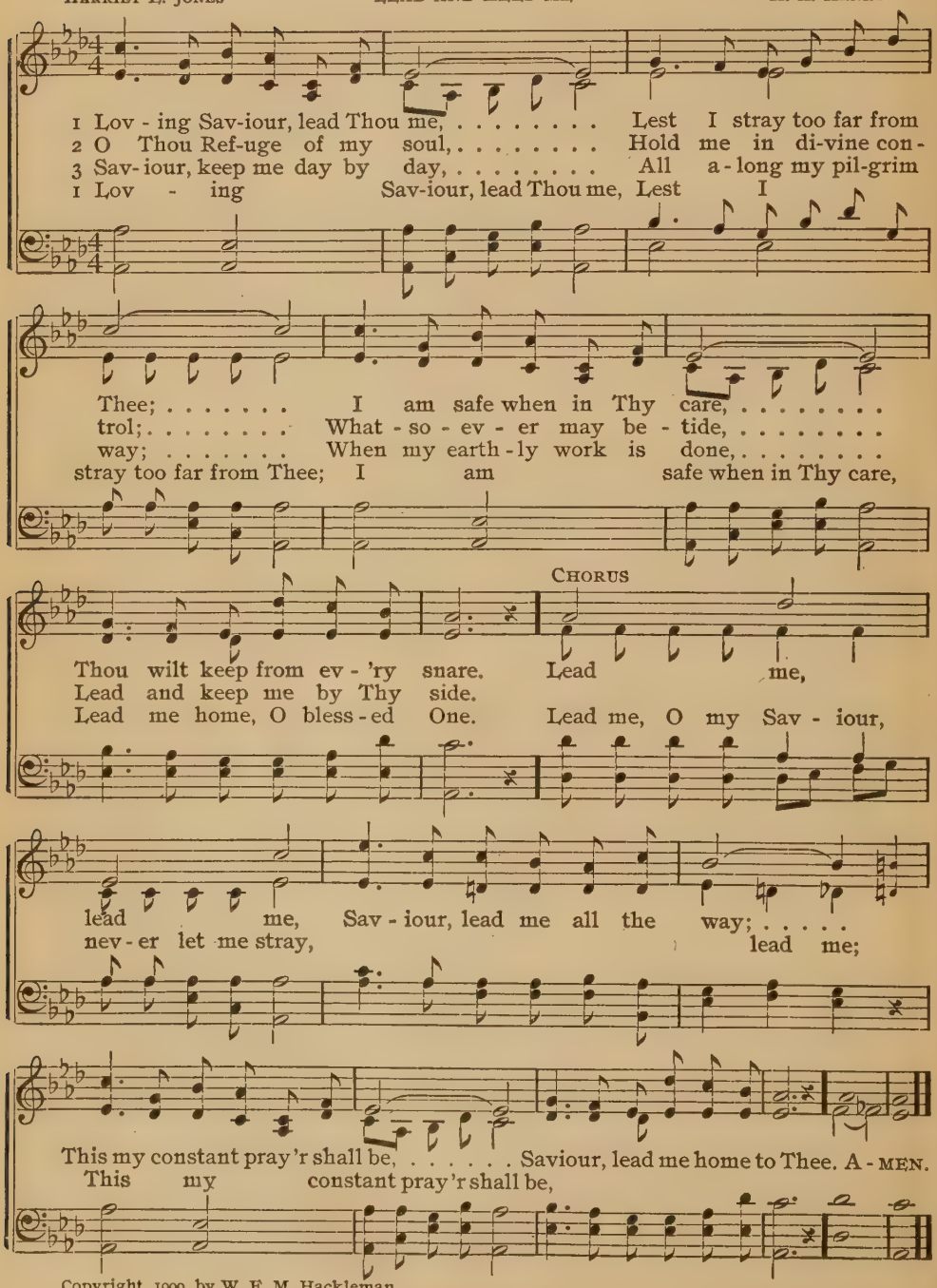
475

Saviour, lead me, lest I stray

FRANK M. DAVIS ZOLLARS FRANK M. DAVIS

1 Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
2 Thou the Ref-uge of my soul When life's storm-y billows
3 Sav-iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
I Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
way; I am safe when by Thy side,
roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of end-less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
CHORUS
I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I would in Thy love a - bide.
Lead me, lead me,
Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . . . Gen - tly down the stream of
lest I stray;
time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way. A - MEN.
stream of time, all the way.

476

Loving Saviour, lead Thou me

HARRIET E. JONES — LEAD AND KEEP ME — H. A. HENRY

1 Lov - ing Sav-iour, lead Thou me, ... Lest I stray too far from
2 O Thou Ref-uge of my soul, ... Hold me in di-vine con-
3 Sav-iour, keep me day by day, ... All a-long my pil-grim
1 Lov - ing Sav-iour, lead Thou me, Lest I
Thee; . . . . . I am safe when in Thy care, ...
trol; . . . . . What-so-ev-er may be-tide, ...
way; . . . . . When my earth-ly work is done, ...
stray too far from Thee; I am safe when in Thy care,
CHORUS
Thou wilt keep from ev-'ry snare. Lead me,
Lead and keep me by Thy side.
Lead me home, O bless-ed One. Lead me, O my Sav-iour,
lead me, Sav-iour, lead me all the way; . . . . .
nev-er let me stray, lead me;
This my constant pray'r shall be, ... Saviour, lead me home to Thee. A-MEN.
This my constant pray'r shall be,

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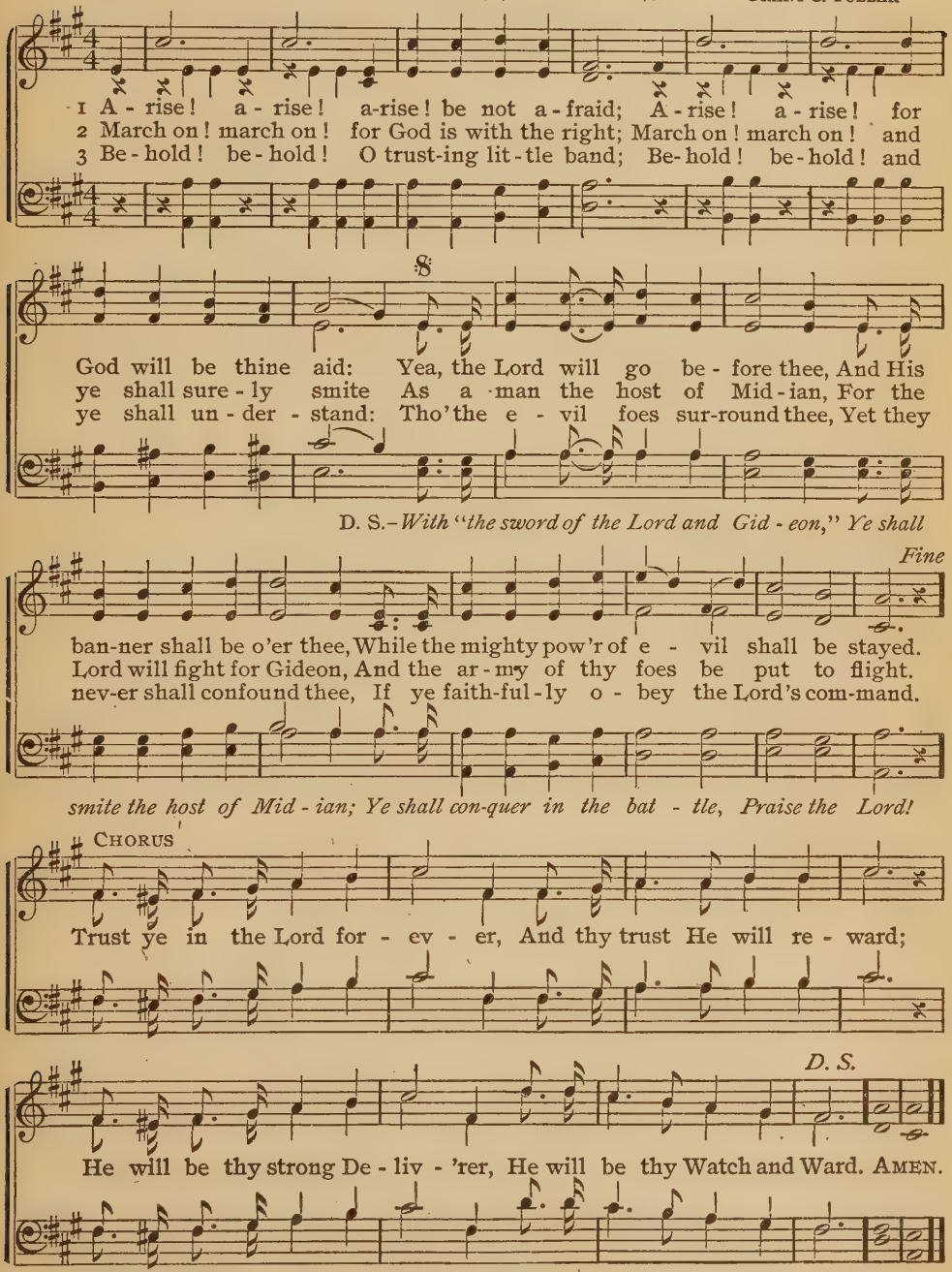
477 Arise! arise! arise! be not afraid

Mrs. Frank A. Breck THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND GIDEON Grant C. Tullar

1 A - rise! a - rise! a-rise! be not a - fraid; A - rise! a - rise! for
2 March on! march on! for God is with the right; March on! march on! and
3 Be - hold! be - hold! O trust-ing lit - tle band; Be - hold! be - hold! and
8
God will be thine aid: Yea, the Lord will go be - fore thee, And His
ye shall sure - ly smite As a man the host of Mid - ian, For the
ye shall un - der - stand: Tho' the e - vil foes sur-round thee, Yet they
D. S.–With "the sword of the Lord and Gid - eon," Ye shall
Fine
ban-ner shall be o'er thee, While the mighty pow'r of e - vil shall be stayed.
Lord will fight for Gideon, And the ar - my of thy foes be put to flight.
nev-er shall confound thee, If ye faith-ful - ly o - bey the Lord's com-mand.
smite the host of Mid - ian; Ye shall con-quer in the bat - tle, Praise the Lord!
Chorus
Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er, And thy trust He will re - ward;
D. S.
He will be thy strong De - liv - 'rer, He will be thy Watch and Ward. Amen.

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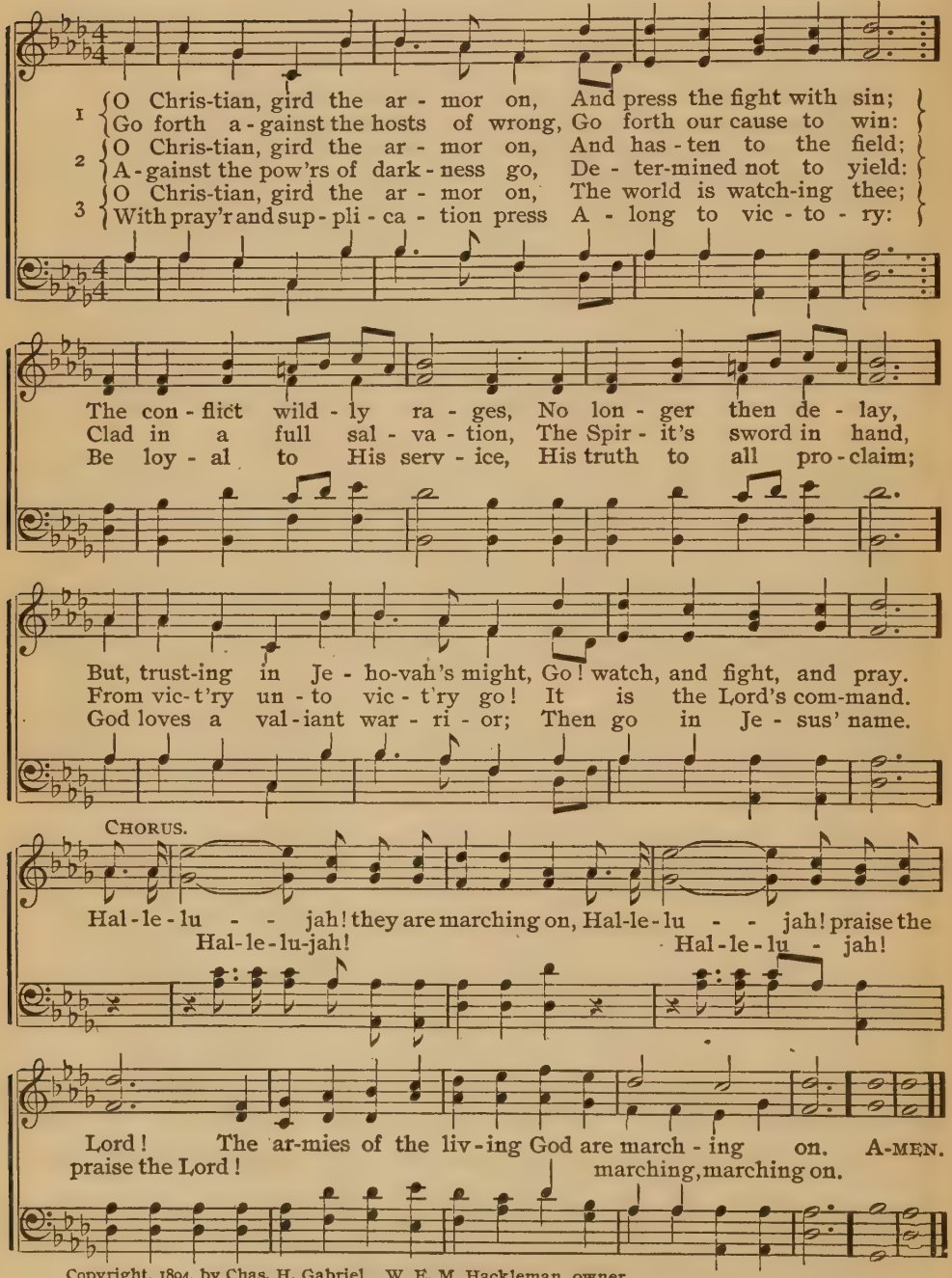
478

O Christian, gird the armor on

C. D. EMERSON — THE ARMIES OF GOD — GEORGE C. HUGG


1 O Christ-ian, gird the ar - mor on, And press the fight with sin;
Go forth a-gainst the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win:
2 O Christ-ian, gird the ar - mor on, And has-ten to the field;
A-gainst the pow'rs of dark-ness go, De - ter-mined not to yield:
3 O Christ-ian, gird the ar - mor on, The world is watch-ing thee;
With pray'r and sup-pli-ca-tion press A - long to vic - to - ry:
The con-flict wild-ly ra-ges, No lon-ger then de-lay,
Clad in a full sal-va-tion, The Spir-it's sword in hand,
Be loy-al to His serv-ice, His truth to all pro-claim;
But, trust-ing in Je-ho-vah's might, Go! watch, and fight, and pray.
From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry go! It is the Lord's com-mand.
God loves a val-iant war-ri-or; Then go in Je-sus' name.
CHORUS.
Hal-le-lu - - jah! they are marching on, Hal-le-lu - - jah! praise the
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah!
Lord! The ar-mies of the liv-ing God are march-ing on. A-MEN.
praise the Lord! marching, marching on.

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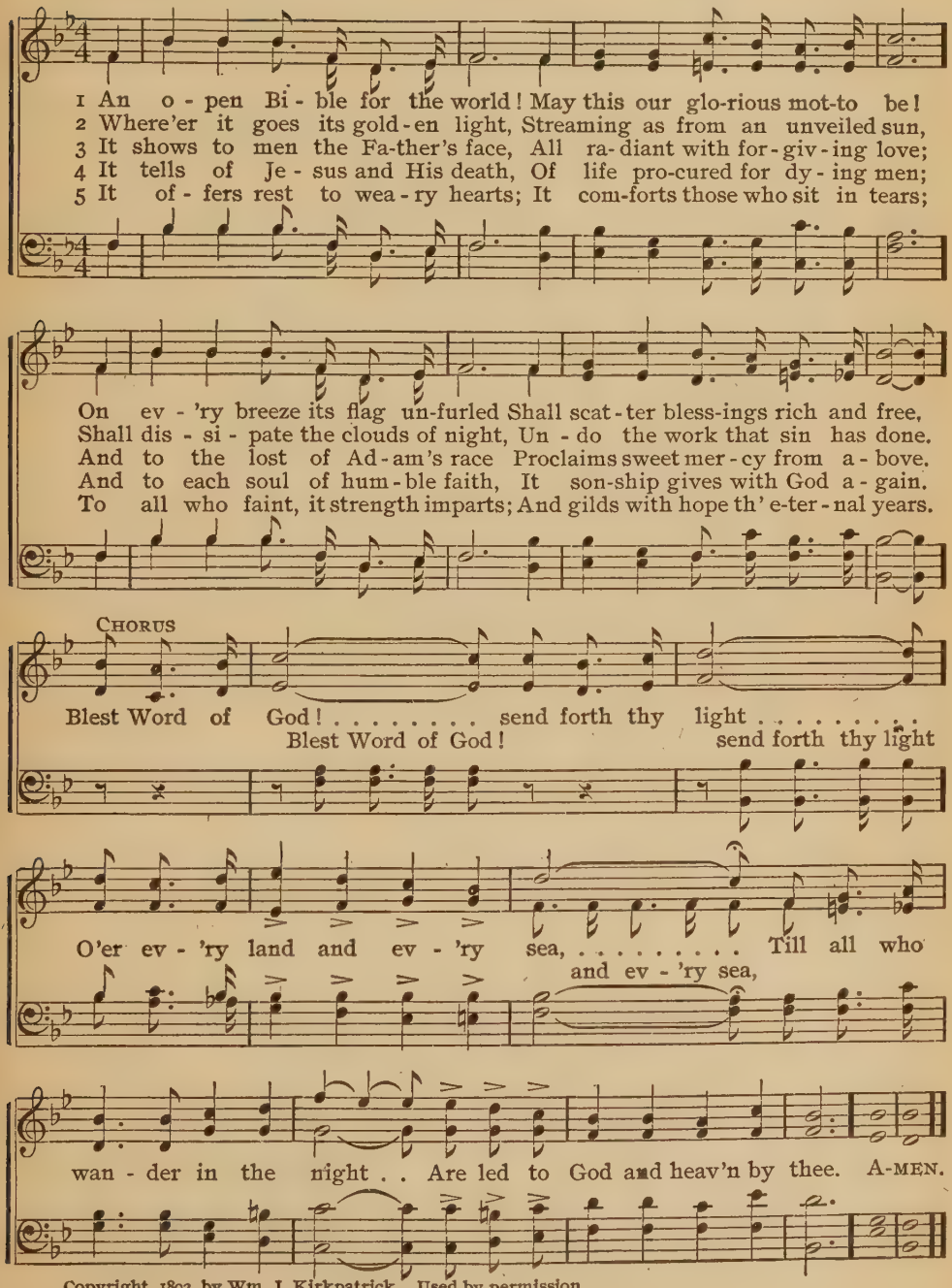
479

An open Bible for the world

HENRY M. KING HAYNES WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK


1 An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glo-rious mot-to be!
2 Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from an unveiled sun,
3 It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra-diant with for-giv-ing love;
4 It tells of Je - sus and His death, Of life pro-cured for dy - ing men;
5 It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts; It com-forts those who sit in tears;
On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un-furled Shall scat-ter bless-ings rich and free,
Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of Ad-am's race Proclaims sweet mer-cy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum-ble faith, It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint, it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th' e-ter-nal years.
CHORUS
Blest Word of God! . . . . . send forth thy light . . . . . .
Blest Word of God! send forth thy light
O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, ... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,
wan - der in the night . . Are led to God and heav'n by thee. A-MEN.

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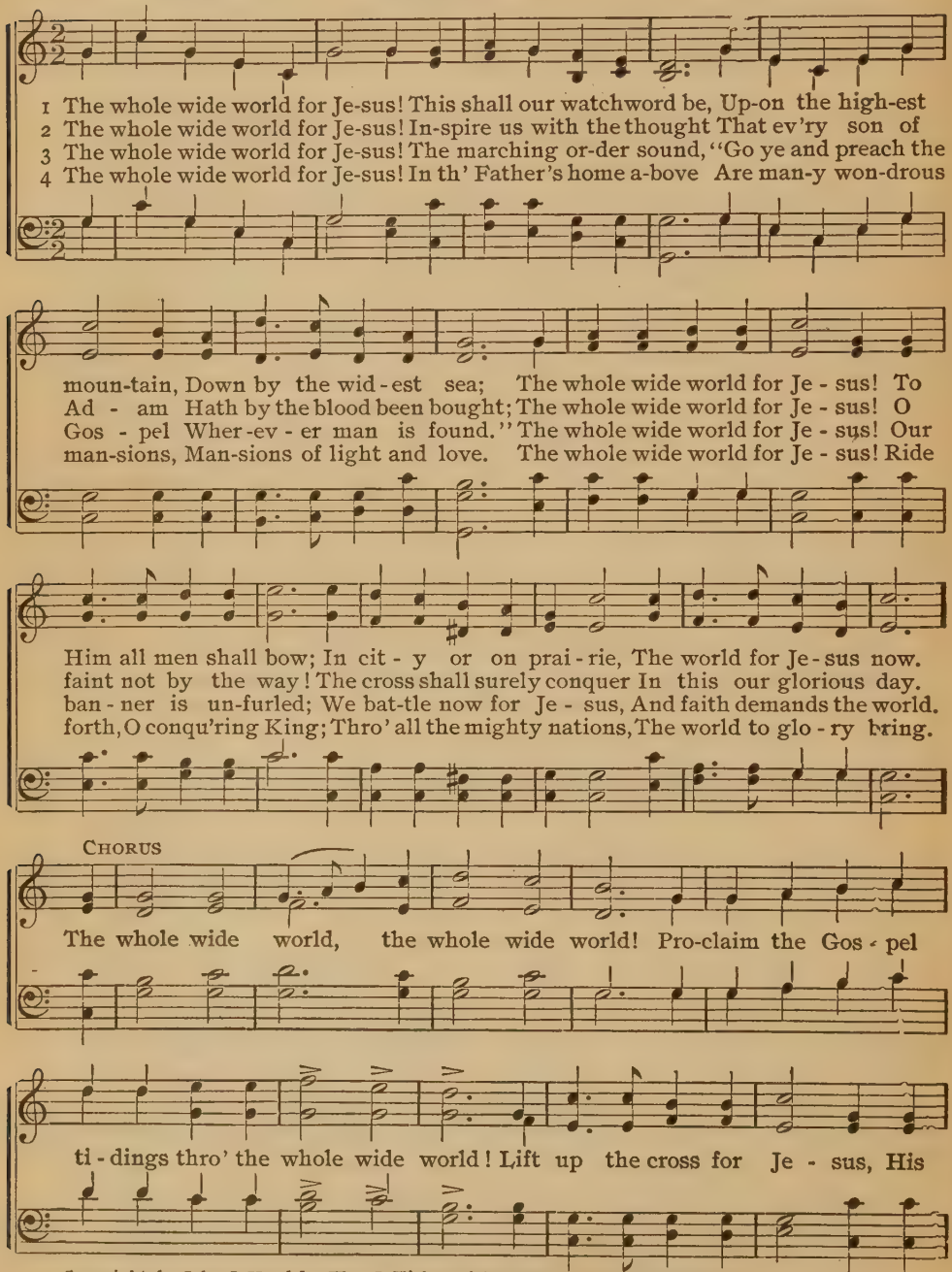
480 # The whole wide world for Jesus

J. DEMSTER HAMMOND THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK


1 The whole wide world for Je-sus! This shall our watchword be, Up-on the high-est
2 The whole wide world for Je-sus! In-spire us with the thought That ev'ry son of
3 The whole wide world for Je-sus! The marching or-der sound, "Go ye and preach the
4 The whole wide world for Je-sus! In th' Father's home a-bove Are man-y won-drous
moun-tain, Down by the wid-est sea; The whole wide world for Je-sus! To
Ad-am Hath by the blood been bought; The whole wide world for Je-sus! O
Gos-pel Wher-ev-er man is found." The whole wide world for Je-sus! Our
man-sions, Man-sions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je-sus! Ride
Him all men shall bow; In cit-y or on prai-rie, The world for Je-sus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
ban-ner is un-furled; We bat-tle now for Je-sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conqu'ring King; Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glo-ry bring.
CHORUS
The whole wide world, the whole wide world! Pro-claim the Gos-pel
ti-dings thro' the whole wide world! Lift up the cross for Je-sus, His

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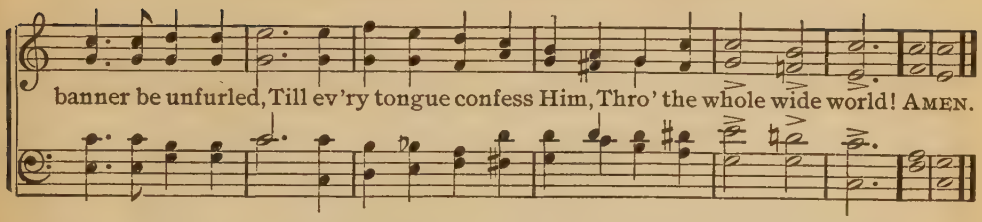
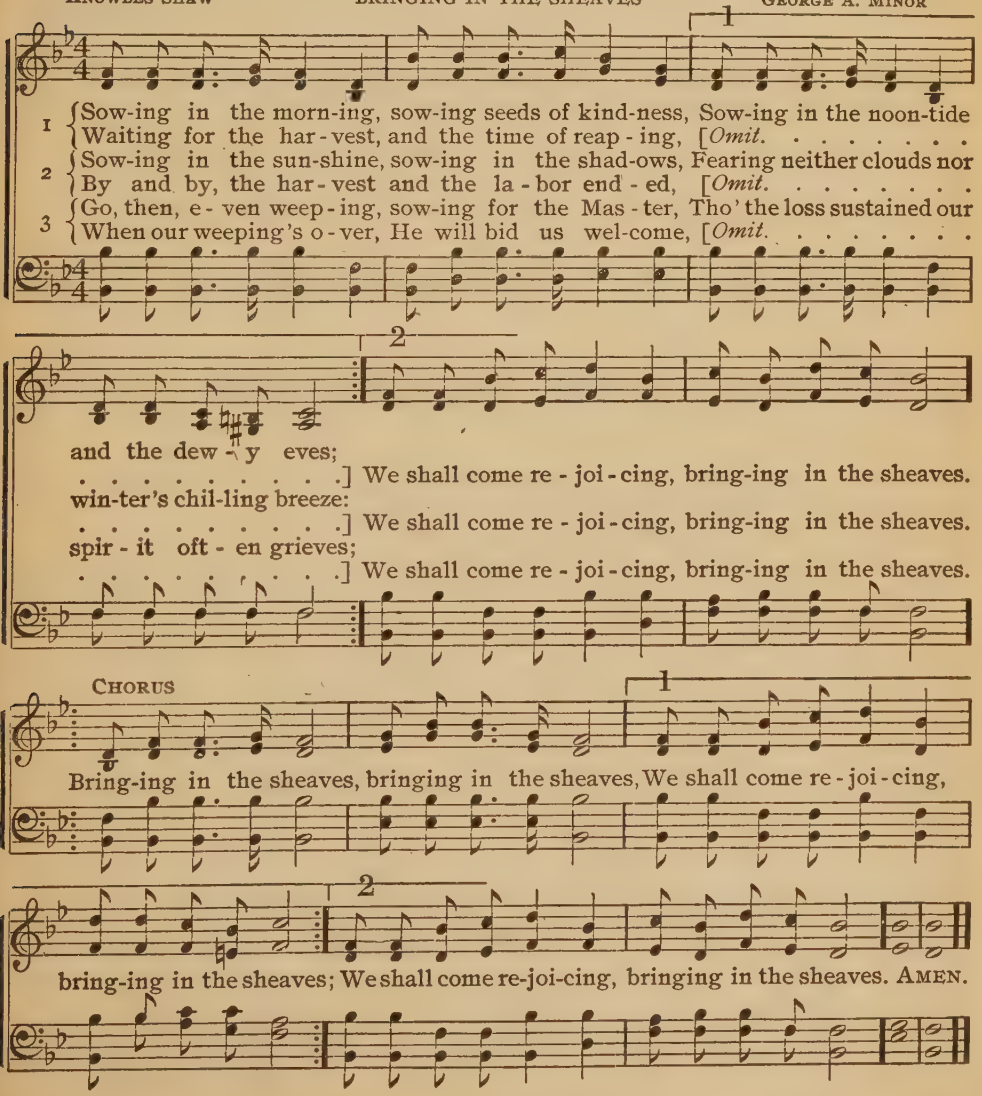
The whole wide world for Jesus



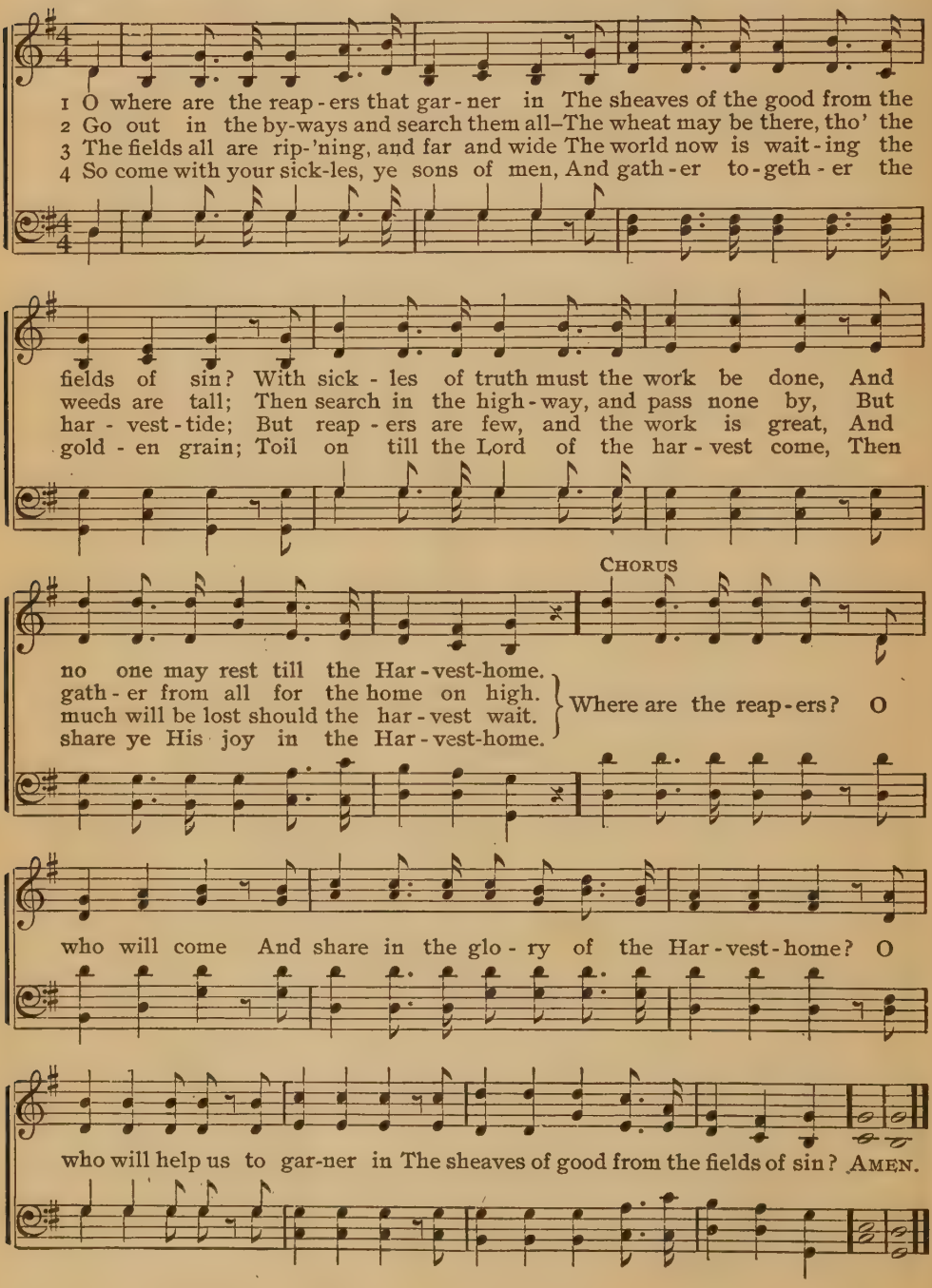
481 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness

KNOWLES SHAW — BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES — GEORGE A. MINOR

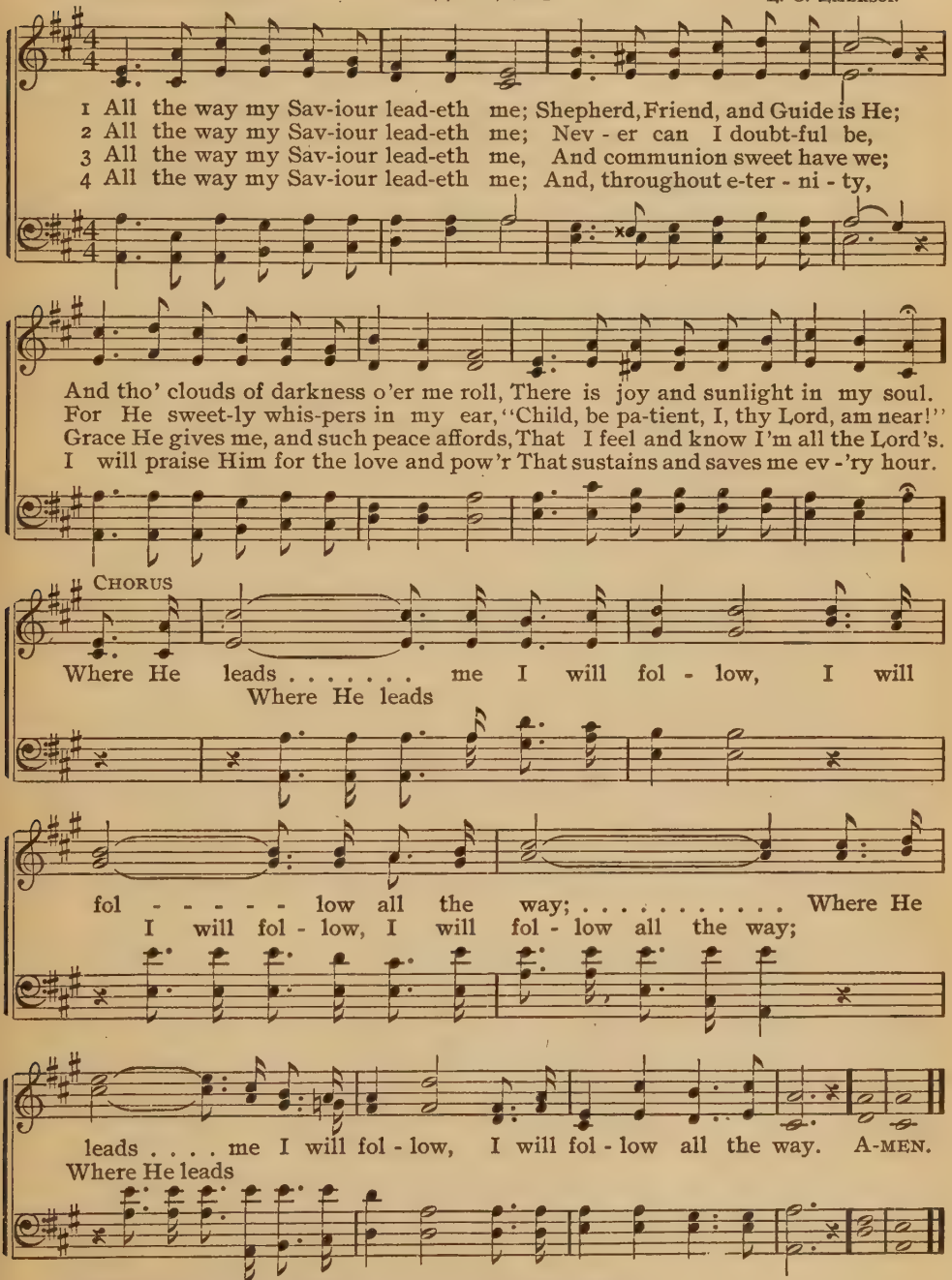

1
Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, [Omit.
2
Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor
By and by, the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed, [Omit.
3
Go, then, e-ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, [Omit.
2
and the dew-y eves;
.] We shall come re-joi-cing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
win-ter's chil-ling breeze:
.] We shall come re-joi-cing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
spir-it oft-en grieves;
.] We shall come re-joi-cing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
CHORUS
1
Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joi-cing,
2
bring-ing in the sheaves; We shall come re-joi-cing, bringing in the sheaves. AMEN.

482 O where are the reapers that garner in

EBEN E. REXFORD HARVUOT GEORGE F. ROOT


1 O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the
2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all–The wheat may be there, tho' the
3 The fields all are rip-'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait-ing the
4 So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the
fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done, And
weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But
har-vest-tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great, And
gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then
CHORUS
no one may rest till the Har-vest-home.
gath-er from all for the home on high.
much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
share ye His joy in the Har-vest-home.
Where are the reap-ers? O
who will come And share in the glo-ry of the Har-vest-home? O
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin? AMEN.

483 All the way my Saviour leadeth me

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — ALL THE WAY — L. O. EMERSON

1 All the way my Sav-iour lead-eth me; Shepherd, Friend, and Guide is He;
2 All the way my Sav-iour lead-eth me; Nev - er can I doubt-ful be,
3 All the way my Sav-iour lead-eth me, And communion sweet have we;
4 All the way my Sav-iour lead-eth me; And, throughout e-ter - ni - ty,
And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
For He sweet-ly whis-pers in my ear, "Child, be pa-tient, I, thy Lord, am near!"
Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.
I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev -'ry hour.
CHORUS
Where He leads . . . . . me I will fol - low, I will
Where He leads
fol - - - - - low all the way; . . . . . Where He
I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way;
leads . . . . me I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way. A-MEN.
Where He leads

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484 Wondrous Man of Galilee

AMERICUS W. CONNER — PRINCE OF PEACE — WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN

Andantino

1 Wondrous Man . . . of Gal - i - lee, ... Sov'reign of . . . . the land and
2 When the storms . . of life a - rise, ... Doubts and fears . . be-cloud-ing
3 When the hosts . . . of hell shall rage, ... And my life . . . . with death en-

1 Wondrous Man of Gal-i-lee, Sov'reign of

sea, ... Un - to Thee, ... O Lord, I cry, ... "Drive the
skies, ... When the waves . . . . of pas-sion roll, ... Speak Thou
gage, ... Prince of Peace, ... show then Thy pow'r, ... Save me

the land and sea, Un - to Thee, O Lord, I cry,

CHORUS

storm - - clouds from my sky." . . . Prince of Peace, ... whose firm de-
"Peace". . . un-to my soul. . . . .
in . . . . . that aw-ful hour. . . . .

drive the storm-clouds from my sky." Prince of Peace, whose firm de-

cree . . . . . Stilled the ra - - ging Gal-i - lee, ... Calm this troub - led
cree, whose firm decree Stilled the raging Gal-i-lee, Gal-i-lee, Calm this troubled

soul of mine . . . . By Thy Word of Truth di - vine. A-MEN.
soul of mine, soul of mine, By Thy Word, Word of Truth divine, Truth divine.

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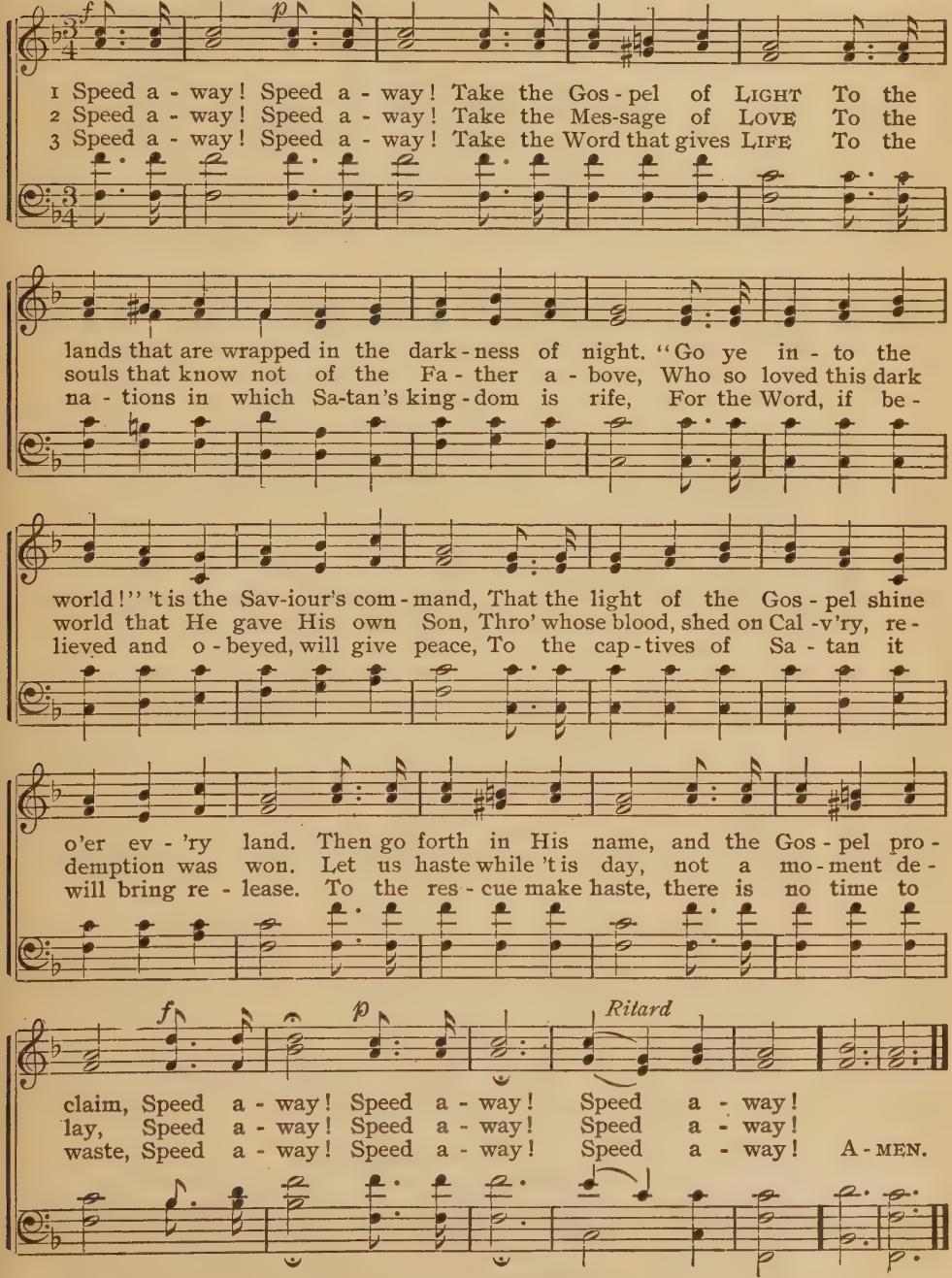
485

Speed away! Speed away

WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN RYNHART ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1 Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT To the
2 Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes-sage of LOVE To the
3 Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE To the
lands that are wrapped in the dark - ness of night. "Go ye in - to the
souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so loved this dark
na - tions in which Sa-tan's king - dom is rife, For the Word, if be -
world!" 't is the Sav-iour's com - mand, That the light of the Gos - pel shine
world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood, shed on Cal - v'ry, re -
lieved and o - beyed, will give peace, To the cap - tives of Sa - tan it
o'er ev - 'ry land. Then go forth in His name, and the Gos - pel pro -
demption was won. Let us haste while 't is day, not a mo - ment de -
will bring re - lease. To the res - cue make haste, there is no time to
Ritard
claim, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
lay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
waste, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way! A - MEN.

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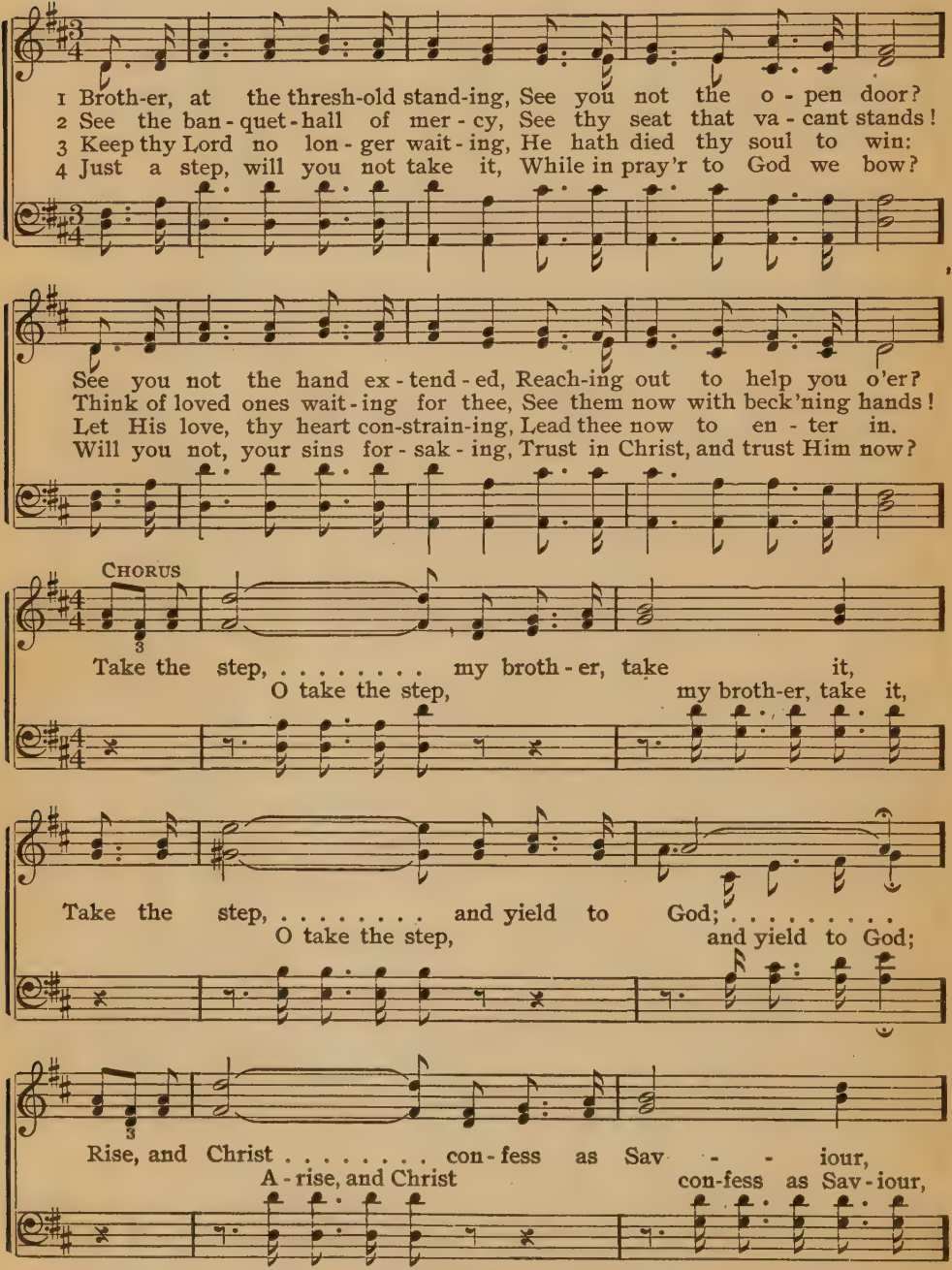
486 Brother, at the threshold standing

MARY MORE TAKE THE STEP J. H. BURKE

1 Broth-er, at the thresh-old stand-ing, See you not the o - pen door?
2 See the ban - quet - hall of mer - cy, See thy seat that va - cant stands!
3 Keep thy Lord no lon - ger wait - ing, He hath died thy soul to win:
4 Just a step, will you not take it, While in pray'r to God we bow?
See you not the hand ex - tend - ed, Reach-ing out to help you o'er?
Think of loved ones wait - ing for thee, See them now with beck'ning hands!
Let His love, thy heart con-strain-ing, Lead thee now to en - ter in.
Will you not, your sins for - sak - ing, Trust in Christ, and trust Him now?
CHORUS
Take the step, ... my broth - er, take it,
O take the step, my broth-er, take it,
Take the step, ... and yield to God; . . . . . .
O take the step, and yield to God;
Rise, and Christ . . . . . con - fess as Sav - - - iour,
A - rise, and Christ con-fess as Sav - iour,

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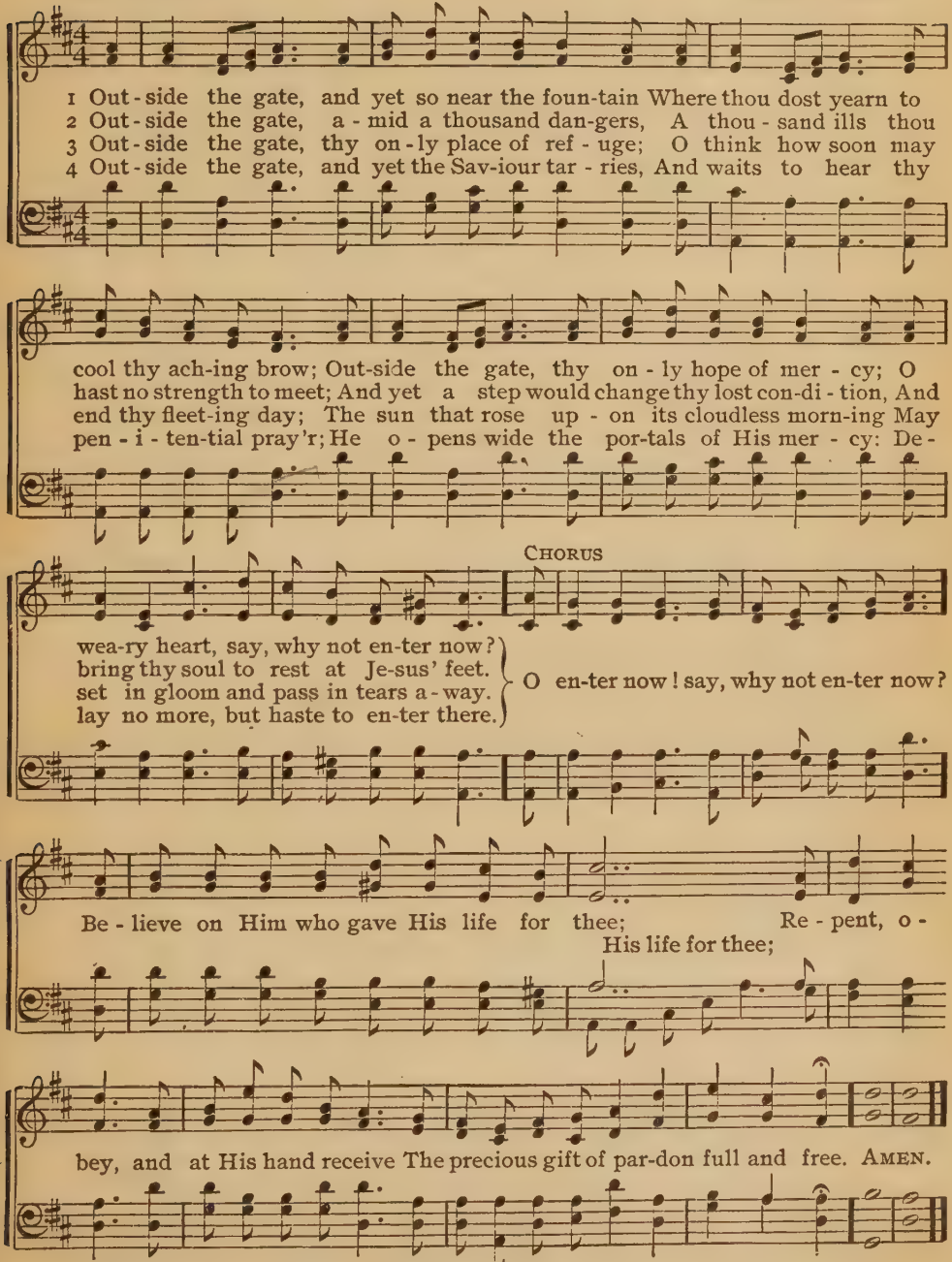
489 Outside the gate, and yet so near the fountain

LIZZIE EDWARDS SMALL JOHN R. SWENEY

1 Out-side the gate, and yet so near the foun-tain Where thou dost yearn to
2 Out-side the gate, a-mid a thousand dan-gers, A thou-sand ills thou
3 Out-side the gate, thy on-ly place of ref-uge; O think how soon may
4 Out-side the gate, and yet the Sav-iour tar-ries, And waits to hear thy
cool thy ach-ing brow; Out-side the gate, thy on-ly hope of mer-cy; O
hast no strength to meet; And yet a step would change thy lost con-di-tion, And
end thy fleet-ing day; The sun that rose up-on its cloudless morn-ing May
pen-i-ten-tial pray'r; He o-pens wide the por-tals of His mer-cy: De-
CHORUS
wea-ry heart, say, why not en-ter now?
bring thy soul to rest at Je-sus' feet.
set in gloom and pass in tears a-way.
lay no more, but haste to en-ter there.
O en-ter now! say, why not en-ter now?
Be-lieve on Him who gave His life for thee;
Re-pent, o-bey, and at His hand receive The precious gift of par-don full and free. AMEN.
His life for thee;

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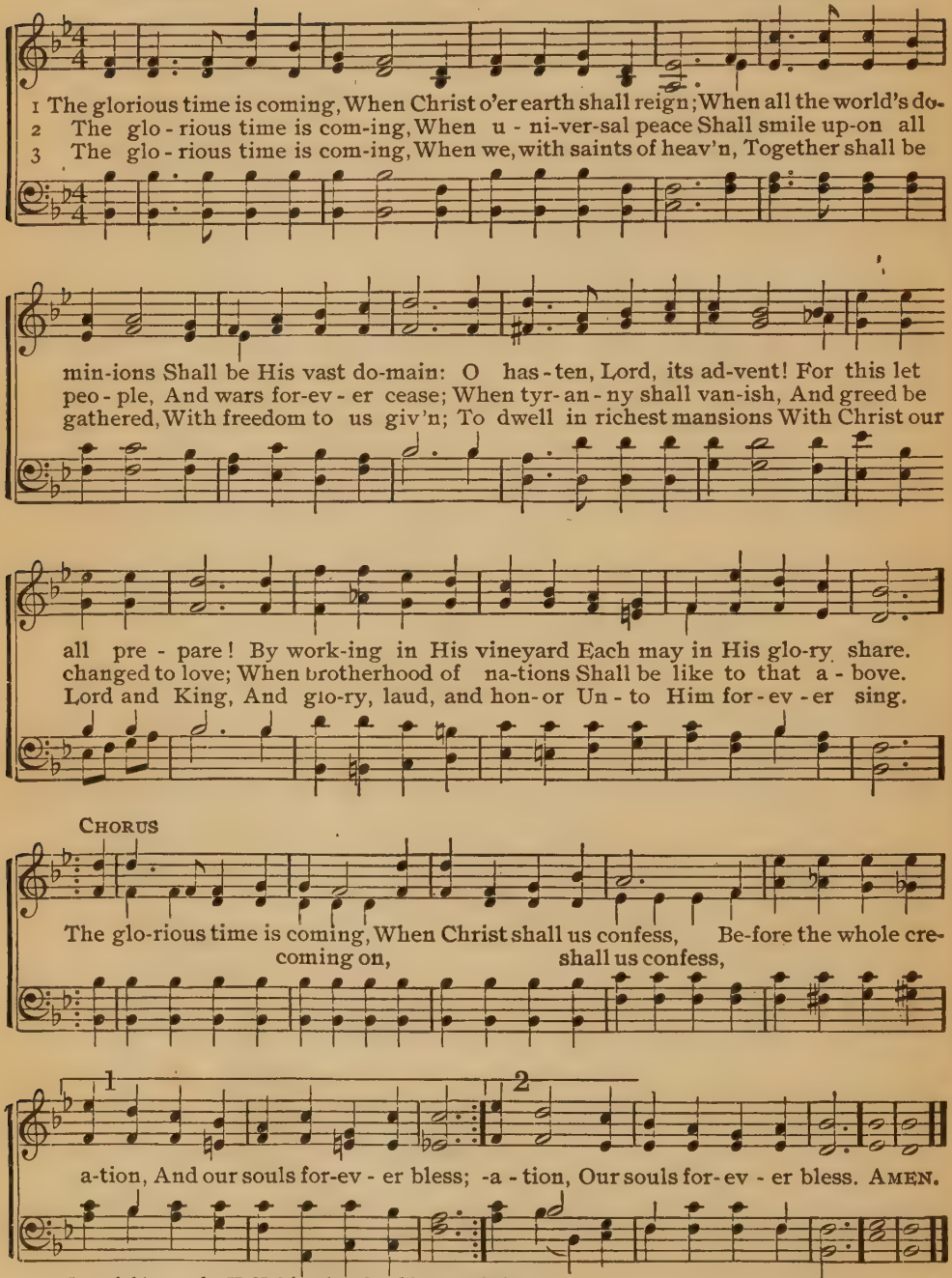
490 The glorious time is coming

W. B. WILLIAMS WHITE CHARLES H. GABRIEL

1 The glorious time is coming, When Christ o'er earth shall reign; When all the world's do-
2 The glo - rious time is com-ing, When u - ni-ver-sal peace Shall smile up-on all
3 The glo - rious time is com-ing, When we, with saints of heav'n, Together shall be
min-ions Shall be His vast do-main: O has - ten, Lord, its ad-vent! For this let
peo - ple, And wars for-ev - er cease; When tyr-an - ny shall van-ish, And greed be
gathered, With freedom to us giv'n; To dwell in richest mansions With Christ our
all pre - pare! By work-ing in His vineyard Each may in His glo-ry share.
changed to love; When brotherhood of na-tions Shall be like to that a - bove.
Lord and King, And glo-ry, laud, and hon-or Un - to Him for-ev - er sing.
CHORUS
The glo-rious time is coming, When Christ shall us confess, Be-fore the whole cre-
coming on, shall us confess,
1
2
a-tion, And our souls for-ev - er bless; -a - tion, Our souls for-ev - er bless. AMEN.

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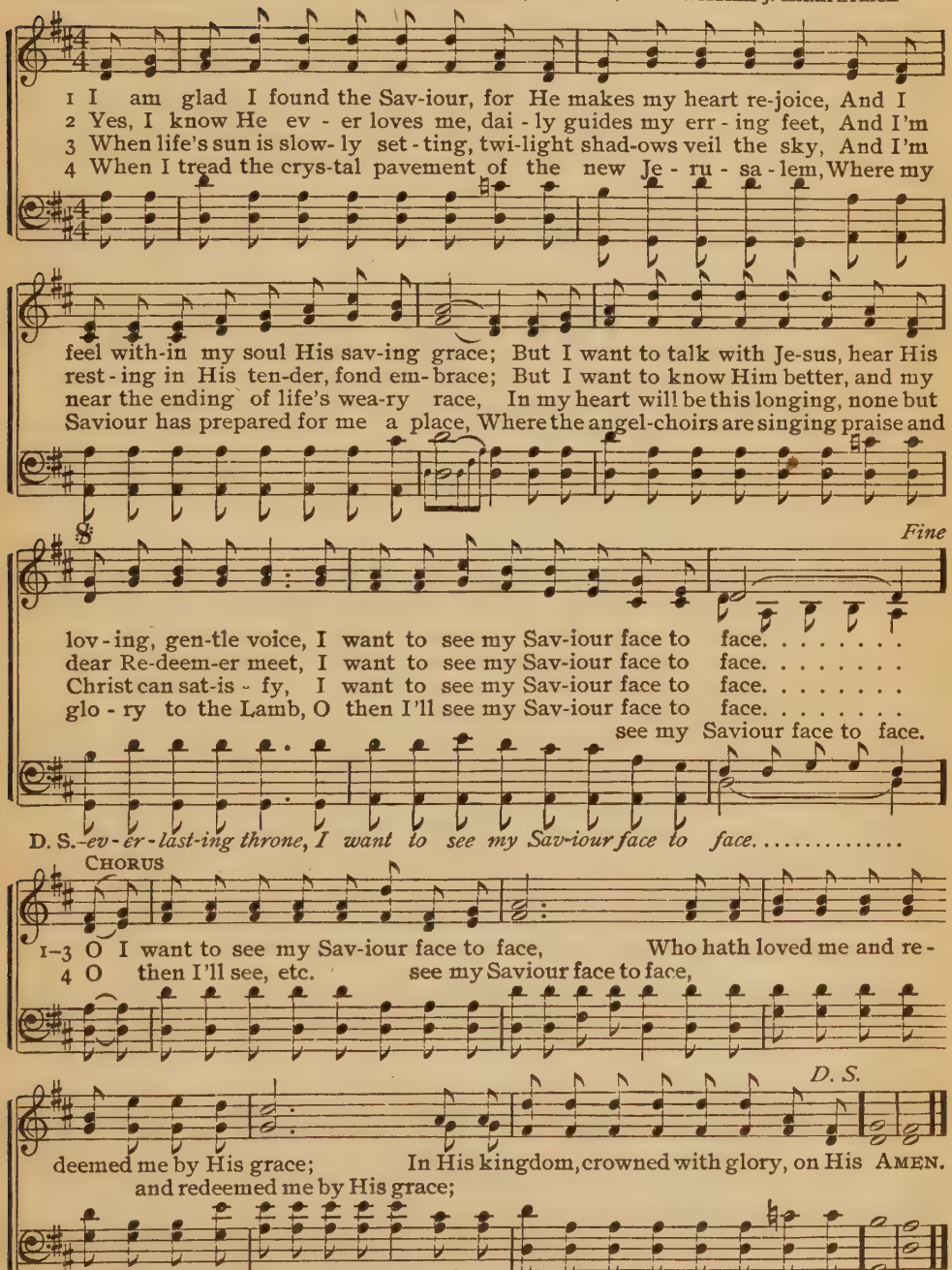
491

I am glad I found the Saviour

W. C. AGAR — MY SAVIOUR FACE TO FACE — WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1 I am glad I found the Sav-iour, for He makes my heart re-joice, And I
2 Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my err - ing feet, And I'm
3 When life's sun is slow- ly set - ting, twi-light shad-ows veil the sky, And I'm
4 When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my
feel with-in my soul His sav-ing grace; But I want to talk with Je-sus, hear His
rest - ing in His ten-der, fond em- brace; But I want to know Him better, and my
near the ending of life's wea-ry race, In my heart will be this longing, none but
Saviour has prepared for me a place, Where the angel-choirs are singing praise and
Fine
lov - ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face. . . . . .
dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face. . . . . .
Christ can sat-is - fy, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face. . . . . .
glo - ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Sav-iour face to face. . . . . .
see my Saviour face to face.
D. S. -ev - er - last-ing throne, I want to see my Sav-iour face to face. . . . . .
CHORUS
1–3 O I want to see my Sav-iour face to face, Who hath loved me and re -
4 O then I'll see, etc. see my Saviour face to face,
D. S.
deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crowned with glory, on His AMEN.
and redeemed me by His grace;

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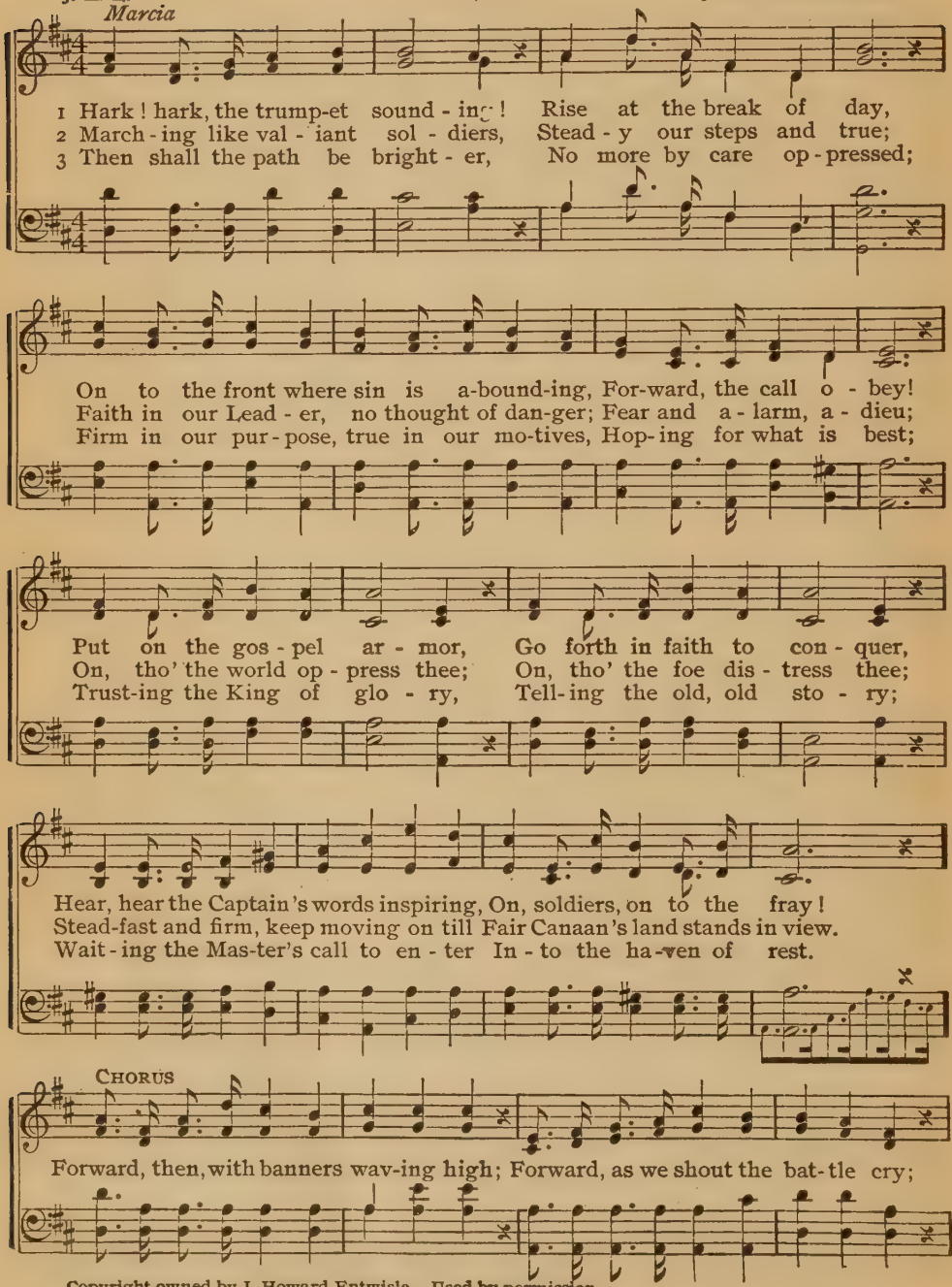
492 Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding

J. H. E. HILTON J. HOWARD ENTWISLE

Marcia

1 Hark! hark, the trump-et sound - ing! Rise at the break of day,
2 March - ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true;
3 Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op - pressed;
On to the front where sin is a-bound-ing, For-ward, the call o - bey!
Faith in our Lead - er, no thought of dan-ger; Fear and a - larm, a - dieu;
Firm in our pur - pose, true in our mo-tives, Hop-ing for what is best;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
On, tho' the world op - press thee; On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee;
Trust-ing the King of glo - ry, Tell-ing the old, old sto - ry;
Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray!
Stead-fast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
Wait - ing the Mas-ter's call to en - ter In - to the ha-ven of rest.
CHORUS
Forward, then, with banners wav-ing high; Forward, as we shout the bat-tle cry;

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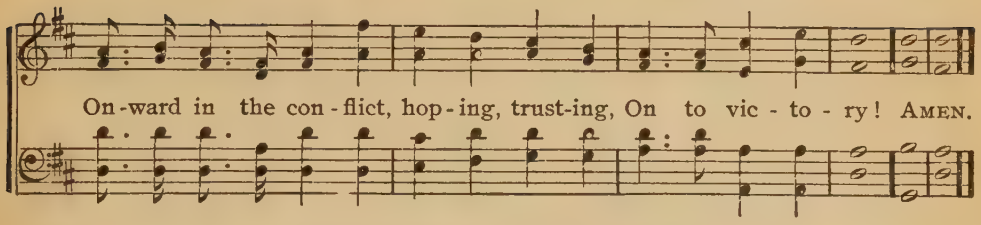
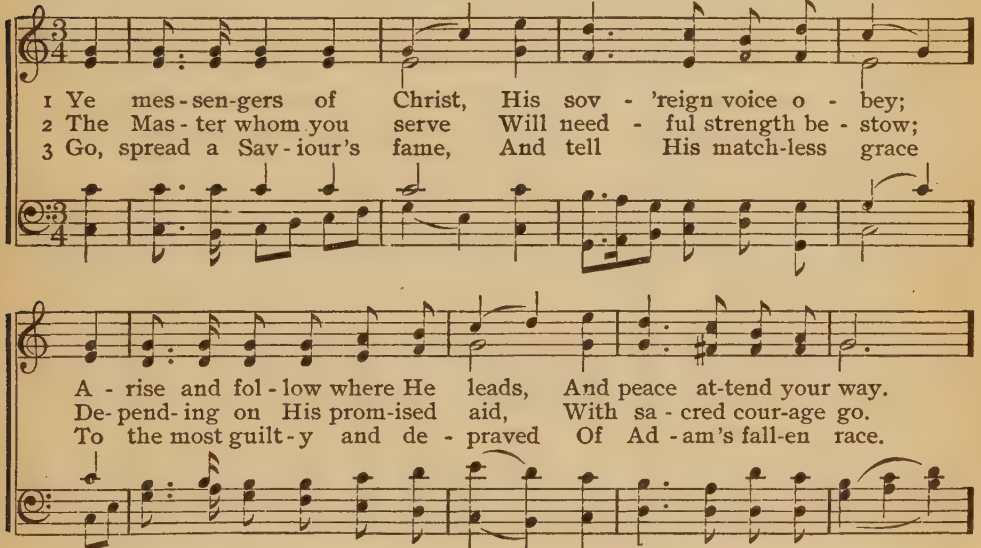
Hark! hark, the trumpet sounding

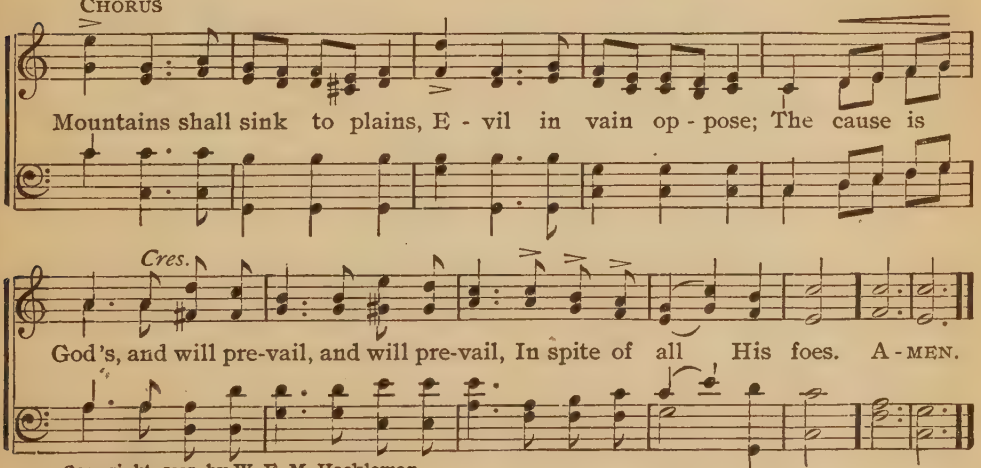


493 Ye messengers of Christ

Mrs. VOKE LAMAR J. B. HERBERT


1 Ye mes-sen-gers of Christ, His sov-'reign voice o-bey;
2 The Mas-ter whom you serve Will need-ful strength be-stow;
3 Go, spread a Sav-iour's fame, And tell His match-less grace
A-rise and fol-low where He leads, And peace at-tend your way.
De-pend-ing on His prom-ised aid, With sa-cred cour-age go.
To the most guilt-y and de-praved Of Ad-am's fall-en race.

CHORUS


Mountains shall sink to plains, E-vil in vain op-pose; The cause is
Cres.
God's, and will pre-vail, and will pre-vail, In spite of all His foes. A-MEN.

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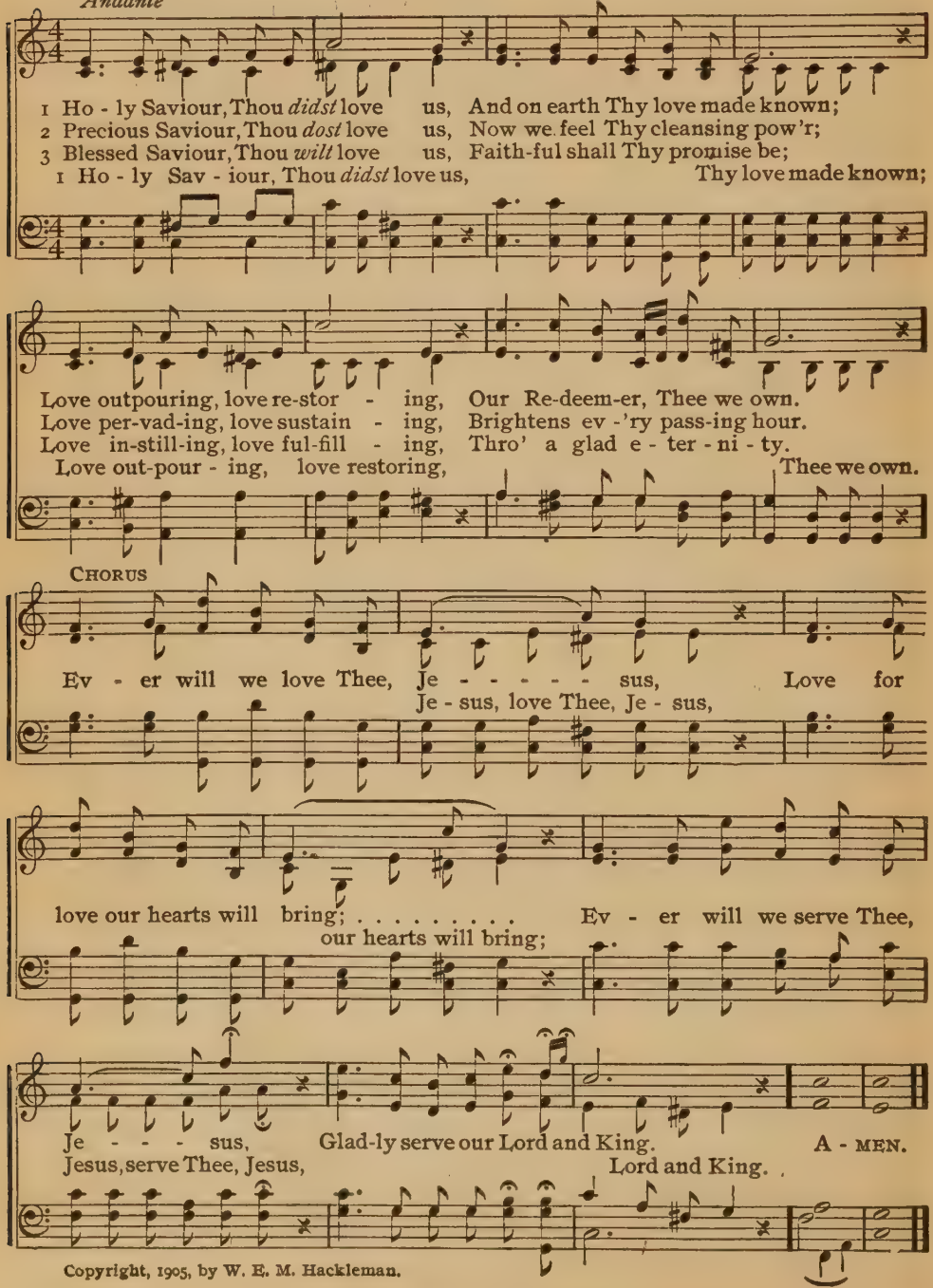
494 Holy Saviour, Thou didst love us

EDWARD B. BAGBY *Andante* MERCY WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN


1 Ho - ly Saviour, Thou *didst* love us, And on earth Thy love made known;
2 Precious Saviour, Thou *dost* love us, Now we feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
3 Blessed Saviour, Thou *wilt* love us, Faith-ful shall Thy promise be;
1 Ho - ly Sav - iour, Thou *didst* love us, Thy love made known;
Love outpouring, love re-stor - ing, Our Re-deem-er, Thee we own.
Love per-vad-ing, love sustain - ing, Brightens ev -'ry pass-ing hour.
Love in-still-ing, love ful-fill - ing, Thro' a glad e - ter - ni - ty.
Love out-pour - ing, love restoring, Thee we own.
CHORUS
Ev - er will we love Thee, Je - - - - - sus, Love for
Je - sus, love Thee, Je - sus,
love our hearts will bring; . . . . . Ev - er will we serve Thee,
our hearts will bring;
Je - - - - sus, Glad-ly serve our Lord and King. A - MEN.
Jesus, serve Thee, Jesus, Lord and King.

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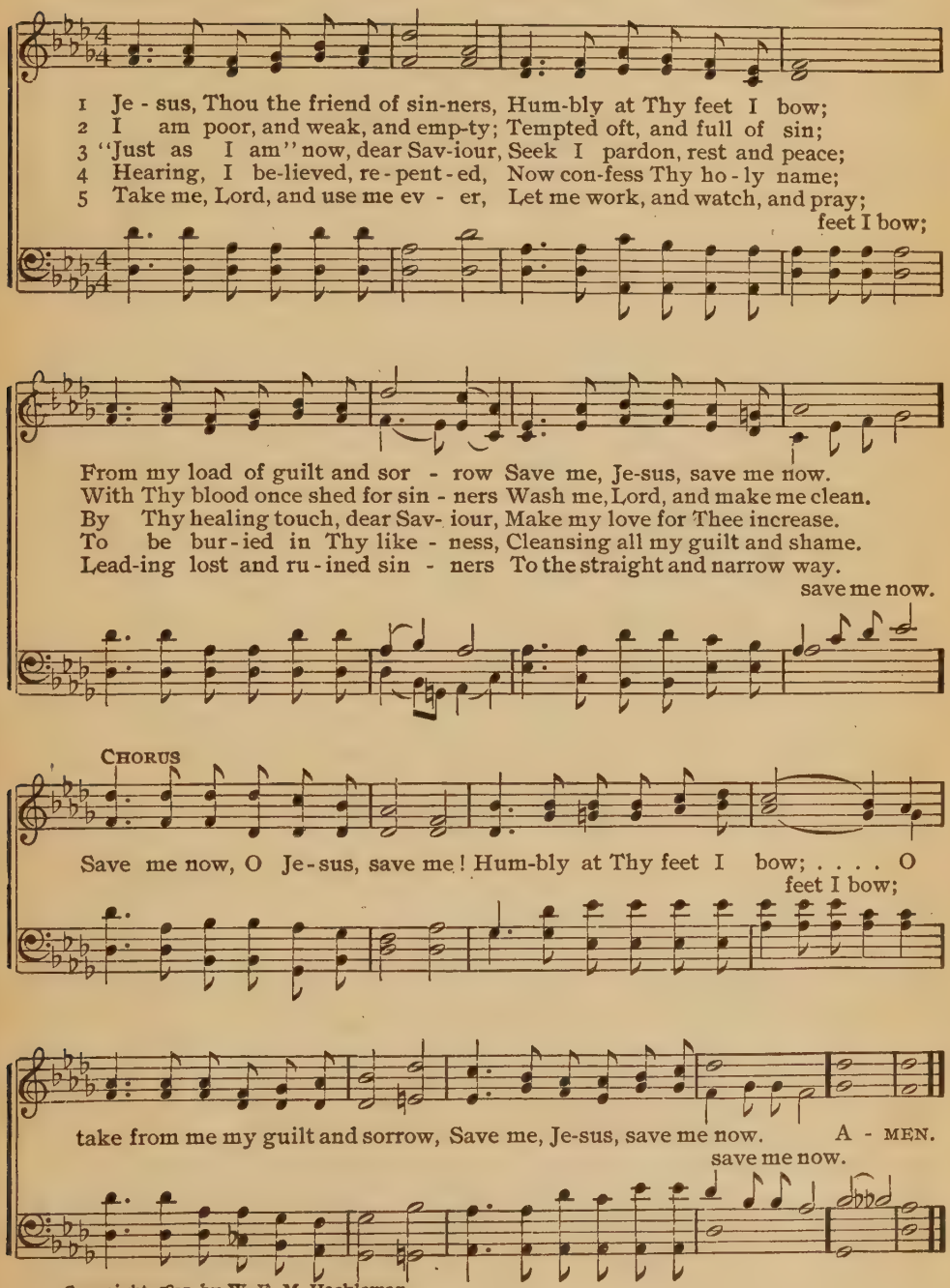
495 Jesus, Thou the friend of sinners

ALLEN WILSON THE PENITENT'S PLEA WILLIAM E. M. HACKLEMAN


1 Je - sus, Thou the friend of sin-ners, Hum-bly at Thy feet I bow;
2 I am poor, and weak, and emp-ty; Tempted oft, and full of sin;
3 "Just as I am" now, dear Sav-iour, Seek I pardon, rest and peace;
4 Hearing, I be-lieved, re-pent-ed, Now con-fess Thy ho-ly name;
5 Take me, Lord, and use me ev - er, Let me work, and watch, and pray;
feet I bow;
From my load of guilt and sor - row Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
With Thy blood once shed for sin - ners Wash me, Lord, and make me clean.
By Thy healing touch, dear Sav- iour, Make my love for Thee increase.
To be bur-ied in Thy like - ness, Cleansing all my guilt and shame.
Lead-ing lost and ru-ined sin - ners To the straight and narrow way.
save me now.
CHORUS
Save me now, O Je-sus, save me! Hum-bly at Thy feet I bow; . . . . O
feet I bow;
take from me my guilt and sorrow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now. A - MEN.
save me now.

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496 Give thanks and sing unto the Lord, our God

E. E. HEWITT — LEARY — J. FAURE

Solo or Unison

1 Give thanks and sing un - to the Lord, our God; Sweep, sweep the
2 Give thanks and sing; He made the day and night; Sun - beams of
3 Give thanks and sing, His won-drous deeds re - count; Let lips and

p e cres.

harp in notes of sweet de - vo - tion; Tell of His grace, and spread His
joy that bright-ly spark - le round us; Hopes, like the stars, to shed their
lives un - ceas-ing prais - es ren - der; On wings of love our souls shall

ff

name a - broad; Great are His works, in sky and earth and o - cean.
gold - en light, Till some glad morn His mercy shall have crowned us.
heav'nward mount, Till on our view shall break the Cit - y's splen-dor.

Cres. *ff*

FULL CHORUS

Praise ye the Lord! give thanks and sing; Tell of His love to ev - 'ry

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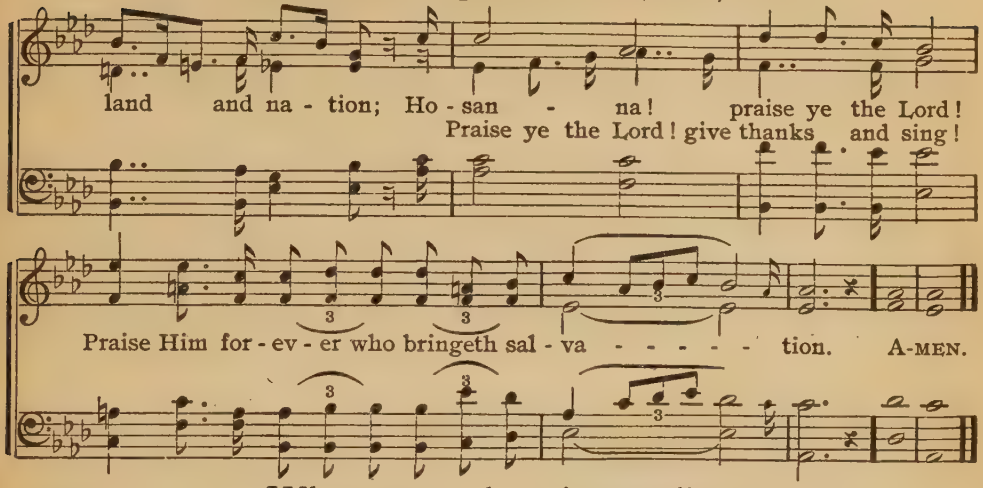
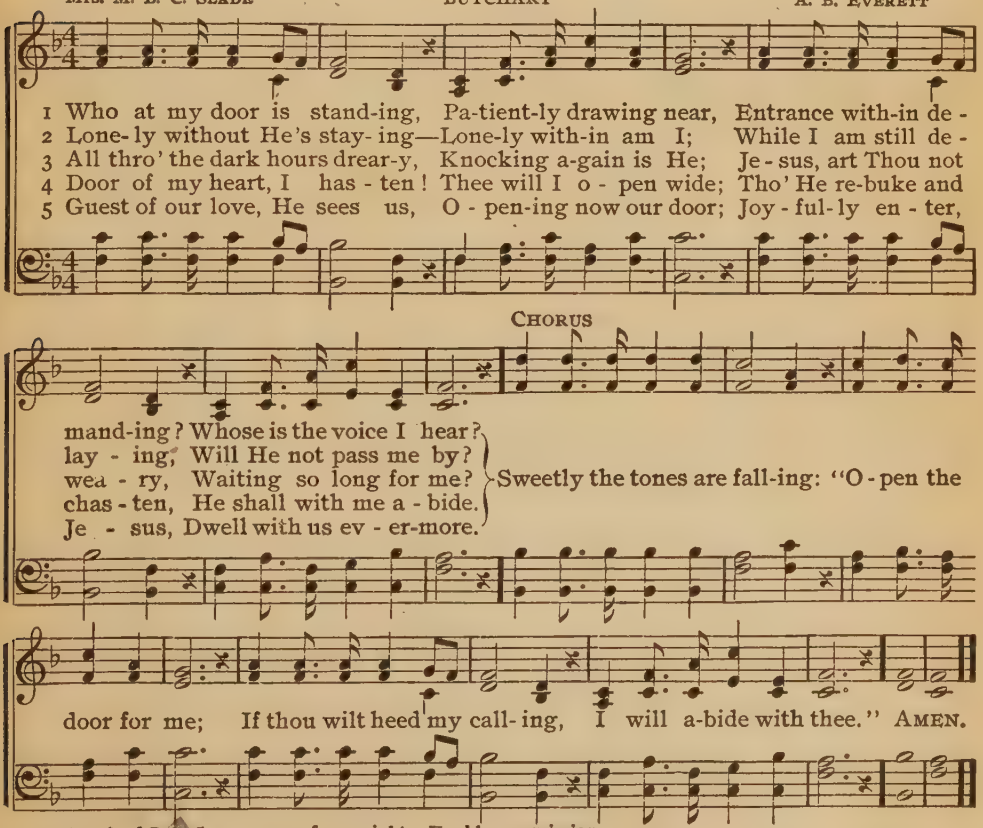
Give thanks and sing unto the Lord, our God


land and na - tion; Ho - san - na! praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye the Lord! give thanks and sing!
Praise Him for - ev - er who bringeth sal - va - - - - - tion. A-MEN.

497 Who at my door is standing

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE BUTCHART A. B. EVERETT


1 Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly drawing near, Entrance with-in de-
2 Lone-ly without He's stay-ing—Lone-ly with-in am I; While I am still de-
3 All thro' the dark hours drear-y, Knocking a-gain is He; Je-sus, art Thou not
4 Door of my heart, I has-ten! Thee will I o-pen wide; Tho' He re-buke and
5 Guest of our love, He sees us, O-pen-ing now our door; Joy-ful-ly en-ter,
CHORUS
mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
lay-ing, Will He not pass me by?
wea-ry, Waiting so long for me?
chas-ten, He shall with me a-bide.
Je-sus, Dwell with us ev-er-more.
Sweetly the tones are fall-ing: "O-pen the
door for me; If thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will a-bide with thee." AMEN.

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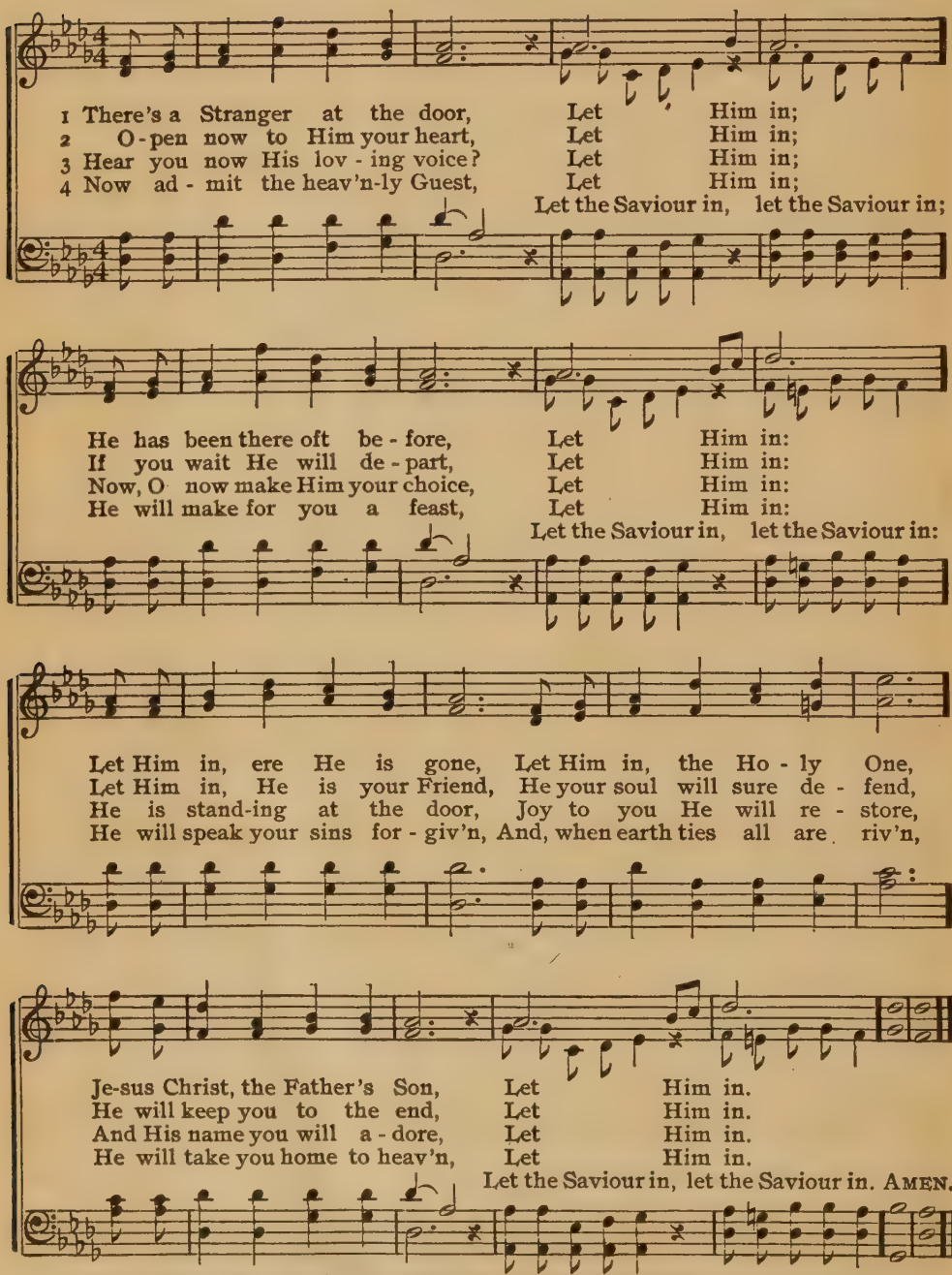
498 There's a Stranger at the door

J. B. ATCHISON — LET HIM IN — E. O. EXCELL

1 There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
2 O-pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3 Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4 Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;
He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in:
If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in:
Now, O now make Him your choice, Let Him in:
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in:
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in:
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And, when earth ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in. AMEN.

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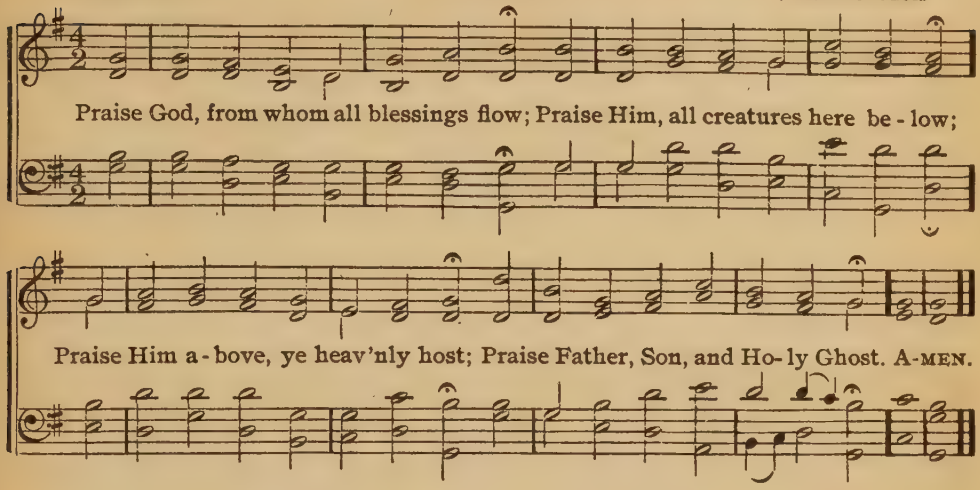
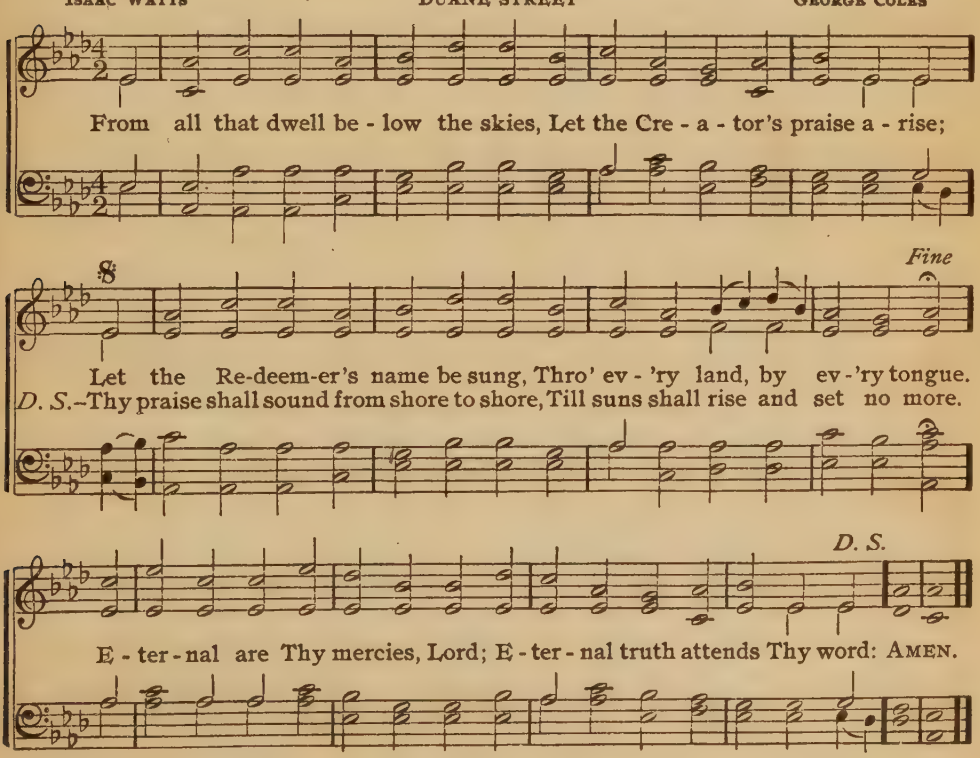
499 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow

THOMAS KEN — OLD HUNDRED — LOUIS BOURGEOIS


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-MEN.

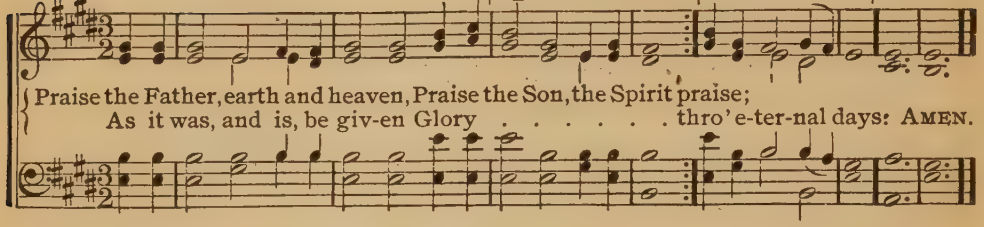
500 From all that dwell below the skies

ISAAC WATTS — DUANE STREET — GEORGE COLES


From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
8
Fine
Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
D. S.–Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
D. S.
E - ter - nal are Thy mercies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth attends Thy word: AMEN.

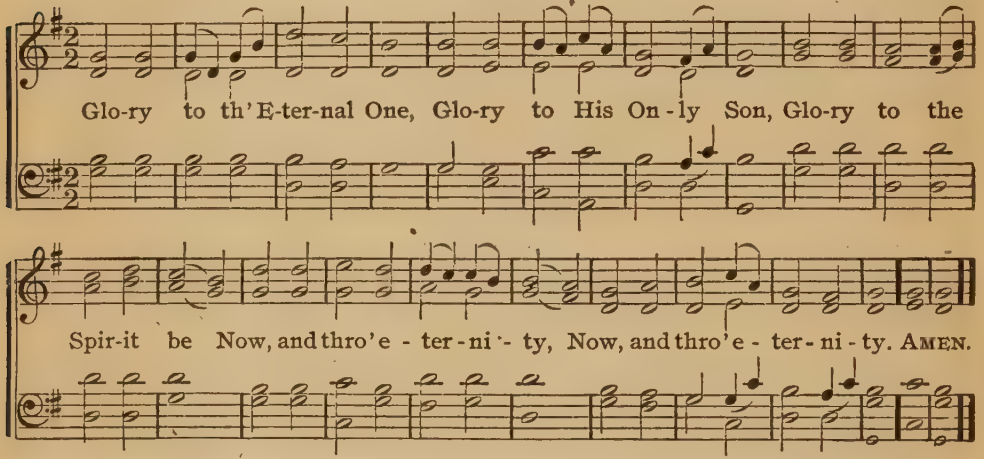
501 Praise the Father, earth and heaven

DORRNANCE — ISAAC B. WOODBURY



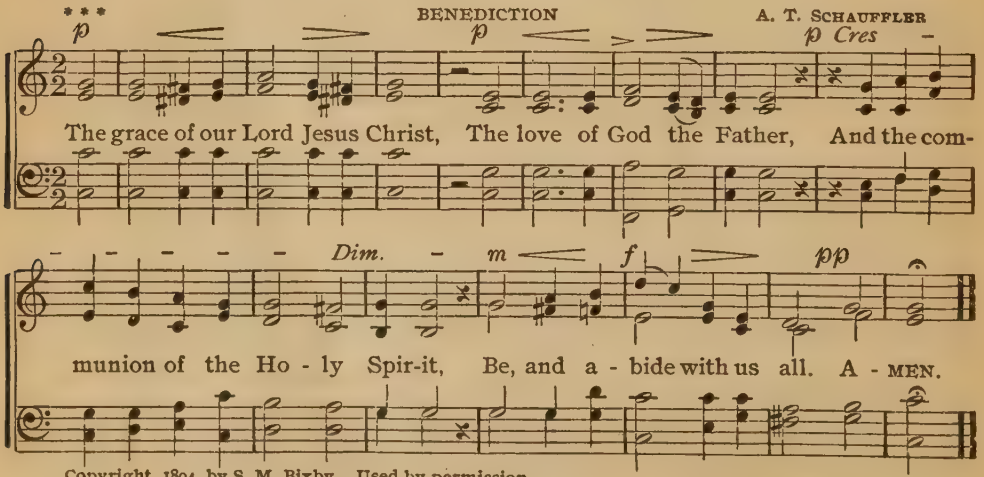
502 Glory to the Eternal One

WILLIAM HAMMOND — HENDON — HENRI A. C. MALAN



503 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ

BENEDICTION — A. T. SCHAUFFLER


p
p
p Cres -
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, The love of God the Father, And the com-
Dim.
m
f
pp
munion of the Ho - ly Spir-it, Be, and a - bide with us all. A - MEN.

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